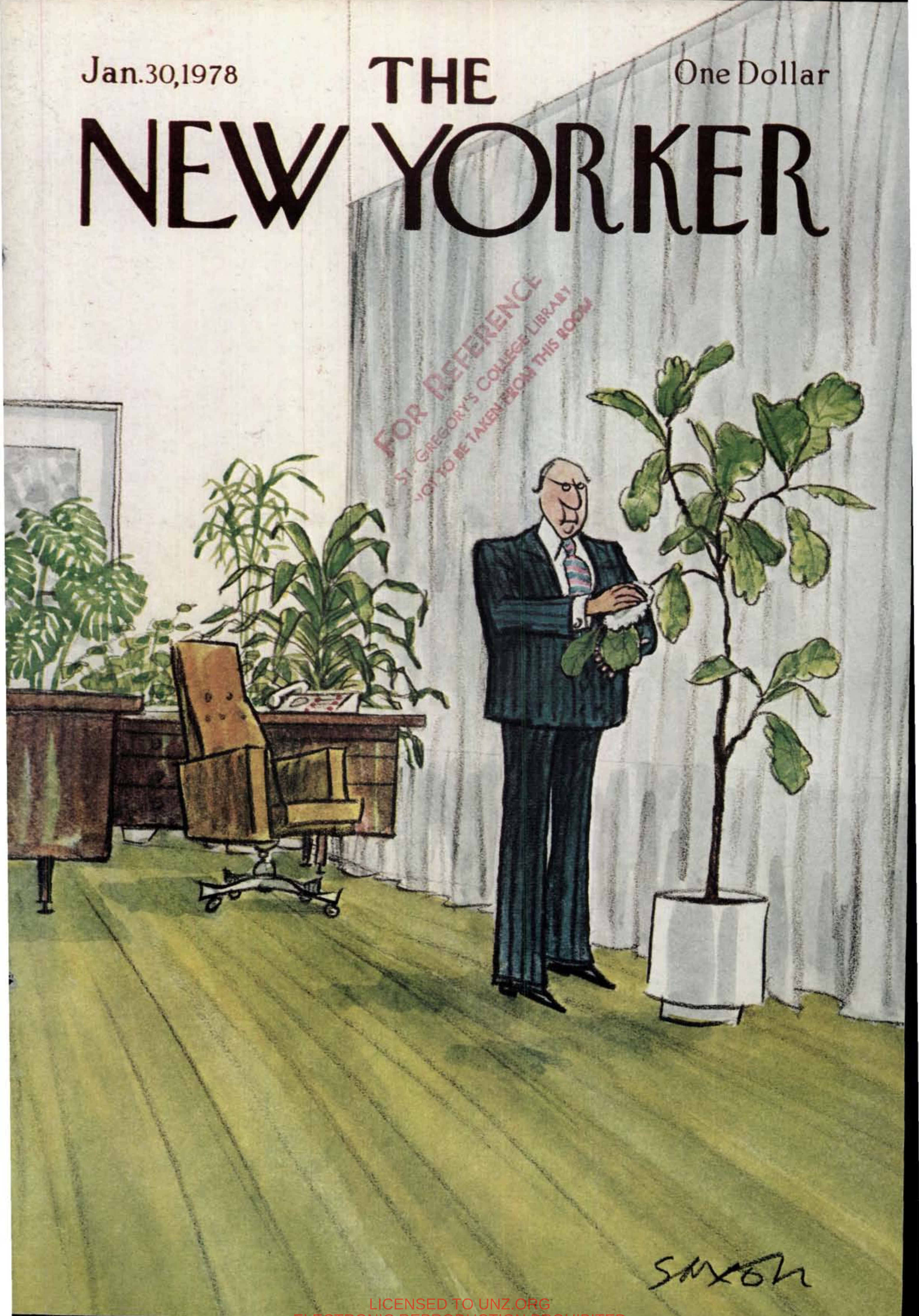
Jan.30,1978

# THE NEW YORKER

One Dollar



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**The Act**—Liza Minnelli in a vehicle that, though designed to accommodate her youthful talents, creaks like a one-hoss shay. Reopens on Monday, Jan. 30, after a brief hiatus due to the illness of Miss Minnelli. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**An Almost Perfect Person**—Colleen Dewhurst, George Hearn, and Rex Robbins in a likable little comedy by Judith Ross, vigorously directed by Zoe Caldwell. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Black Body Blues**—A play by Gus Edwards, directed by Douglas Turner Ward. The second production (and the second by Mr. Edwards) in this season's series of four by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. *Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.*)

**Chapter Two**—A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. The four-person cast is admirable. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Cheaters**—A vulgar, mechanical, and yet undeniably amusing comedy about middle-aged adultery. Written by Michael Jacobs, and starring Jack Weston, Lou Jacobi, Rosemary Murphy, and Doris Roberts. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Cold Storage**—Two men are dying of cancer in a New York hospital. In spite of the subject matter, the play is often humorous as well as enthralling, thanks in part to the fact that it was written by Ronald Ribman and in part to the performances given by Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Dracula**—Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Dybbuk**—A revival, under the powerful, resourceful direction of Joseph Chaikin, of S. Ansky's play about demonic possessions and Chassidic rites of exorcism. The production, as a whole, is fascinating. The remarkable actors in the leading roles are Richard Bauer, Bruce Myers, Paul Zimmet, Jamil Zakkai, and Marcia Jean Kurtz. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 29.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical **allegro** is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 29. For information about tickets for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Fefu and Her Friends**—A play by Maria Irene Fornés. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 12.)

**The Gin Game**—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a new comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Golda**—A dull play, but Anne Bancroft is dazzling in the title role. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris**—Elly Stone and Joe Masiell in the final performances of a brief return engagement of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, and Saturday, Feb. 4, all at 8. Matinée Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3.)

**Jesus Christ Superstar**—A revival of the Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber (score) musical. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 12.)

**The King and I**—The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**A Life in the Theatre**—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Mandrake**—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (Public, 425 Lafa-

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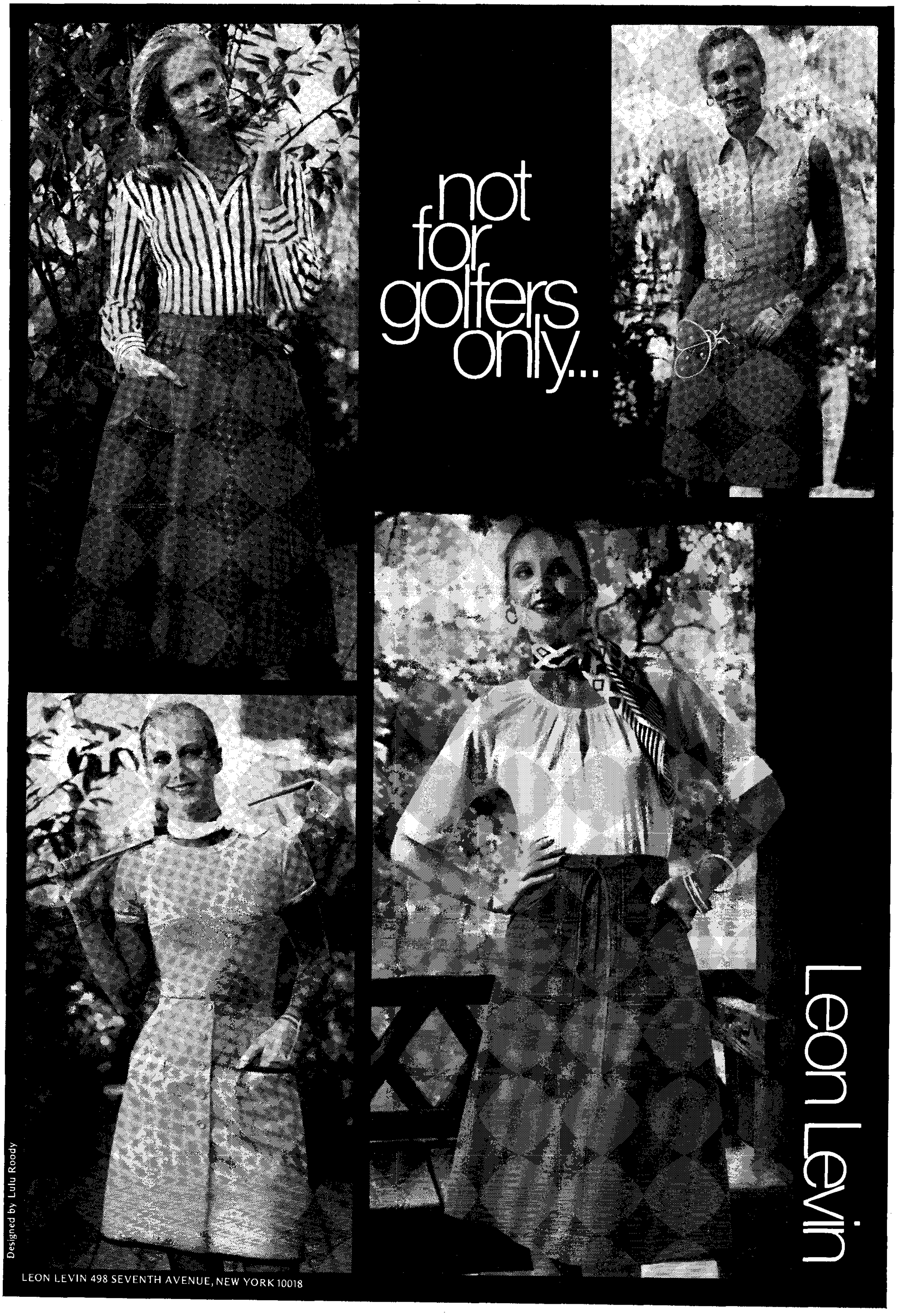
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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**MOLLY**—Tammy Grimes has the title role in a play by Simon Gray. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

**MY ASTONISHING SELF**—Selections from the writings of Bernard Shaw, as delivered in character by Donal Donnelly. Mr. Donnelly, a capable actor, is only an indifferent impersonator, but G.B.S. is, as always, good company. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**OLD MAN JOSEPH AND HIS FAMILY**—Lou Gilbert heads the cast of a play by Romulus Linney. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

**ONE CRACK OUT**—A melodrama, set in Toronto, about a pool hustler on a losing streak. The play, which doesn't amount to much, is saved by the strong performances of the whole cast, especially those of Kenneth Welsh and Al Freeman, Jr., in the leading roles. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 29.)

**THE PASSION OF DRACULA**—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

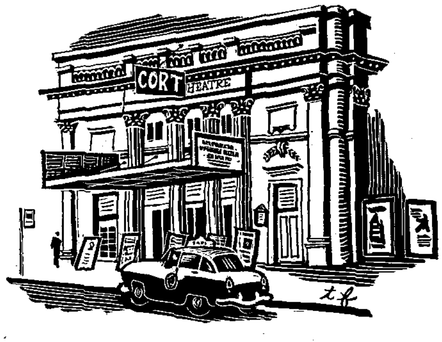
**PAUL ROBESON**—A long-winded documentary account of the life of the great singer-athlete-actor. James Earl Jones impersonates Robeson; the text is by Phillip Hayes Dean. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**A PRAYER FOR MY DAUGHTER**—The events of this evocative, fascinating play, by Thomas Babe, take place at a police station on the night when a homosexual guru and his junkie disciple are pulled in for a murder, and when the daughter of the sergeant in charge threatens suicide. The atmosphere of the precinct house at a time of emotional crisis is as convincing and pervasive as that of the rock scene in Mr. Babe's "Kid Champion," and the acting, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is exceptionally good. The actors are Jeffrey De Munn, Alan Rosenberg, Laurence Luckinbill, and George Dzundza. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**SAINT JOAN**—Lynn Redgrave is a sturdy and valiant, if not very thrilling, Joan in this workmanlike production of the Shaw play, in which Shaw proves to his satisfaction that the Church was right to let Joan burn, and that Joan was right not to give up faith in her voices. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**A TOUCH OF THE POET**—Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker in an implausible O'Neill melodrama about a drunken Irish major and his family. The time purports to be the eighteen-twenties, and the place purports to be near Boston, but it is all yallery-greenery O'Neillery. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**THE WATER ENGINE**—David Mamet's play about Chicago in the thirties, and about a young scientist who invents an engine that runs on water, is set in a radio studio and is itself disguised as a broadcast. In spite of many good touches, the play doesn't work, partly because the disguise is not quite secure. It is well acted, though. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)



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**WHERE THE MISSISSIPPI MEETS THE AMAZON**—In this recital of poetry by the poets Ntozake Shange, Thulani, and Jessica Hagedorn (to the accompaniment of a jazz band under David Murray's direction), words, music, and movement combine to make a charming show, which could go on twice as long as it does. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Sundays at 4 and 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

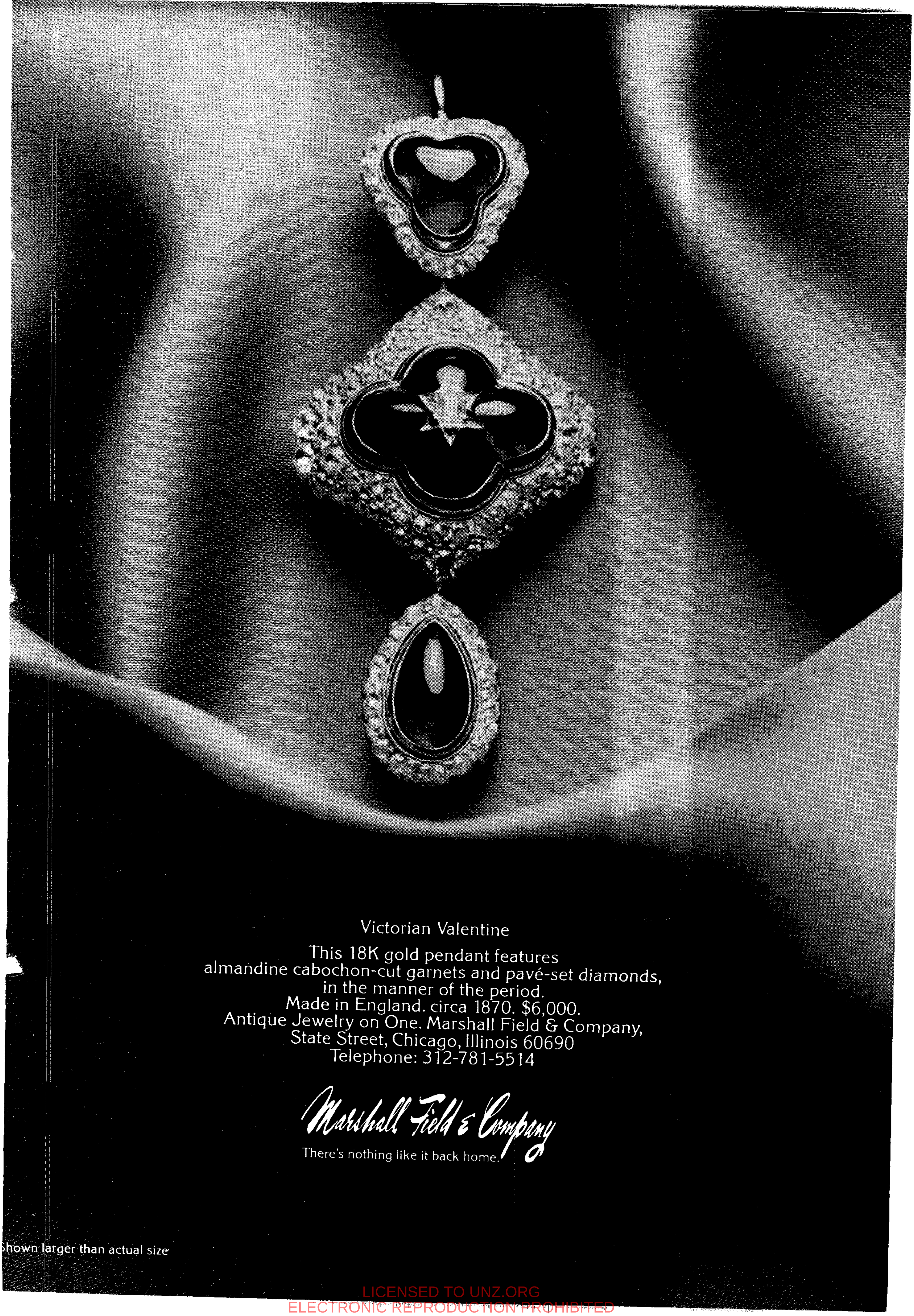
**LONG RUNS**—**ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,376 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM:** An excellent display of Sondheim songs, with Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SLY FOX:** Vincent Gardenia, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

### MISCELLANY

**BEATLEMANIA**—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

## DANCE

**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Calcium Light Night," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Kammermusik No. 2" (première), and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2; Sunday, Jan. 29, at 1; and Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Kammermusik No. 2.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 29, at 7, and Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering," "Calcium Light Night," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Ballo della Regina," and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2: "Concerto Barocco," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," "Donizetti Variations," and "Union Jack." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

**Joyce Trisler Danscompany**—A program of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 25-28, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 29, at 2.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club performers live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Ali's Alley,** 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop and new-jazz musicians are booked into these sympathetic quarters. Violinist Billy Bang and his band Survival perform through Saturday, Jan. 28. On Mondays, and from Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 4, trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels leads Energy, an occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

**Axis in SoHo,** in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—A new-music coffeehouse-gallery-loft. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN** will work with cellist **ABDUL WADUD**; on Thursday, Feb. 2, percussionist **DOM UM ROMAO** and his septet, the Brazilian Hotmosphere, will offer a taste of what the Carnival in Rio is like; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will be on hand with a quartet. Music at nine-thirty and midnight.

**Ballroom,** 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white Formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. Singer Pamela Myers winds up her three-week visit on Saturday, Jan. 28; on Tuesday, Jan. 31, a tribute to songwriter Charles Strouse (he scored "Bye Bye Birdie," "Applause," and "Annie") will commence. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

**Bar None,** 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

**Beefsteak Charlie's,** 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—*Situated amid the high-rise* dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in good players. Tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** heads up a trio through Saturday, Jan. 28; Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 1-4, **ROLAND HANNA**, a fiery, percussive pianist, will coerce the music out of the keyboard. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Dr. Hook, a rock septet, is onstage on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 25-26; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, rural-blues singer and guitarist **JOHN HAMMOND**, who re-creates the mannerisms of the Robert Johnson period, will hoot, stamp, whoop, and grunt his way into authenticity; on Sunday and Monday, Jan. 29-30, black-belt drummer **BUDDY RICH** will bring in his big band; on Tuesday, Jan. 31, soul singer Ronnie Dyson will drop by; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, the Aztec Two-Step, a folk duo, will be present. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

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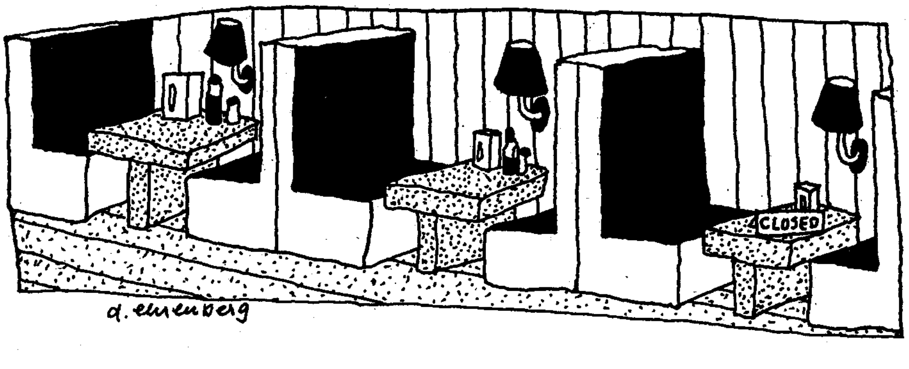
**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist **SAM JONES** work together through Sunday, Jan. 29. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

**Café Pierre,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a brilliant trio, with **TONY MONTE** on piano and **RON NASPO** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **GEORGE SHEARING**, the piano stylist and, lately, a breathy vocalist, too, is substituting for Bobby Short while B. S. takes his midwinter leave of absence. "Lullaby of Birdland" and other tunes Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is back at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar, admirably playing Coltrane's "Giant Steps," a Bach two-part invention, or a Kern-Lennon and McCartney "Yesterdays"-"Yesterday" synthesis. Weeknights, except Monday, Jan. 30, from nine-thirty to one. On Monday, Jan. 30, at eight-thirty, in the Café Carlyle, she and Ada Kopetz-Korf will give a twin-piano recital of Grieg's A-Minor Concerto; this will be followed by a piano jam session, in which guest jazz pianists will take part.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Punk-rock bands on the bandstand; punk-rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, *leather, and a wholesome flannel shirt or* two. Monday is showcase night. The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays: **ROSE MURPHY**. For whatever reasons, she performs within a ring of tricks, but behind them is a shrewd, swinging singer and an excellent Earl Hines pianist. Music from eight to one. Dining.



**Crawdaddy,** Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** heads a trio that performs Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

**Daly's Daffodil,** 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—Not to be confused with Daly's Dandelion (also owned by Skitch Henderson). Nice, earthy touches to this East Side hangout: the view of the 59th Street Bridge embankment and concrete floors. But the nicest attribute is **ELLIS LARKINS**, who is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine, along with his bassist, **BILLY POPP**, and his drummer, **JACK MCALLISTER**. Sundays, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her crew—bassist Tibor Tomka and guitarist **EDDIE BERG**—supply the music. Dinner.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins weeknights after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. Dinner.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, guitarist **JOE PUMA**, and the sparkling bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist **EDDIE DIEHL**, and bassist **JAMIL NASSER**; Tuesdays from ten are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, bassist Nasser, and pianist Bill Triglia. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Jim Watkins, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

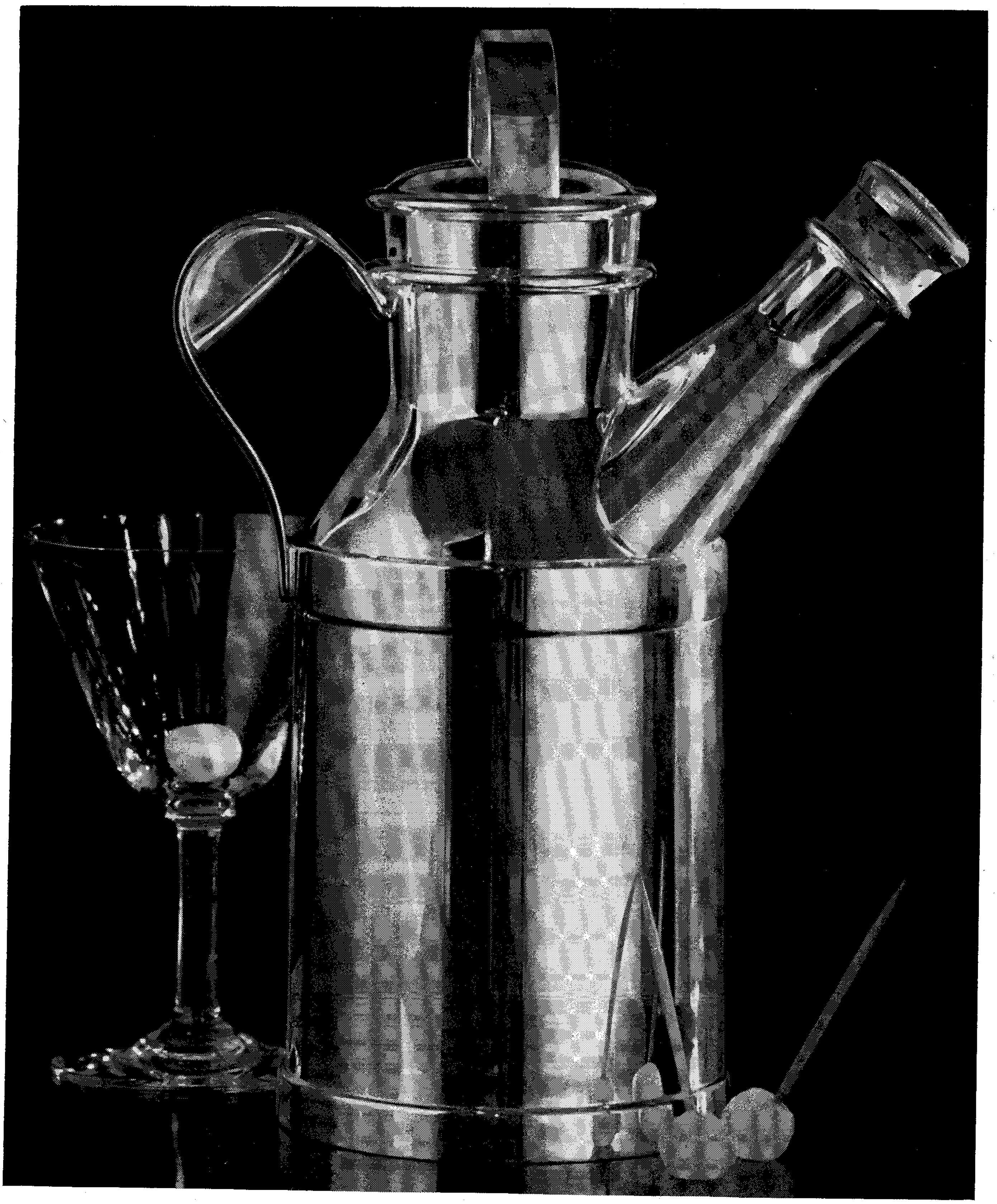
**Hopper's,** 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**CHICO HAMILTON**, a wily, melodious drummer and a smooth, witty showman, is in charge of a sturdy young quartet that plays rhythm and blues at its subtlest. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Cornettist **RUBY BRAFF**, who is filling in for Roy Eldridge through Saturday, Jan. 28, is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. **ROY ELDRIDGE** will return home on Tuesday, Jan. 31. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Larson's,** 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**BROOKS KERR**, the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, is back in action, along with saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and bassist **AARON BELL**, both genuine Ellington exes. **SHELTON GARY** is their drummer. The quartet performs Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr and Bell team up with drummer **SONNY GREER** on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Gil Wiest has brought back **DICK HYMAN'S** Perfect Repertory Band (**PEE WEE ERWIN** on trumpet, **BOB WILBER** on reeds, Hyman on piano, **MILT HINTON** on bass, and **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** on drums), and this time, it is concentrating on George Gershwin. The Perfect Repertory Band goes very hard when it has to, plays straight ad-lib numbers without sagging, and floats easily through ballads. A delightful evening. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. On Tuesday, Jan. 31, the wonderful duo of **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** will move in. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout that mostly features rhythm and blues. Wizard percussionist



THE MILK CAN: TO SHAKE UP A PARTY, BRIGHTEN A BAR

Cocktail shaker in heavy silverplate. Suggested retail price for 32 oz. capacity, $125.00; 64 oz. capacity, $150.00. At finer silverware stores.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**RAY BARRETTO** leads his band Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 26-28; Sunday through Wednesday, Jan. 29-Feb. 1, guitarist Hiram Bullock and his 24th Street Band, an up-and-coming rhythm-and-blues outfit, will be here. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

**Other End,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea. Darryl Rhoades's HaHaVishnu Orchestra winds up two weeks of rock-and-roll satire on Sunday, Jan. 29; on Wednesday, Feb. 1, longtime folkie Eric Andersen will come in. Shows Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

**Peter Brown,** 168 W. 96th St. (866-4710)—This spiffy room with its recessed ceiling lights, smoked-glass partitions, brown tweed carpeting, and a few potted dracaenae, has brought in pianist Reggie Moore's trio, which gustily plays "Walkin'," "Song for My Father," and other bebop hits from the fifties and sixties. Music Thursdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra are responsible for dance music here in Art-Deco City Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**Reno Sweeney,** 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Two young singers, Randy Edelman and Barbara Soehner, share the stage through Sunday, Jan. 29; on Tuesday, Jan. 31, another singer, Tony Azito, will take over. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and midnight. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings and accompanies herself on the piano Wednesdays through Saturdays from six to seven-thirty. Dinner.

**Stryker's,** 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays, bassist **CHUCK ISRAELS** leads a lively, boiled-down version of his National Jazz Ensemble, and he's got some first-rate soloists—**JIMMY KNEPPER, TOM HARRELL,** and **GERRY NIEWOOD.** And, between Israels and drummer **JOE LA BARBARA,** the rhythm section is absolutely inspirational. On Tuesdays, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** works with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON;** on Wednesdays, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** always worth hearing, will direct *his* nonet; on Thursdays, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER'S** quintet will perform; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, vibraharpist Vera Auer will lead a quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen and the kind of crowds you'd expect to turn out for bassist **RON CARTER,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS.** Nightly, except on Sunday and Monday, Jan. 29-30, when pianist **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** leads his quartet—drummer **STEVE MC CALL,** bassist **LEONARD JONES,** and high-wire trombonist and tubaist **GEORGE LEWIS**—through "Lush Life," "Night in Tunisia," and some further-out original material of the sort that one usually encounters in lofts. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** guitarist **EDDIE BERG,** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** collaborate on Thursdays in the ground-floor bar area from ten to midnight. Downstairs, Fridays and Saturdays, solo guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** alternates with **ART BLAKEY** and the **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Shows at ten and midnight. Meanwhile, in the Top of the Gate, upstairs, Bob January leads a fifteen-piece swing band on Sundays from seven to eleven. Dinner and dancing in this room.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. The **HEATH BROTHERS—JIMMY, PERCY,** and **TOOTIE**—and a friend of the family, **STANLEY COWELL,** make up a quartet through Sunday, Jan. 29; on Tuesday, Jan. 31, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** will bring in a quintet. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big band steams right along. Music from ten.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Armen Donelian, who also knows what he's doing, has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

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**West End Café,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hangout for students and aging swing musicians who can still swing. Clarinettist Art Miller heads up a swing quintet through Thursday, Jan. 26; Friday through Sunday, Jan. 27-29, and Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2, saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will perform; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, trumpeter Franc Williams will bring in his Swing Four. On Monday, Jan. 30, George Kelly will play rare records and give a commentary on them. Music from nine most nights, from eight on Mondays. Student food at student prices.

**W.P.A.,** 152 Spring St., near West Broadway, (226-3444)—A friendly bar and candlelit back-room restaurant in beautiful downtown SoHo. But don't expect an evening of artist-watching—most of the patrons look strictly from uptown. Pianist **HAROLD DANKO** is here with a bassist and a long set list Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Jan. 29, **JILL MC MANUS,** a swinging Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, takes over the keyboard. Music from nine.

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Elvis the Legend Lives**—With Rick Saucedo as Elvis, the Jordanaires, and D. J. Fontana conducting an orchestra. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Friday, Jan. 27, through Saturday, Feb. 11. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

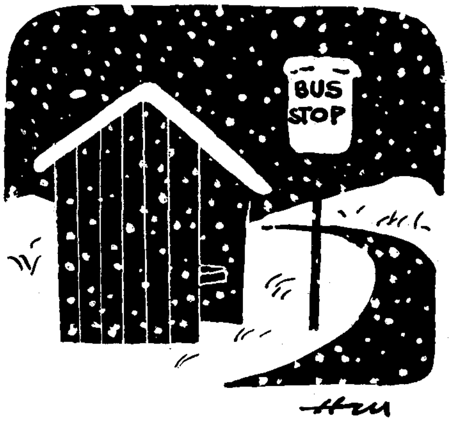
**Al Green** and **Patti Labelle**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8 and at midnight.

**Interludes**—The first offering in the winter/spring series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **JAMES CUNNINGHAM'S ACME DANCE COMPANY** on Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 5:45.

**Charles Aznavour**—Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 1-2, at 8.

**Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8.

**Marian and Jimmy McPartland**—With Buddy Tate, Vic Dickenson, Bobby Rosengarden, George Duvivier, Johnny Mince, and Johnny Morris. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8.)



**Barry White**—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8 and at midnight.

**Maynard Ferguson and His Orchestra** and **Steve Khan (with Michael Brecker)**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.

**Bob Greene**—Presenting "The New Orleans Jazz of Jelly Roll Morton." (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Richard Artschwager**—Pen-and-ink works that represent a very high order of doodling. In some of them, images are created on a curtain of vertical lines by a careful widening of certain strokes, and in others, abstract and semi-abstract forms are made up of hundreds of noodle-like entities. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

**Varujan Boghosian**—Watercolors of butterflies. Also collages and drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**Paul Delvaux**—Lithographs, a number of them hand-colored, and a few etchings by this Belgian Surrealist whose mesmerized-looking nudes wander around in classical environments. Through Feb. 9. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

**Helen Mayer Harrison and Newton Harrison**—Hand-colored murals composed of aerial maps, photographic blowups, written texts, and other data that make arguments for various ecological projects. Through Feb. 25. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

**Gerome Kamrowski**—Surrealist paintings and works on paper, some of which make references to insects and aquatic protozoa; also Abstract Expressionist works. All are dated 1940-47. Through Feb. 14. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

**John Opper**—Abstract paintings. Through Friday, Jan. 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Harvey Quaytman**—Large abstract paintings. Through Feb. 18. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

**Bill Sullivan**—This artist concentrates on downtown riverfront scenes, sometimes enhanced by flamboyant sunsets over Jersey or by the presence on the waters of a sloop with a gaudily striped spinnaker. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Richard Estes, Philip Guston, Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and others. Through Monday, Jan. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **INGBER,** 3 E. 78th St.: Five contemporaries (Steve Conley, Stuart Diamond, Gerald Laing, George Parrino, and Modris Ramans) whose paintings, assemblages, and sculptures reflect the influence of Cubism. Through Wednesday, Feb. 1. . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Helen Hokinson, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings and small sculptures by Boucher, Fragonard, Henry Moore, and others. Through Feb. 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: Paintings by Lois Lane, Joe Zucker, and others, and wall pieces by Barbara Schwartz. Through Feb. 9.

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Larry Bell and Eric Orr**—A collaborative sculptural effort, so far only conceptual, proposing a bowl-shaped glass-walled "solar fountain," seventeen feet in diameter and ten feet tall, in which a billowing fog is in continuous eruption. A scale model is on display, along with architectural renderings (on glass) and a

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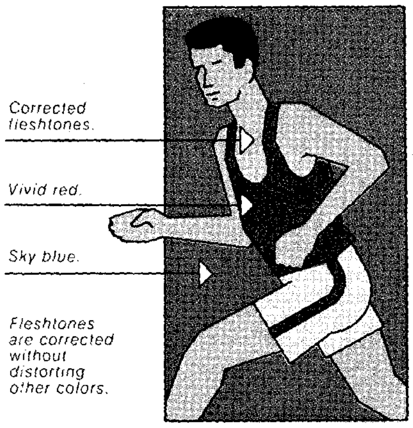
Room light that reflects from the screen can make color appear to "wash out." Many sets have a black matrix to absorb some of that light. But ColorTrak enhances its black matrix with specially tinted phosphors that absorb even more room light. So colors appear naturally vivid and lifelike.


Corrected fleshtones.
Vivid red.
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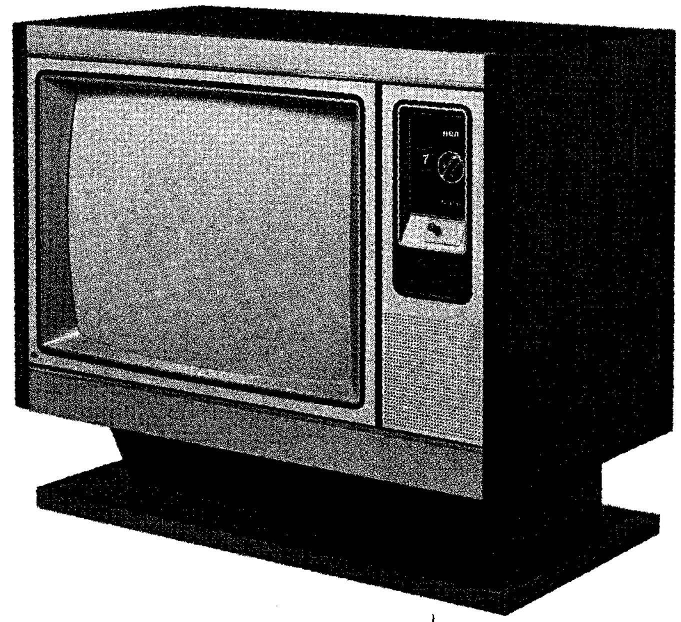

*The Spectra, 25" diagonal, Model GB730. Distinctive contemporary cabinet with beautiful rosewood finish and sleek chrome trim. Base finished in matte black.*

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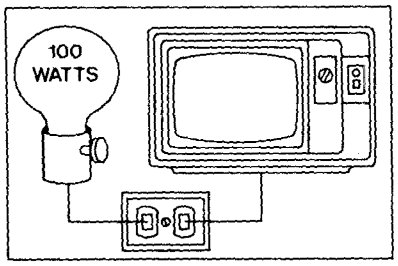

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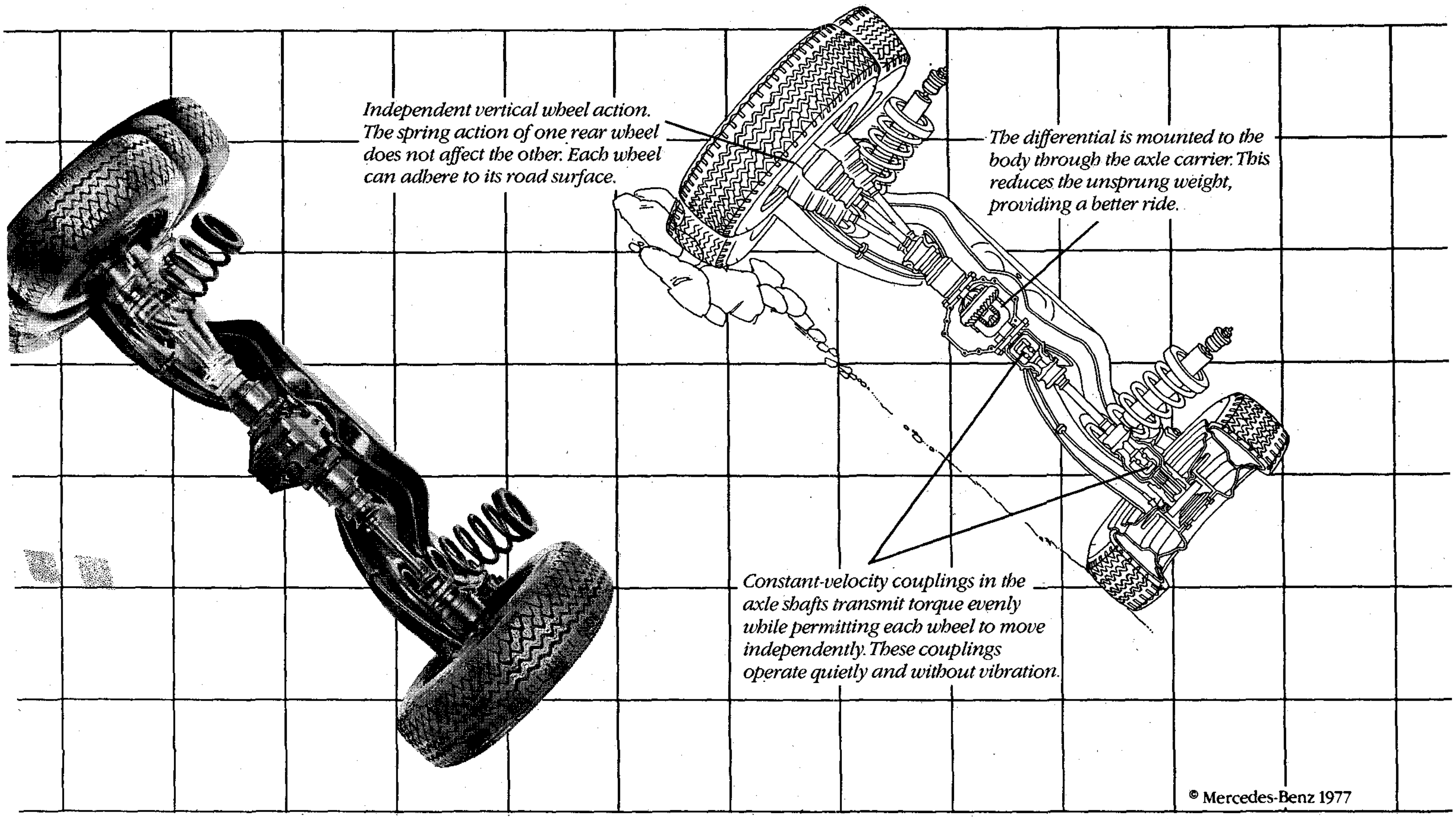
**RCA is making television better and better.**

Why a Mercedes-Benz doesn't lose its dignity on sharp curves, in panic stops or on washboard roads.


Independent vertical wheel action. The spring action of one rear wheel does not affect the other. Each wheel can adhere to its road surface.
The differential is mounted to the body through the axle carrier. This reduces the unsprung weight, providing a better ride.
Constant-velocity couplings in the axle shafts transmit torque evenly while permitting each wheel to move independently. These couplings operate quietly and without vibration.

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In 1931 Mercedes-Benz engineers launched a new era of driving comfort, performance and safety by introducing 4-wheel independent suspension. For the next 46 years they continued to modify and improve this revolutionary concept in the quest of perfection. Their achievements are reflected in the new Mercedes-Benz automobiles of today.

### Surer grip of the road

Four-wheel independent suspension put the automobile on the road to greater safety.

For the first time *every* wheel of a passenger car could adapt to rough road surfaces without losing a sure grip.

And since the wheels acted *independently*, if one encountered a soft shoulder or pothole, the remaining three wheels could handle the annoyance with greater safety than was ever before possible.

### Handle bumps without jostle

In 1954 Mercedes-Benz introduced single-joint swing axles to passenger cars. This gave the driver a surer feel of the road. It also let a Mercedes-Benz step nimbly, up and over brutal bumps and around tight curves with much less transmitted vibration.

In 1961 air suspension with automatic level adjustment was engineered into the 300 SE sedans. It eliminated even more vibration and added an even smoother ride. In 1968 diagonal-pivot swing rear axles with four constant-velocity couplings were designed in to keep that smooth ride constant.

Then in 1972 Mercedes-Benz introduced zero-offset steering on the front suspension of the 450 Series sedans. This helped straight-line tracking under heavy braking conditions and provided more precise steering control in emergencies like blowouts.

### The suspension of the future

It's the ingeniously engineered hydropneumatic suspension on all four wheels of the Mercedes-Benz 6.9. It gives the driver a level of control almost unmatched by any other 4-door sedan. It provides exceptional stability, even on curves or dirt roads laced with potholes.

Why does Mercedes-Benz go to all this trouble just to keep four wheels on the road? Simple: The engineers believe their job is to advance the state of the automotive art.

They continually strive to find better ways to make a Mercedes-Benz even easier to drive. So the driver has more time to keep his mind on the road ahead. Fatigue is reduced by blessing him with an *absence* of vibration, bouncing, swaying and undue noise.

### Safety first

All cars surround you with safety belts. A Mercedes-Benz also surrounds you with an additional belt of safety: a unitized steel protected passenger shell which is designed to help absorb impact energy.

In an unavoidable accident situation a Mercedes-Benz is designed to crumple progressively. For example—on impact the forward subframe can absorb shock by gradually closing like a metal accordion.

All in all a Mercedes-Benz surrounds you with over 100 safety features—most of which you'll probably never notice or need. But they're there—just in case.

### Engineered like no other car in the world

People give many reasons for choosing a Mercedes-Benz.

But the company's aim in designing and constructing them is doggedly single-minded.

It is to build safe, comfortable, practical cars—with as few imperfections as possible.

This philosophy puts engineering ahead of petty economies and precludes the mass production of inexpensive cars.

It allows little room for compromise or for shortcuts; just the pursuit of engineering excellence.

A Mercedes-Benz is engineered like no other car in the world.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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video documentation. Through Feb. 18. (Multiples-Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Stanley Boxer / Michael Steiner**—Six new canvases with textured surfaces of soft blues, beiges, greens, each traversed by a wandering trail of thicker impasto, like a mountain range on a relief map. / New sculptures that have the ordered structure of a three-dimensional collage, except that they are large, freestanding pieces made of thick plates of Corten steel. Through Wednesday, Feb. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Kathleen Cooke / Michael Broome**—Small sculptures of seated figures, done in clay or stone, and sensitive drawings of caged animals, mostly. / Sticks and poles ranging from a foot long up to ten feet and whittled from pieces of pine or fir. Through Feb. 11. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

**William Copley**—An ochre-colored wallpaper with a bold stripe running through it provides the background for mirror-Plexiglas cutouts of cavorting figures. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

**Patricia Tobacco Forrester / Lisa Dinhofer**—Enormous watercolors, some of them six and three-quarters feet by five and a half, depicting trees in all their tangled individuality. They were done in Golden Gate Park, in California, by a woman artist who works in manageable sections and then pieces them together. Through Feb. 16. / Oil paintings of bottles, vials, Mason jars. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**DeWitt Hardy**—Delicately handled watercolors of figures and still-lifes, plus several examples of this artist's familiarly tight and exceptionally accurate freehand pencil drawings. Through Friday, Feb. 3. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

**John Hardy**—Skillfully executed genre paintings of New York scenes, mostly of the lower East Side, by an artist whose work reflects the deep influence of Eakins and the Ashcan School. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

**David Hare**—Abstract and semi-abstract paintings done in vivid colors and inspired by the landscapes of India and Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Through Feb. 11. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Norman Ives**—Collaged materials (old printed matter, including musical scores) organized into squares or triangles. Through Feb. 11. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Jane Kaufman**—A series of two-panel works consisting of bugle beads applied to black velvet. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Earl Kerkam** (1891-1965)—Late works (twenty-two oils) by an artist who shifted with equal facility from Cubist abstractions to realist portraits and still-lifes. Through Feb. 18. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Michael Mazur**—Expertly rendered paintings and drawings of apes in a suburban Boston zoo by an artist who specializes in caged creatures in zoos and asylums. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**John Moore**—City rooftops rendered in soft watercolors and oils; also still-lifes. Through Feb. 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Ralph Moseley**—Large canvases that have the quality of a rich Oriental fabric stencilled or stamped with brightly colored ornamentation—spirals, floral patterns, iron crosses, medallions, and so on. *First one-man show in New York.* Through Thursday, Feb. 2. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Georges Noël**—Overlapping, errant L-squares painted with a mixture of pigment, vinyl, and sand, giving them a gravelly surface. Through Feb. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Nathan Oliveira**—About fifty monotypes done in series. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Dorsky, 4 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Peter Saul**—A bang-bang stagecoach robbery in an exaggerated Thomas Hart Benton style, and travesties of well-known works by other painters ("Nude Descending a Staircase," for one), make up this new group of paintings by an artist who employs Day-Glo colors. Through Thursday, Feb. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Isaac Witkin**—Free-form painted-steel sculptures in a range of sizes. Through Feb. 18. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**Emerson Woelffer**—Abstract collages. Through Feb. 11. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

**American Primitive Art**—Naïve paintings, sculptures, and embroidery by Edward Hicks, Horace Pippin, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At **AARON BERMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the seventies by the gallery artists. They include Sherman Drexler, Anne Tabachnick, and John Ferro. Through Feb. 18. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, a book of original prints, and other works by Kasimir Malevich (1878-1935), along with works by other Russian nonobjective artists from the same period, among them Lazar El Lissitzky and Vladimir Tatlin. Through Feb. 11. . . . **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century American artists Prendergast, Twachtman, Eastman Johnson, and others. Through Feb. 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Helen Frankenthaler, Henry Moore, and Robert Natkin. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Americans who worked in this century and the last, including Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper, and Charles Demuth. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Landscapes of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales by William Palmer, Charles Coiner, and William Thon. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Four studies Léger made for an unexecuted mural, as well as sculptures and works on paper from the thirties and forties by Ibram Lassaw, Byron Browne, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 4.

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**Frances Barth / Arthur Cohen**—Abstract paintings by a colorist. / Large-scale pastels. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**Mel Bochner**—Casein wall paintings of geometric figures. Also pastels. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**Donald Cole**—New paintings, these following the tangled path laid out by Jackson Pollock, except that fairly representational elements emerge here and there among the ribbons and dribbles of pigment. The work is done on unstretched canvas. Through Feb. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**Dan Flavin**—Four groupings of colored fluorescent lights that were designed for the gallery and divide it into distinct areas basking in soft pink, yellow, blue, or green ambience. Through Feb. 11. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

**Helen Frankenthaler**—An exhibit that reviews the artist's small-scale paintings. Through Feb. 11. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

**Emily Fuller / Mimi Smith**—Monochromatic abstract paintings and works on paper. / Drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

**Sam Gilliam**—Large abstract oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

**Andrew Jansons**—Abstract paintings in which light and dark areas are contrasted. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**Christopher Knowles**—Colored patterns made with a typewriter on sheets of paper up to ten feet long. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

**Knox Martin**—Fourteen large abstract paintings—some based on the female figure—and about fifty smaller works. Through March 8. *(Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays,* noon to 6.)

**Richard Nonas**—Weathered-steel and wood sculptures, and large drawings by a Minimalist. Through Tuesday, Jan. 31. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

**Sylvia Sleigh**—Forthright portraits of women (most of them sister artists) and a group portrait of members of the A.I.R. Gallery. Through Feb. 8. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

**George Szekely**—Large works in which flamelike outbursts of plastic paint are ladled onto vinyl wallpaper in accordance with what the artist describes as choreographic principles derived from studying dancers. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

**Group Shows**—At **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: Drawings whose form derives from mathematical ideas (some incorporate numerals), by artists from several disciplines, including Paul Klee, Carl Andre, Steve Reich, and Lucinda Childs, in a show that was put together by a number of Yale University students and their teacher. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Unknown artists can show their works to the staff here four days a week, and the current show (works by ten young artists) stems from this process. Through March 11. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . **SOHO 20**, 99 Spring St.: *Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by* nineteen members (the entire roster) of a feminist gallery. Through Wednesday, Feb. 1. (Opens at noon.)

## OTHER GALLERIES

**Fred Gutzeit**—Paintings done over a period of years during which time the artist's style shifted from representational to abstract. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

**Margot Robinson**—Abstract acrylic paintings, and sculptures. Through Sunday, Jan. 29. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Group Shows**—At **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Joan Brown, Charles Garabedian, and William Wegman are among the contributors to a showing of works that, in one way or another, flout artistic convention. Through Feb. 28. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesdays until 8.) . . . **PRETTO**, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St.: An exhibit of works that are outside the usual range of the artists involved—i.e., watercolors by Lucio Pozzi, drawings of caterpillars by Nancy Graves, an abstract collage on wood by George Segal. Through Tuesday, Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.)

**Note**: The exhibition space at 88 Pine Street, where Red Grooms' "Ruckus Manhattan" and Otto Piene's "Anemones" once were shown, is now the scene of a walk-around-in environmental work embracing most of the arts. The concept is by the artist Ann Wilson, who has re-created, on a modified scale, the imposing stage setting that Gordon Craig designed for a 1912 production of "Hamlet" in Moscow. Evocative scrims have been added to this, and performances of music, dance, and drama are offered on the stage from time to time. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 3; Saturdays, noon to 4.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Herbert Bayer**—The Museum of Modern Art is showing photomontages and other works from the twenties and thirties by this Austrian-

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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born graphic artist, once of the Bauhaus. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Rudy Burckhardt**—Photographs taken in the late forties (of Hans Hofmann cleaning his brushes in his studio, of Parisian billboards) alongside recent prints of New York. Through Feb. 11. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Julia Margaret Cameron** (1815-79)—Portraits of, among others, Rossetti, Tennyson, Herschel, and Alice Liddell, plus soft-focus prints of young girls and women swathed in gauzy fabrics. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

**Roger Cutforth**—Sequential (in time) color photographs of Western landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

**Walker Evans** (1903-75)—Two hundred and fifty vintage prints from the thirties and forties. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Charles Gatewood**—A photographic essay on the Wall Street area. Some of the images are near-abstractions. Through Tuesday, Jan. 31. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

**Felix H. Man**—Photographs by a German photojournalist. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.)... ¶ Portraits. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Feb. 11.

**Mary Ellen Mark**—Pictures taken in the women's ward of an Oregon state hospital by a photographer who got the idea while doing stills for "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

**Eadweard Muybridge** (1830-1904) / **Yousuf Karsh**—Yosemite Valley prints, plus animal-locomotion photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. / Portraits (what else?) of Winston Churchill, Georgia O'Keeffe, Hemingway, and others. Through Feb. 11. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

**John Phillips**—Photographs of the Arab-Israeli conflict in Jerusalem in 1948 (Phillips was on assignment for *Life*), and of fifty-one of the people who figure in those early pictures as they appear today. Through Feb. 27. (America-Israel Cultural Foundation, third floor, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Arthur Rothstein**—A documentation of life in America from the Depression years through the late forties by a former member of the Farm Security Administration. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Karl Struss**—Platinum prints mostly from the Photo-Secession years. Through Feb. 11. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Jerry N. Uelsmann / Francis Bruguière** (1879-1945)—Surrealistic multiple-image prints. / Forty vintage photographs, many of them abstract. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Group Show**—Pictures by Harry Callahan, Alfred Stieglitz, Barbara Morgan, and about fifty other photographers, in an exhibit entitled "New York, New York." Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The impact of the advent of Christianity on art forms is the concern of a show called "The Age of Spirituality," which brings together more than four hundred objects—plaques, tapestries, jewelry, manuscripts—of disparate styles and subjects. Through Feb. 12.... ¶ A show of prints, photographs, architectural and ornament drawings, and illustrated books acquired by the museum during the last five years. The range is vast—Dürer to Weegee. Through Feb. 19.... ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred items in the costume collection. For their time and place, they represent the ne plus ultra in luxury, such as a pair of seventeenth-century French white-kid shoes embroidered in pastel-colored and metal-silk thread, and a Fortuny evening dress from this century trimmed with Venetian-glass beads. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of ninety architectural drawings that Le Corbusier made for half as many projects (studio assistants had a hand in some of the sketches) between the years 1912 and 1962. Through March 26.... ¶ An exhibit of collages and drawings by Jean Arp. Through March 5.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Herbert Bayer. Through Sunday, Jan. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by European artists (Braque, Dali, Klee, Moore) comprise a show, called "Forty Modern Masters," with which the museum salutes itself at the end of its fortieth year. Through Wednesday, Feb. 1.... ¶ Collages by the contemporary Czech artist Jiří Kolář which incorporate written and printed texts, maps, photographs, and so forth. Through March 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Synchromism and American Color Abstraction, 1910-1925" brings together the works of the founders of Synchromism—Morgan Russell and Stanton Macdonald-Wright—with works by twenty-eight American and three European artists (Marsden Hartley, Joseph Stella, and Robert Delaunay among them), all of whom were early experimenters in pure-color abstraction. Through March 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.... ¶ Music at the Museum: On Sunday, Jan. 29, at 7 and 9:30, the first concerts in the Composers' Showcase series will be devoted to music by Steve Reich, performed by an ensemble of eighteen musicians.... On Monday, Jan. 30, at 8, the world première of Morgan Russell's *music* performed by the S.E.M. Ensemble. Petr Kotik will direct. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—A show of Stuart Davis's work, including a large-scale mural and seventy paintings supplemented by watercolors and sketches. Through March 19. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Reptiles and Amphibians is now open, and the inmates are hard to ignore, though stuffed: Komodo dragons, which are the biggest lizards in the world; a twenty-five-foot python; a fourteen-foot crocodile. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Asia House,** 112 E. 64th St.—A show of drinking vessels and such, made of metal (often silver) and engraved, embossed, or inlaid with niello, the work of Persian craftsmen of the Sasanian Empire (226 to 651 A.D.). Also related works. Through March 12. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MAURICE FREED

**China House,** 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of objects from China's I-Hsing potteries, dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Sunday, Jan. 29. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Nearly four hundred objects from the museum's collection of decorative arts—textiles, wallpaper, furniture, ceramics—arranged in ways that point up their origins, function, techniques, and so forth. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—A small, teasing sample of the recently acquired Heineman collection of literary, scientific, and musical manuscripts. Through Feb. 19.... ¶ More than a hundred seventeenth-century Dutch drawings (ten of them Rembrandts) on loan from the Institut Néerlandais, in Paris. Through Feb. 19.... ¶ A display of books that have been enhanced by an inscription or a drawing either by the author or simply by a reader; for example, James Thurber made thirteen pencil drawings in his first edition of Hemingway's "Green Hills of Africa," and it is on view. Through March 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Batik paintings by Leo Twiggs.... ¶ A showing by two photographers: Mel Wright's depictions of South American life, and Al Fennar's near-abstractions. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Feb. 19.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday evening, Jan. 25: "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Raymond Gibbs, and James Morris; conducted by John Pritchard.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 26: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Kubiak, Grace Bumbry, Kathleen Battle, Richard Cassilly, Bernd Weikl, and John Macurdy; James Levine.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 27: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and Ivo Vinco; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 28: "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Raymond Gibbs, and James Morris; John Pritchard.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 28: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Wieslaw Ochman, and Vern Shinall; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, and Allan Monk. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both.... ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 30: "Otello," with Katia Ricciarelli, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 31: "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; John Pritchard.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 1: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Kubiak, Grace Bumbry, Kathleen Battle, Richard Cassilly, Bernd Weikl, and John Macurdy; James Levine.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 2: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and John Cheek; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 3: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Wieslaw Ochman, and Vern Shinall; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Allan Monk. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. (A nonsubscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 4: "Otello," with Katia Ricciarelli, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 4: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, Ivo Vinco, and Andrea Velis; Jesús López-Cobos. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**MANNES OPERA WORKSHOP**—Scenes from Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," Beethoven's "Fidelio," and Massenet's "Werther," plus Act I of Puccini's "La Rondine," in English. Conducted by Dixie Neill and Jean Russak, and staged by Harvey Vincent. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik directing—Performances of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 7:30 (all with Benita Valente, soprano; Birgit Finnilä, contralto; Robert Tear, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir); and a varied program on Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 3, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 7:30 (all with Martha Argerich, piano).

**ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY**—Walter Susskind conducting, with Elly Ameling, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8.) . . . ¶ Gerhardt Zimmerman conducting; no soloists. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3.)

**BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA**—Lukas Foss directing the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one with Henry Schuman, oboe; Richard Frisch, baritone; Jocy De Oliveira, piano; and the Brooklyn Boys' Chorus. Composers Betsy Jolas, George Crumb, and Barbara Kolb will participate in a forum with Mr. Foss at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

**MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA**—Frederic Waldman conducting, with the Guarneri Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

**BACH ARIA GROUP**—Peter Eros directing the last in a series of concerts, this one with Lorna Haywood, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

**MUSICA SACRA**—Richard Westenburg directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

**GREGG SMITH SINGERS**—Gregg Smith directing a program of music by Billings and Ives. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

**COLLEGIATE CHORALE**—Richard Westenburg directing, with Cynthia Richards Hewes and Carlotta Wilsen, sopranos; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; David Smith, tenor; and Bruce Fifer, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

**JOHN OLIVER CHORALE**—John Oliver directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

## RECITALS

**GRACE BUMBRY**—Soprano, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

**JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET**—The first two in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 25, and Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

**YUVAL WALDMAN**—Violin, with the Andreas String Quartet and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

**JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL**—Flute, with Philippe Entremont, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

**MARY SADOVNIKOFF**—Fortepiano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

**GUARNERI QUARTET**—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**NEW YORK CONSORT OF VIOLS**—With Shelley Gruskin, baroque flute and musette, and Louis Bagger, harpsichord. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

**PAULA ROBISON**—Flute, in the first two in a series of three recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3, a program of music of France, with Samuel Sanders, harpsichord and piano; and Saturday, Feb. 4, at 3, a program of music of Germany, with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER**—James Buswell, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Barry Tuckwell, horn; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; Keith Brown, trombone; and Gary Graffman, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ Same program; Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 5, and Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 7:30.)

**PINCHAS ZUKERMAN**—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

**ARNOLD STEINHARDT AND MISHA DICHTER**—Violin and piano, in a recital of Beethoven sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**AMERICAN LANDMARK FESTIVALS**—A benefit concert of music by Otto Luening and Willard Roosevelt, performed by Eleanor Steber, soprano; Francis Heilbut and Mr. Roosevelt, piano; Mr. Luening, flute; and the Lydian String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

**IN PRAISE OF EARLY MUSIC**—The fourth in a series of six concerts, this one played by Music for a While. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**CHRISTA LUDWIG**—Mezzo-soprano, in a program entitled "One Hundred Years of Music from Vienna." (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3.)

**MARNI NIXON**—Soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 7:30.)

**TASHI**—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

**NEW YORK RENAISSANCE BAND**—A program entitled "Festival Music of the High Renaissance." (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

**Y NEW MUSIC**—The second in a series of four concerts focussing on unusual combinations of voice and instruments, this one with Janet Steele, soprano; Renée Siebert, flute; Syoko Aki, violin; Joel Krosnick, cello; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

**PAUL BADURA-SKODA**—Piano, in the first in a series of three all-Schubert recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

**ANTON KUERTI**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

**COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FACULTY CONCERT**—The Composers String Quartet and Julius Levine, bass, with Seymour Bernstein, piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**ORPHEUS CHAMBER ENSEMBLE**—A benefit recital by a small group drawn from the Orpheus orchestra. (Great Choir, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**JUBAL TRIO**—Lucy Shelton, soprano; Sue Ann Kahn, flute; and Susan Jolles, harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

**MUSIC FROM MARLBORO**—Stephanie Brown, piano; Daniel Phillips, violin/viola; Peter Zazofsky, violin; and Marcy Rosen, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

**PROSPECTIVE ENCOUNTERS**—Gunther Schuller directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the first of two programs of contemporary chamber music, with Lynne Webber, soprano. The performances will take place between eight and ten, with periods after each selection devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 3. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

**RÉGINE CRESPIN**—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

**WAVERLY CONSORT**—A program entitled "The World of Guillaume de Machaut (circa 1300-77)." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

## MISCELLANY

**CONCERT ROYAL AND THE NEW YORK BAROQUE DANCE COMPANY**—James Richman directing a chamber orchestra and acting as harpsichord soloist in a program of music and dance entitled "The Baroque and Classic in Germany." With Ann Monoyios, soprano; Jeffrey Gall, countertenor; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and Steven Lubin, fortepiano. The second of two concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

# SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Kansas City, Thursday, Jan. 26, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Denver, Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 7:30. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER,** Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:05. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

**HOCKEY**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 1. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Feb. 4. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

**RACING**—At **AQUEDUCT:** Thursdays through Saturdays, and Mondays, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; last day Monday, May 22. The Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 17.

**TRACK MEETS**—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Jan. 27, at 6:30: Millrose Games. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 6:30: United States Olympic Invitational.

**TROTTING**—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

# ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

**POETRY READINGS**—Kofi Awoonor reading from his own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

**WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW**—Rarities from many countries and periods, assembled by more than sixty dealers. Among the exhibits will be an eighteenth-century cannon model, paintings by Benjamin West and Edward Hicks, and a Japanese lacquer desk of about 1780 in Louis XVI style. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Jan. 28, through Sunday, Feb. 5. Weekdays, noon to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

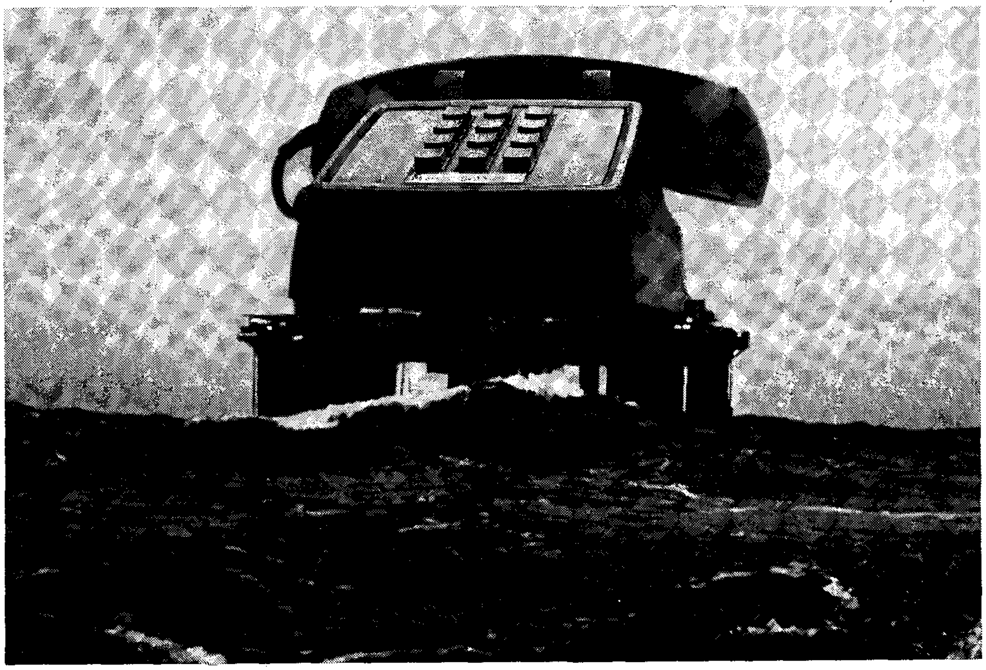
**AUCTIONS**—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 2, and Thursday, Jan. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese paintings and textiles, snuff bottles, jades, and other works of art; from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 27, at 2: Netsuke, inro, and lacquer ware; from several owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2: Oriental rugs, from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 2-4, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including furniture, decorations, folk art, silver, porcelains, pottery, prints, and paintings; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 2, at 10:30: English and Continental furniture, objects of art, tapestries, and rugs; from the estate of J. Paul Getty and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 26.

A report on a matter of public interest:

# How the Bell System is pumping more service out of less oil.

In 1973, when the OPEC oil embargo went into effect, the Bell System committed itself to reducing its energy consumption. That commitment has been fulfilled. In four years, the Bell System has saved the energy equivalent of almost 24 million barrels of oil and over 415 million dollars in energy costs—savings that help hold down the cost of your telephone bills.

Today, the Bell System is actually using 11 per cent less energy than it did in 1973, even though the number of telephones in service has risen over 16 per cent and the volume of business has increased 33 per cent.



Here's how we are combining common sense with uncommon technology in four basic areas to achieve Zero Energy Growth.

## Telephones are reconditioned three times.

The Bell System's energy needs begin with the power and fuel necessary to design and manufacture the basic communications components—cables, wire and equipment such as your home telephone.

In general, it takes much more energy to manufacture such items from scratch than it does to recycle them. Because Bell System equipment is designed by Bell Labs to be reliable, repairable *and* recyclable, extensive energy cutbacks have been realized through 40 years of recycling and reuse. New, more energy-efficient processes are constantly being devised by Western Electric, some of which entail modifying original designs for even greater materials and power savings.

Since 1974, the Bell conservation program has saved the energy equivalent of over three million barrels of oil by recycling metals. Also, more than six million equivalent barrels of oil have been saved through the reuse of equipment. The average telephone, for example, is reconditioned three times before it is unrepairable or obsolete.

## New technology does more with less.

Another area in which the Bell System is effecting energy savings is in power for switching and transmission equipment. Constantly, new energy-saving technology is being added to the system. *Item:* Over two billion power-saving transistors, diodes and integrated circuits have been put into use. *Item:* Light Emitting Diodes (LEDs) are replacing incandescent bulbs in switchboards and telephones, saving over 90 per cent of the previously required power. *Item:* A new microprocessor called MAC-8 is less than one-tenth the size of a postage stamp yet contains the equivalent of over 7,000 transistors. The MAC-8 can execute several hundred electronic "thinking" functions, yet it will operate on only one-tenth of a watt of power.

**Smaller vehicles power giant fleet.**

Twenty-two per cent of Bell's energy requirements are in fuel for its fleet of over 170,000 vehicles, the largest privately owned and operated motor fleet in the world. Here, a number of commonsense procedures have been adopted: engines are carefully tuned for peak efficiency, smaller and more fuel-efficient vehicles are being used, and shuttle services have been set up between some company locations. In addition, New York Telephone Company is experimenting with nonpolluting, energy-saving electric-powered trucks. Due to these and other efforts, the Bell System in 1976 used over five per cent less motor fuel than in 1973.

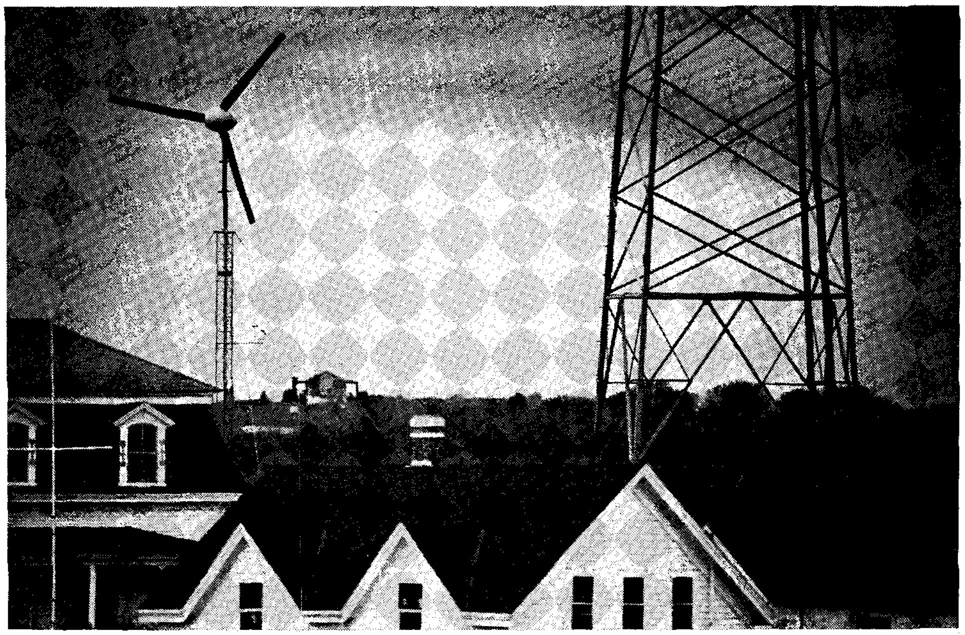
**Even employees' body heat is used.**

Heating, lighting and air conditioning of Bell System's 25,000 buildings account for 45 per cent of its energy needs. Broad economies have been achieved simply by removing thousands of unnecessary lights; by lowering temperature settings; by cutting back on hot water temperatures; and by heating or cooling unoccupied areas only to the extent required for equipment operations.

Moving beyond the obvious conservation measures, the Bell System created a building energy management program to redesign and retrofit existing buildings to improve their energy efficiency. Two examples of other power-saving programs at Bell facilities:

- On windy Block Island, Rhode Island, the New England Telephone Company began operating a wind dynamo in September, 1976. It can produce up to 15 kilowatts of electricity to power a central office and microwave radio terminal. Excess power from the windmill is fed back to the power company.
- In AT&T's new Basking Ridge, New Jersey, facility, an innovative computerized system heats about 1½ million feet of office space by recovering excess heat from the building environment—lights, equipment and the body heat of employees. It is estimated that the system uses 25 per cent less energy than conventional heating/cooling systems.

Bell trials of solar heating and cooling are providing valuable data which should lead to more widespread use of alternate energy systems.

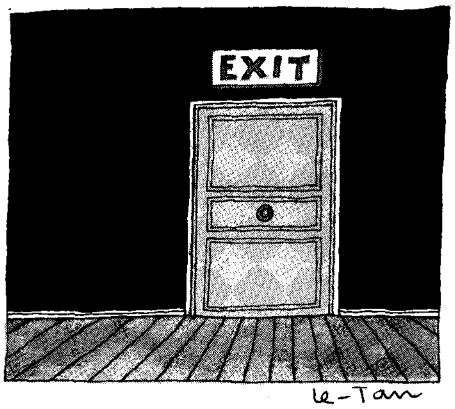

Windmill helps power central phone office and microwave radio terminal (tower at right) on Block Island.

Today, throughout the Bell System, our commitment to energy conservation is more than a goal; it is an ongoing reality. And in looking to the future, we anticipate that in 1982 we will still be using no more energy than was used in 1973. *Keeping your phone system the best in the world.*

Bell System

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Outrageous!"

**St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 31: "The Gauntlet" and "Death Wish."
From Feb. 1: To be announced.

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Outrageous!"

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Jan. 31: "Semi-Tough."
From Feb. 1: "Coma."

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Saturday Night Fever."

**Eastside Cinema**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Annie Hall."

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Goodbye Girl."

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Duellists."

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Jan. 31: "Iphigenia." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Jan. 25.)
From Feb. 1: "Coma."

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Dersu Uzala."

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Jan. 26: "The Turning Point."
From Jan. 27: "The Serpent's Egg."

**59th St. East**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

**D. W. Griffith**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Mado."

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Padre Padrone."

**Columbia I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Children of Theatre Street."

**Columbia II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Jan. 26: "Outrageous!"
From Jan. 27: "The Turning Point."

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Mr. Klein."

**Loews Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Jan. 28: "Oh, God!"
From Jan. 29: "Night Full of Rain."

**72nd Street East**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 31: "Bobby Deerfield."
From Feb. 1: "A Special Day."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Semi-Tough."

**U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 26: "The Gauntlet."
*From Jan. 27: "Outrageous!" and "Pumping Iron."*

**Loews Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Jan. 31: "Saturday Night Fever."
From Feb. 1: "The Boys in Company C."

**Loews Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Telefon."

**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Sasquatch."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Jan. 26: "The Song Remains the Same."
From Jan. 27: "The Turning Point."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Goodbye Girl."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Renaldo and Clara."

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Semi-Tough."

**Quad Cinema**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "A Special Day."
Theatre 2: "Equus."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 26: "Short Eyes." From Jan. 27: "The Turning Point."
Theatre 4: "The Goodbye Girl."

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Operation Thunderbolt."

**Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Renaldo and Clara."

**Playboy**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 31: "The Gauntlet."
From Feb. 1: To be announced.

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

**Cinema 3**, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"High Anxiety."

**Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Padre Padrone."

**Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Best Way."

**Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 26: "Modern Times" and "The Great Dictator."
From Jan. 27: "The Lacemaker."

**Loews 83rd Triplex**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Semi-Tough."
Theatre 2: "The Goodbye Girl."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 26: "Modern Times" and "The Great Dictator." From Jan. 27: "Roseland."

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Renaldo and Clara."

**Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 26: "Sasquatch."
From Jan. 27: "Which Way Is Up?" and "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings."

### REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

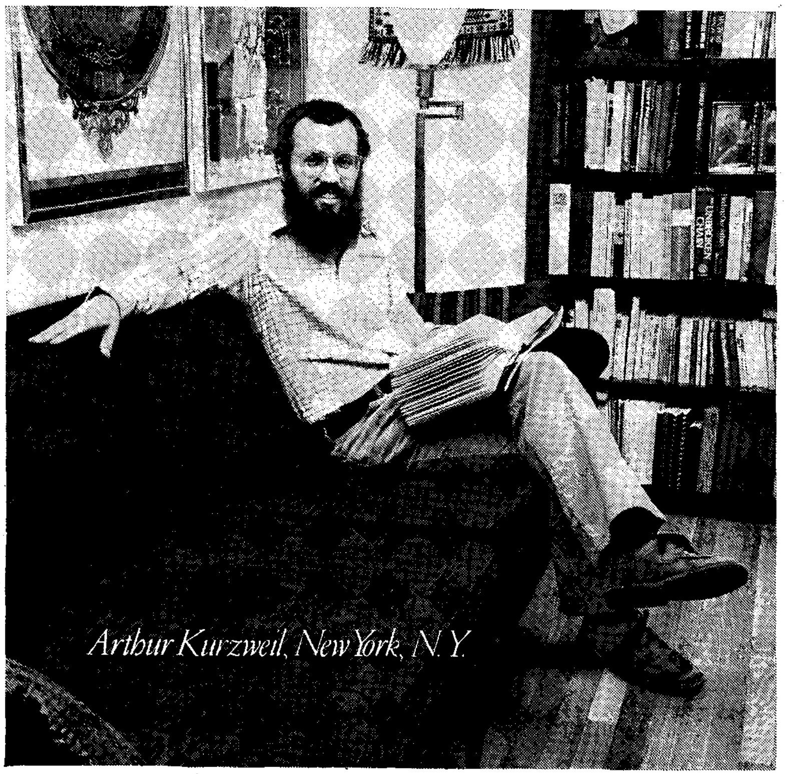
**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 25: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari.
Jan. 26: "Ziegfeld Follies" (1946), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Gene Kelly; and "The Pirate" (1948), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Walter Slezak, and Reginald Owen.
Jan. 27-28: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey.
Jan. 29-30: "Anna Christie" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and Fredric March.
Jan. 31: "Violence at Noon" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima; and "Odd Affinity" (1970), in Japanese, directed by Kineto Shindo.
Feb. 1: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (†); and "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), in French, directed by Jacques Feyder, with Louis Jouvet and Françoise Rosay.
Feb. 2: "An American in Paris" (†) and "Father of the Bride." (†)

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 25: "Undercurrent" (1946), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Robert Taylor, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Mitchum, and Edmund Gwenn; and "The Pirate" (1948), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Walter Slezak, and Reginald Owen.
Jan. 26: "La Fille de l'Eau" (1924), a French silent film, directed by Jean Renoir, with Catherine Hessling; "La Petite Marchande d'Allumettes" (1928), a French silent film, directed by Jean Renoir, with Catherine Hessling; and "La Chienne" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon, Janie Marèze, and Georges Flamant.
Jan. 27: "Ossessione" (†) and "The Miracle." (†)
Jan. 28: "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "We're Not Dressing" (1934), directed by Norman Taurog, with Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard, Ethel Merman, Ray Milland, Leon Errol, and Burns and Allen.
Jan. 29: "The Missouri Breaks" (†) and "One-Eyed Jacks." (†)
Jan. 30: "Legacy" (†); and "Not a Pretty Picture" (1976), directed by Martha Coolidge, with Michele Manenti and Jim Carrington.
Jan. 31: "Madame Bovary" (†) and "Father of the Bride." (†)
Feb. 1: "An American in Paris" (†); and "Father's Little Dividend" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor, and Joan Bennett.
Feb. 2: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972) and "Alice in the Cities" (1974), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 26: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Candy" (1968), directed by Christian Marquand, with Ewa Aulin, Marlon Brando, Richard Burton, and James Coburn.
Jan. 27-28: "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention; and "Ned Kelly." (†)
Jan. 29-30: "The Christian Licorice Store" (1971), directed by James Frawley, with Beau Bridges, Maud Adams, and Gilbert Roland; and "The Last American Hero." (†)
Jan. 31: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" (1977), directed by Anthony Page, with Bibi Andersson and Kathleen Quinlan; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani.
Feb. 1-2: "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas; and "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion." (†)

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Jan. 25: "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal.
Jan. 26-28: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "The Invitation" (1973), in French, directed by Claude Goretta, with Jean-Luc Bideau, Michel Robin, and François Simon.
Jan. 29-30: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar

# "I went back home. To see it for the first time."



*Arthur Kurzweil, New York, N.Y.*

"Even though I was born in America, I didn't grow up with Mother Goose stories. I grew up with Przemysl stories, the small town in Poland where my father was born.

"His stories were so vivid that I grew to love the town of my imagination. After many years, I was able to realize my dreams and visit this town I had known all my life.

"I walked the same streets and saw the same sights that my father had described to me years before.

"I went to the Town Hall to find out if any records of my family still existed. The Kurzweil family originated in this town. One date I was sure of was the birth of my great grandfather, in 1867. The keeper of records climbed up a creaky old ladder and reached for a dusty book marked 1860-1870 and showed me not only the entry of my great grandfather's birth but the marriage of my great, great grandparents as well.

Witamy do Polski!

"I found that there is much left of my Eastern European heritage. Not only records but a great deal of history. But I had to be a detective. I had to take that journey. And I had to look."

An airline like ours does a lot of things.

But it seems that nothing we do has as much meaning as when our airline helps somebody discover the second heritage every American has.

**PAN AM®**

**America's airline to the world.**

See your travel agent.

Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "Illicit Interlude." (†)

Jan. 31-Feb. 1: "Umberto D." (†) and "Miracle in Milan." (†)

From Feb. 2: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "Contempt." (†)

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Jan. 26: "Marius" (1932; directed by Alexander Korda) and "Fanny" (1932; directed by Marc Allégret), both films in French, with Raimu, Pierre Fresnay, and Orane Démazis.

Jan. 27-28: "The Wages of Fear" (1953), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Yves Montand; and "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

Jan. 29-31: "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Phantom Lady." (†)

Feb. 1-2: "The Cocoanuts" (1929), with the Marx Brothers; and "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), directed by Edward Cline, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 25: "Once in a Blue Moon" (1936), directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Jimmy Savo, Nikita Balieff, and Cecilia Loftus; and "Crime Without Passion" (1934), directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Claude Rains, Whitney Bourne, Margo, and Esther Dale.

Jan. 26: "Monte Carlo" (1930), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan; and "The Love Parade" (1929), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.

Jan. 27: "Terror by Night" (1946), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "The Woman in Green" (1945), the eleventh in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

Jan. 28-29: "Copacabana" (†) and "Love Happy." (†)

Jan. 30: "Nice Girl?" (1941), directed by William Seiter, with Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone, Robert Benchley, Walter Brennan, and Robert Stack; and "Because of Him" (1946), directed by Richard Wallace, with Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone, Charles Laughton, Helen Broderick, and Donald Meek.

Jan. 31: "Transatlantic Tunnel" (†); and "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.

Feb. 1: "Murder at the Vanities" (†) and "Lady in the Dark." (†)

Feb. 2: "True Confession" (†) and "Hands Across the Table." (†)

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium,** Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 26 at 2:30: A program of four short films by the Senegalese director Paulin Soumanou Vieyra, all in French, with no English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 26 at 6: A program of four short Senegalese films, made in 1963, all in French, three with no English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 26 at 8:30: "Ceddo" (1977), in Wolof, directed by Ousmane Sembène; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 27 at 2:30: A program of four short Senegalese films, made in 1963.... ¶ Jan. 27 at 6: "Stella Maris" (1918), a silent film, directed by Marshall Neilan, with Mary Pickford and Conway Tearle.... ¶ Jan. 28 at noon: "Keep 'Em Flying" (1941), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Abbott and Costello and Martha Raye.... ¶ Jan. 28 at 2:30: A program of four short films by the Senegalese director Paulin Soumanou Vieyra.... ¶ Jan. 28 at 5: "Ceddo."... ¶ Jan. 29 at noon: "Hold That Ghost" (1941), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Abbott and Costello.... ¶ Jan. 29 at 2:30: "Niaye" (1964), in French, directed by Ousmane Sembène, no English subtitles; and "Black Girl" (1966), in French, directed by Ousmane Sembène, English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 29 at 5: "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (1936), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, and Fred MacMurray.... ¶ Jan. 30 at *noon:* "John Heartfield—Photomontagist" (1976), in German, directed by Helmut Herbst; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 30 at 2:30: "Niaye" and "Black Girl."... ¶ Jan. 30 at 6: "Tauw" (1970) and "The Money Order" (1970), both films in Wolof, directed by Ousmane Sembène; English subtitles.... ¶ Jan. 31 at noon: "John Heartfield—Photomontagist."... ¶ Jan. 31 at 2:30: "Dawn" (1928), a silent film, directed by Herbert Wilcox, with Sybil Thorndike, Madame Ada Bodart, and Gordon Craig.... ¶ Jan. 31 at 6: "The Tallest Tree in the Forest" (1977), directed by Gil Noble, a documentary about Paul Robeson.... ¶ Feb. 2 at 2:30: "Tauw" and "The Money Order."... ¶ Feb. 2 at 6: "Emitai" (1972), in Diola and French, directed by Ousmane Sembène; English subtitles.... ¶ Feb. 2 at 8:30: "Xala" (1974), in Wolof and French, directed by Ousmane Sembène; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 29: A program of five films, under the title "Color Abstraction," by Harry Smith, Jordan Belson, Robert Breer, and Paul Sharits. Showings at noon, 2, and 4.... ¶ Starting Jan. 31: Selections from "Rabbit Ears, Parts 1, 2, and 3" (1977) and "Underground Accelerator" (1977), both videotapes by Christa Maiwald. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**Anthology Film Archives,** 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Eisenstein, Dreyer, Hill, Ford, Jordan, Burckhardt, Kirsanoff, Kuchar, Keaton, Kubelka, Lubitsch, and others. Showings Jan. 25-27 at 7 and 9; Jan. 28 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Jan. 29 at 8; Jan. 31 at 7 and 9; Feb. 1 at 7; and Feb. 2 at 7 and 9.

**Film Forum,** 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Ruckus Manhattan" (1976), directed by David Saunders, Red Grooms, Peter Hutton, and the Ruckus Construction Co.; and "Fat Feet" (1966), directed by Red Grooms. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**An American in Paris** (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the principal performers are in fine form, and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away happily on the piano. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 1.... ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 2.)

**Annie Hall**—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (East-side Cinema.)

**The Best Way**—With Patrick Dewaere, Patrick Bouchitey, and Christine Pascal; directed by Claude Miller. In French. (Cinema Studio.)

**The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings** (1976)—Rowdy, good-natured comedy melodrama about a barnstorming black baseball team. Set in 1939, in the period just before major-league clubs admitted black players, it shows the players' attitudes toward the cakewalking and clowning expected of them by white crowds. It's like a modern, black variant of the thirties lunatic football comedies, such as "Pigskin Parade." The cast is headed by Richard Pryor, Billy Dee Williams, Stan Shaw, and James Earl Jones, whose great, deep voice functions as a joke all by itself. The script, by Hal Barwood and Matthew Robbins, has some sophisticated, double-edged ideas but is short on characterization; it settles for a few too many cheap laughs, such as those involving a fat rowdy black woman, and too many cartooned black capitalistic club owners as well as sadistic white villains (who, for unexplained reasons, have sinister Scandinavian accents). John Badham directed (it was his first picture, followed by "Saturday Night Fever"). (Olympia; starting Jan. 27.)

**Bobby Deerfield**—A rich-meets-rich picture, and worse than one imagines. Al Pacino gives a torpid performance as a spiritually depleted Grand Prix racing-car driver who falls in love with a well-heeled free spirit (Marthe Keller), a metaphysical kook. Though she's dying, she asks him such meaningful questions that he is restored to life. The director, Sydney Pollack, tries for a Lelouch atmosphere but settles for the glitter of cash outlay. From Remarque's "Heaven Has No Favorites," adapted by Alvin Sargent; with Anny Duperey. (10/3/77) (72nd Street East; through Jan. 31.)

**Boudu Saved from Drowning** (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 1.)

**The Boys in Company C**—With Stan Shaw, Michael Lembeck, James Canning, Craig Wasson, and Andrew Stevens; directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Loews Orpheum; starting Feb. 1.)

**The Children of Theatre Street**—An American production team gets behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then loses sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Columbia I.)

**Close Encounters of the Third Kind**—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

**Coma**—With Geneviève Bujold, Michael Douglas, Elizabeth Ashley, Rip Torn, and Richard Widmark; directed by Michael Crichton. (Murray Hill, and Plaza; starting Feb. 1.)

**Contempt** (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Regency; starting Feb. 2.)

**Copacabana** (1947)—Groucho Marx in a dotty musical comedy with Carmen Miranda that concerns a girl applying for two jobs at a night club at the same time. Not the best Groucho, but his furtive slouch at the knees is always irresistible, like his rudeness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 28-29.)

**Death Wish** (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that the laxity of American gun laws has produced good old frontier individualism in a vigilante, who manages to kill any number of muggers. Directed by Michael Winner. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 31.)

**Dersu Uzala**—A Soviet-Japanese co-production, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Russian. (Baronet.)

**The Duellists**—An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic-period story "The Duel," about a cavalry officer's sudden flare-up of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer, which grows into a private war. The hussars (Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine) go on fighting for over fifteen years, and the origin of the quarrel becomes lost in legend, like the causes of the larger wars that they're both fighting in. This English production—a first film by the director Ridley Scott—is consistently entertaining and eerily beautiful. Its special quality is in its Géricault-like compositions; what keep them from palling is that they have a graphic power of their own, and they're coolly impassioned—a story of obsessive enmity is being told by way of these ravishing yet unsettling images. The mixed American and British cast includes Cristina Raines, Albert Finney, Alan Webb, Edward Fox, Diana Quick, Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, Tom Conti, and Meg Wynn Owen. (1/23/78) (Fine Arts.)

**Equus**—Careful, unimaginative version of Peter Shaffer's play; the sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband. As the tormented psychiatrist, Richard Burton does his elocutionary thing. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (11/7/77) (Quad Cinema.)

**Father of the Bride** (1950)—Spencer Tracy as the father, Joan Bennett as the mother, and Elizabeth Taylor and Don Taylor as the pair who are about to get hitched. Vincente Minnelli directed this sentimental comedy about the difficulties of putting on a wedding. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 2.)

**The Gauntlet**—Clint Eastwood, as a cop, and Sondra Locke, as a hooker he's bringing back from Las Vegas to testify in a trial in Phoenix, are always in movement. They use a police car, a motorcycle, a train, a bus. You look at the screen even though there's nothing to occupy your mind—the way you sometimes sit in front of the TV, numbly, because you can't rouse yourself for the effort it takes to go to bed. Eastwood directed. (1/16/78) (U.A. East; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through Jan. 31.)

**The Goodbye Girl**—The prolific Neil Simon is at it again; this time it's a tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. The forced snappiness of the exchanges suggests two woodpeckers clicking at each other's heads. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Trans-Lux East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**The Great Dictator** (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Embassy 72nd St., and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Jan. 26.)

**Hands Across the Table** (1935)—In movies written by Norman Krasna, you can see the jokes being set up; when the payoff comes you're already tired. Carole Lombard has a funny scene imitating a telephone operator, but it's an underwhelming comedy. With Fred MacMurray (not the subtlest of *farceurs*) and Ralph Bellamy. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 2.)

**High Anxiety**—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. Brooks plays Dr. Thorndyke, a Nobel Prize-winning psychiatrist who is the new director of a Los Angeles asylum—the previous one having died suddenly. He leaves the "Spellbound" situation and goes up to San Francisco for a psychiatrists' convention and into locations that recall "Vertigo." There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Sutton, and Cinema 3.)

**Illicit Interlude** ("Summer Interlude;" 1951)—This rapturous study of a ruined summer romance was Ingmar Bergman's first great breakthrough. Maj-Britt Nilsson plays the tired ballerina who has been emotionally dead

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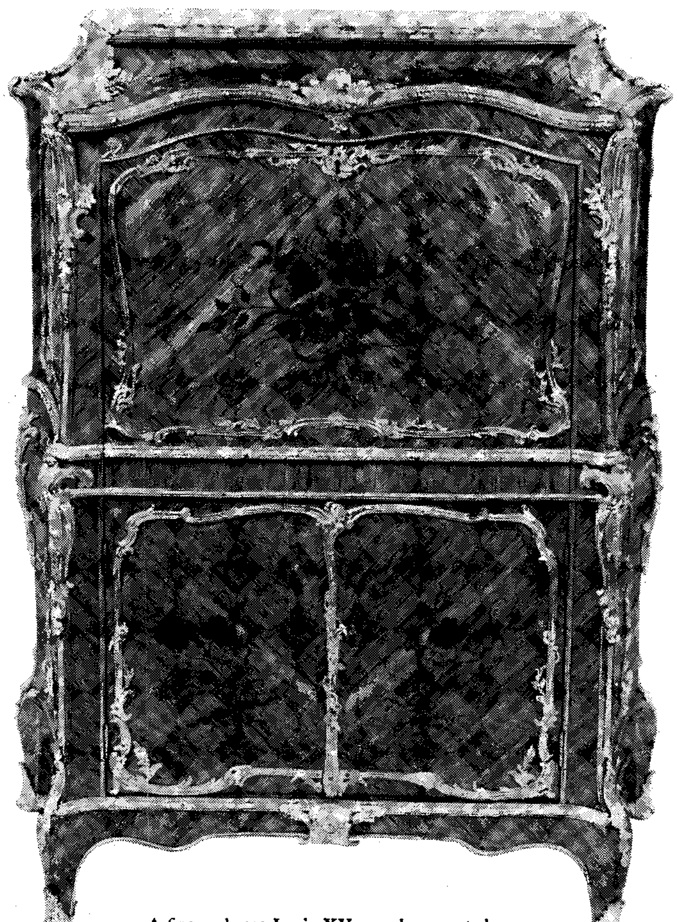

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since her adolescence. In Swedish. (Regency; Jan. 29-30.)

**Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion** (1970)—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably: he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Feb. 1-2.)

**Iphigenia**—There's fervor and dedication in Michael Cacoyannis's version of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis;" it's the excitement of a new interpretation that's missing. And was there a little too much Arthur Miller in Euripides? The arguments have an ideological ring. But Costa Kazakos's robust, irresolute Agamemnon is very fine, and if Irene Papas' performance as Clytemnestra is overshadowed, her Clytemnestra certainly makes you believe in the vengeance she will take on Agamemnon. The role suffers from a topical flaw: Clytemnestra's female rage sounds too much like what we've been hearing for the last five years. She has become a precursor, and less of a character. In Greek. (1/16/78) (Plaza; through Jan. 31. No evening performances on Wednesday, Jan. 25.)

**Julia**—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Cinema I.)

**The Lacemaker**—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 27.)

**Lady in the Dark** (1944)—Monstrously overproduced musical about the Oedipal hangups and sexual frustrations of a fashion-magazine editor (Ginger Rogers), whose problems are solved when she stops wearing the pants—i.e., gives up her job to a man (Ray Milland). The content is insulting to women; the form is insulting to audiences of both sexes. It's a real botch. Directed by Mitchell Leisen; adapted from Moss Hart's Broadway show. With Jon Hall, Warner Baxter, Mischa Auer, Barry Sullivan, and Don Loper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 1.)

**The Last American Hero** (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on back roads at night, and who, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't only about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (Cinema Village; Jan. 29-30.)

**Legacy** (1976)—Karen Arthur produced and directed this near monologue, written and played by Joan Hotchkis. The heroine's husband is away, her children are at camp, and she has nothing to do but fuss about her weight, badger a busy maid about a centerpiece she wants to make for a dinner party, and almost have a nervous breakdown over a serf who has lost one of her silver butter knives down the garbage-disposal unit. A film made by women that is curiously bitchy about women. A little scathing humor about well-heeled analysands with nothing to do would have greatly helped the picture. (5/24/76) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 30.)

**Love Happy** (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 28-29.)

**Madame Bovary** (1949)—Fancy-dress version, starring Jennifer Jones. If you hadn't read the book, you really couldn't guess what it was about from this film, though the scriptwriter, Robert Ardrey, uses the framing device of Flaubert (James Mason) on trial for corrupting morals by having written it. This M-G-M production was advertised with the slogan "Whatever it is that French women have, Madame Bovary has more of it!," and Jennifer Jones looks surfeited with clothes and handsome leading men, Louis Jourdan and Alf Kjellin (who appears here under the name Christopher Kent) among them, while Van Heflin plays her dull husband. The director, Vincente Minnelli, stages an impressive romantic ball, but the whole movie is hopelessly over-scaled. With Gladys Cooper, Paul Cavanagh, Eduard Franz, Gene Lockhart, George Zucco, and John Abbott. (Also made as "Unholy Love" in 1932, and by Jean Renoir in 1934.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 31.)

**Mado**—With Michel Piccoli, Ottavia Piccoli, and Romy Schneider; directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (D. W. Griffith.)

**The Man Who Loved Women**—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Paris.)

**The Miracle** (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief, utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 27.)

**Miracle in Milan** (1951)—Part social satire, part fantasy, this Vittorio De Sica film suggests a childlike view of Dostoevski's "The Idiot." A fun-loving old lady finds a newborn baby in a cabbage patch. The baby becomes Toto the Good, the happy man who loves everyone; when he is frustrated in his desire to help people, the old lady, now an angel, comes down and gives him the power to work miracles. Toto the hero, naïve and full of love, organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, but the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic powers can resolve them. The failure of innocence here is touchingly absurd; the film is stylized poetry, and it is like nothing else that De Sica ever did. With Francesco Golisano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and the great Emma Gramatica as the old lady. Cesare Zavattini did the adaptation of his own novel. In Italian. (Regency; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

**The Missouri Breaks** (1976)—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. Worth seeing for these two performances, but Brando's lazy brilliance at actor's legerdemain sometimes takes the eye off the narrative, which the immensely intelligent Penn probably conceived as a picture about the dying days of the frontier spirit and the undernourished souls of people living on their own myths. Thomas McGuane's script is adept, but jerky and smart-alecky. (5/31/76) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 29.)

**Mr. Klein**—With Alain Delon and Jeanne Moreau, directed by Joseph Losey. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Modern Times** (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Embassy 72nd St., and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Jan. 26.)

**Murder at the Vanities** (1934)—A backstage musical with a murderer loose in the theatre—an unusual mixture of thriller and musical that is moderately effective both ways, though the doubling of the thirties conventions makes it plot-heavy and doubly antiqued. Starring the late, dimpled international idol Carl Brisson (who sings "Cocktails for Two"); with Jack Oakie, Kitty Carlisle, Victor McLaglen, Gail Patrick, Dorothy Stickney, and some sumptuous footage of Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Mitchell Leisen directed, for Paramount. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 1.)

**Ned Kelly** (1970)—Tony Richardson's film about the Australian bandit-hero who roamed the bush in an extraordinary costume of ironmongery. (Sidney Nolan once did a series of epic paintings that made Kelly look like a medieval man dressed in rather serious saucepans.) Kelly is played here by Mick Jagger; Jocelyn Herbert did the beautiful design. The movie is visually a series of wonderfully pure paintings but is a narrative mess. (Cinema Village; Jan. 27-28.)

**Night Full of Rain**—With Giancarlo Giannini and Candice Bergen, directed by Lina Wertmüller. (Loews Tower East; starting Jan. 29.)

**Oh, God!**—George Burns as God, and John Denver as a supermarket assistant manager chosen to be a modern-day Moses. Directed by Carl Reiner. (Loews Tower East; through Jan. 28.)

**One-Eyed Jacks** (1961)—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough and worthy antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the two enemies. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 29.)

**Operation Thunderbolt**—About the July, 1976, Israeli rescue at Entebbe. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Guild.)

**Ossessione** (1942)—Directed by Luchino Visconti but banned for years in this country because the rights to the original novel, James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice," had been sold to Hollywood for a Lana Turner movie. The suggestion for making the film came from Renoir, to whom there is a clear stylistic bow in the film's struggle for *verismo*. The topic is the manic potency of a certain kind of sexual obsession; the characters are a poor man who stops at a roadside joint and stays on as a laborer, the proprietor's wife, and the proprietor, a heavy-minded dolt. Sometimes dated now, it is still a passionate film about people living in a situation of unbroken self-delusion, without knowledge of consequence. In Italian. (6/13/77) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 27.)

**Outrageous!**—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Art, and Gramercy. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ U.A. East; starting Jan. 27.)

**Padre Padrone**—The Taviani brothers' film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography fuses political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic—and the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. In Italian. (10/3/77) (Cinema II, and Paramount.)

**Phantom Lady** (1944)—Its mood and its pacing lift this low-budget thriller out of its class, but the ideas, the dialogue, and the ending that the studio insisted on prevent it from being a first-rate B picture. Ella Raines is the girl in danger, Franchot Tone is the psychopathic killer, Alan Curtis is the man wrongly convicted of murder, Thomas Gomez is the police inspector, and Elisha Cook, Jr., is the drummer who is featured in the jam session that is the film's high point of excitement. Robert Siodmak directed, and the producer was Joan Harrison, who had worked as an assistant to Hitchcock. From a William Irish novel, adapted by Bernard C. Schoenfeld; with Fay Helm, Regis Toomey, Virginia Brissac, and Doris Lloyd. (Thalia; Jan. 29-31.)

**Pumping Iron** (1977)—Competently made documentary about the grotesque, funny subculture of body-building. It holds the viewer's interest, but it does so by setting up the body-building champions for you to react to in a certain way, and then congratulating you for seeing them in that psychologically facile way. The directors, George Butler and Robert Fiore, treat Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mike Katz, Franco Columbu, and Louis Ferrigno and his parents as if they were fictional characters, and there are elements of presumption, cruelty, and condescension in this. The film never transcends its own slickness. (U.A. East; starting Jan. 27.)

**Renaldo and Clara**—Directed by, and with, Bob Dylan. (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

**Roseland**—Three stories set inside the famous, still functioning dance hall on Fifty-second Street off Broadway, now a haven for nostalgic, aging people. In its hushed concern for their dignity, the movie denies them any spirit. Christopher Walken and Don De Natale are the only performers who manage to transcend the film's faded genteel sensitivity. James Ivory directed, from Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script. (12/5/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Jan. 27.)

**Sasquatch**—Searching for Bigfoot. With George Lauris, directed by Ed Ragozzini. (86th St. East. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Jan. 26.)

**Saturday Night Fever**—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Jan. 31.)

**The Savage Is Loose** (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

**Semi-Tough**—Starting from Dan Jenkins' popular 1972 novel, an anecdotal burlesque about professional football players, the director Michael Ritchie and the screenwriter Walter Bernstein made a movie that's a loose series of riffs on the human-potential, consciousness-raising movement, with the two football stars (Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson) involved in a romantic comedy triangle with the team owner's daughter (Jill Clayburgh). The movie is like a low-grade fever—you slip in and out of it painlessly. (12/12/77) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Jan. 31.)

**The Serpent's Egg**—With Liv Ullmann and David Carradine, directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet; starting Jan. 27.)

**Short Eyes**—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 26.)

**The Song Remains the Same** (1976)—The Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Jan. 26.)

**A Special Day**—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (10/17/77) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Feb. 1.)

**Telefon**—With Charles Bronson, Lee Remick, Donald Pleasence, and Tyne Daly; directed by Don Siegel. (Loews Ciné.)

**That Obscure Object of Desire**—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Columbia II.)

**Transatlantic Tunnel** (1935)—Though actually a remake of a much better German sci-fi adventure film, this melodramatic English production, directed by Maurice Elvey, has some memorable and gripping sequences once it gets under way—which takes a while. The title tells the story: it's about trying to drive a tunnel under the Atlantic, with all the floods and eruptions imaginable. Iron-jawed Richard Dix, one of the most appealing early screen stars, is the lead, with Madge Evans opposite him. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 31.)

**True Confession** (1937)—It rarely turns up, though it's one of the most likably delirious of Carole Lombard's screwball comedies. She plays an extravagant, compulsive liar—a young wife whose confession to a murder fools even her prim lawyer-husband (Fred MacMurray). John Barrymore, who had brought out Lombard's slapstick talent in "Twentieth Century," plays an eccentric, tippling criminologist and swipes the picture; "She'll fry," he chuckles to himself during her trial. The characters of the husband and wife are too simplified and their comic turns too forced, but the general giddiness and Barrymore keep the picture going. The director, Wesley Ruggles, was one of the original Keystone Cops; Claude Binyon adapted the play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr. With Una Merkel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 2.)

**The Turning Point**—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 27.)

**Umberto D.** (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's greatest film. His Umberto D. is an obstinate, aging bourgeois with bourgeois standards for himself, a down-and-out's income, and the backbone of nobility. The film is a work of wonderful compassion and purity that gathers more people to cherish it as the years go by. Scripted by Zavattini. In Italian. (Regency; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

**Which Way Is Up?**—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (Olympia; starting Jan. 27.)

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

ONE of our favorite New York words is "Wadjaback." Not very many people ever hear it—they have to be in the right place at the right time (and how many people are ever in the right place at the right time?)—but those who manage to be hear it constantly. "Wadjaback" means "Watch your back," and it is shouted throughout the night by men who push handcarts at the Fulton Fish Market. It doesn't mean that you should watch only your back; it applies equally to handcarts approaching from the front or either side. A handcart pusher coming right at you down an alley of haddock will look you in the eye and say "Wadjaback." (The danger from a fast-moving heavily loaded handcart is not to your back anyway—it's to your ankles. The bottom of the cart has a metal platform that supports the cargo, and its leading edge is like a dull machete. A direct hit on the ankles from behind would probably take care of both Achilles tendons simultaneously, sending the victim briskly to the pavement and burying him under six boxes of iced flounder.) But the reason we like "Wadjaback" is that it is rather personal and specific (*your back*), as opposed to the more common New York warning (or threat) "Watch it!"—which puts the priority on the "it" that is about to fall on you, strike you, or run over you, and whose implication is that your damn body may dent the fender of the Mack truck. In a city where people sometimes seem to be yelling at one all the time, the texture of a yell becomes significant. "Wadjaback" really means "Get the hell out of the way," but it is too polite to say so. It acknowledges that you exist, that you have a back, and that you might wish to protect it. As warnings go, it's solicitous. We feel that "Wadjaback" would be a splendid substitute for those hollow, exhausted, yet challenging imprecations "Have a nice day" and "Have a nice weekend." There is no nonsense to "Wadjaback," yet it combines concern, a recognition of one's humanity and vulnerability, and good, solid advice. Wadjaback!

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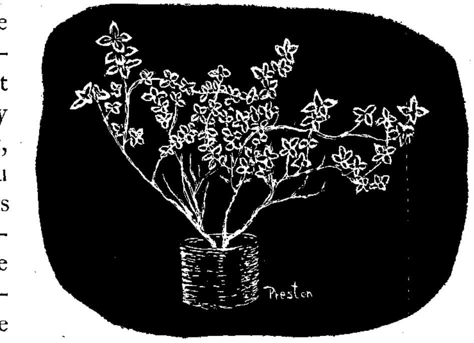
## *Playwright*

IT was in 1965 that we last had a chat with the playwright Guy Bolton, the longtime collaborator of, among other theatrical giants, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, Cole Porter, and P. G. Wodehouse. At that time, Mr. Bolton had a new show opening on Broadway, and we were properly impressed; after all, he was over eighty. We renewed our acquaintance with him the other day, upon hearing that he had recently finished another play; we were even more impressed, inasmuch as he now counts himself to be ninety-five, is still exceedingly lively, and may be the oldest functioning dramatist of all time. (Shaw lived to be a mere ninety-four and three months.) During a tasty Irish-stew lunch at Bolton's home in Remsenburg, out on Long Island, where he and his fourth wife, the former ballet dancer Virginia de Lanty, have lived off and on since 1943, he told us that he is afraid he is slowing down: it took him three months to write his latest opus, "The Supper Party," as opposed to the maximum of six weeks which was characteristic of his more prolific years. "I have delivered the script to my agent, Audrey Wood," he said. "We don't have a producer yet, but I think it's a marketable play. Well, we'll see about that when I return from my annual trip to England."



Mr. Bolton was born in England, at Broxbourne, Herts. He started off his working life as an architect, after studying at the Beaux-Arts in Paris, and thus didn't have a play produced until 1911, when he was approaching the ripe old age of thirty. That first one was a comedy called "The Drone," which went on in New York but didn't make much of a splash. In 1914, he had his first success, a farce called "The Rule of Three," and the following year he teamed up with Kern and they brought forth "Nobody Home." It opened at the Princess Theatre, on Thirty-ninth Street east of Broadway—a slew of Bolton shows that played there became known as the "Princess plays"—and was the first of many Bolton hit musicals: "Very Good Eddie," "Sally," "Oh, Kay!," "Girl Crazy," "Anything Goes," and several dozen et ceteras. "Very Good Eddie" was the second Princess play, and it was reviewed for *Vanity Fair* by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, Bolton's elder by a year or so. "I had never met Plummie until we bumped into each other on opening night during the interval," Bolton said. "I was a bit flustered then, because a couple alongside me had noticed during the first act that I wasn't laughing—that was because I never laugh at my own lines. 'If you don't like this show, why don't you go home?' one of them had said. Later that night, Jerry Kern took Plummie and me back to his apartment, to wait for the dailies' reviews, and the three of us decided to collaborate. After 1952, Plummie lived right up the road here in Remsenburg, and he and I used to walk our dogs together every day after lunch. We wrote together for fifty-four years, and one of our shows—'Oh, Lady! Lady!'—once played simultaneously at two theatres only a couple of hundred yards apart—the Princess and the Casino, at the corner of Thirty-ninth and Broadway. The Casino production was supposed to move straight on to Chicago as soon as we'd had a look at it, but it was such a success that it stayed where it was for several weeks before we sent it West." Bolton and Wodehouse teamed up on some twenty productions; and, with one collaborator or another, or on his own, Bolton has had a hand in so many plays and musicals that he has no idea what the total is, though it is well over a hundred.

Whether or not "The Supper Party" goes on the boards this season, its author is anticipating revivals of "Tip-Toes," a 1925 collaboration with Gershwin, and of "Anything Goes," which dates back only to 1934. "I probably won't get too personally involved," he told us, "because the one thing my doctor has said to me is 'Don't get in an argument.' I never lose my temper. I don't believe in arguing with people—except, of course, over something in connection with my work. I was living in England when Vinton Freedley persuaded Plummie and Cole and me to do 'Anything Goes,' and we all forgathered at Le Touquet. Very pleasant place to work. I thought that that was the best musical book I'd ever written. But by the time it went into rehearsal, I was in a hospital with blood poisoning, from a burst appendix, and Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse were brought into the picture and they went off on a different tack. It had been a challenge story originally, like 'My Fair Lady' or 'Around the World in Eighty Days'—a show in which somebody decides to do something and the audience sits back and says, 'All right, let's see you do it,' but Howard and Buck took most of that out and put in a lot of comedy. No matter. Because of Cole's songs and Ethel Merman and the rest of the cast—incidentally, Ethel had made her début in 'Girl Crazy,' in 1930—it was a great success. Amateurs are still doing it all over the place. Ginnie and I practically live off it. I don't know where they find all the amateurs." The play of his that Bolton likes best, all things considered, is one he wrote alone, in 1970, about the Winston Churchills, called "A Man and His Wife." "We ran for six months in South Africa, to fantastic notices, with this marvellous Welshman, Emrys Jones, playing Churchill," Mr. Bolton said.

The first theatrical offering that Bolton recalls seeing was a production in England, when he was around ten, of "The Yeomen of the Guard." "I went to see it after my paternal grandmother, a very old lady of seventy, who was related in some way to the people who made Pears' soap, said to me, 'Guy, I hope you will never enter a theatre. It's one of the properties of the Devil.' I came to the United States for the first time just after that, and went to school for a while in New Rochelle. I am part American, actually. My great-great-grandfather had four clipper ships that took cotton from Savannah to Liverpool, and George III, in return for one peppercorn, gave him a piece of property near Brunswick, Georgia. I myself have crossed the Atlantic at least sixty-four times by ship—only six times by air. I can work wherever I am, but I don't type as much as I used to. I do most of my writing in longhand. I don't like dictaphones, though my friend Edgar Wallace used them all the time. He died broke, and Ginnie and I had to ship his body back to England, but he was a fine man. He would keep his plays running long after they should have closed, simply because he was fond of actors. So am I. We saw a good deal of Wallace in Hollywood, while I was out there writing films. I quite liked that. At the time of the Depression, I was getting a very nice salary out there—about two thousand a week. But I prefer the theatre."

Mr. Bolton told us that his favorite twentieth-century playwrights, exclusive of those he has worked with, are S. N. Behrman, Robert E. Sherwood, and George Bernard Shaw, with all of whom he was acquainted. "When I was living in London around 1927—Jerry Kern and I had our 'Blue Eyes' opening there—I borrowed a flat in the Adelphi from the playwright Totty Harwood," Bolton said. "Shaw lived next door. There was only a narrow space between his window and mine, and I could see him all the time puttering around in his woolly underwear. One day, he came to the window and said, 'Where is Totty Harwood?' 'In the United States,' I said. 'Well, who are you?' Shaw asked. 'I am a playwright,' I said. 'Well, I am, too,' he said. Then we chatted for a bit about playwrights—mostly, I'm bound to say, about him, which was fine with me."

## *Move*

ECONOMIC optimism prevails in the vicinity of Eleventh Street and Sixth Avenue, where several commercial establishments have recently been playing musical storefronts. After forty-eight years at 457 Sixth Avenue, Barney's Hardware Store, which is owned by a man called Al Barnett and was founded by his father, Jacob, has shifted sixty-five paces uptown, to larger quarters, at No. 467, the quondam home of the Five Brothers Tavern. (Last September, the Mentasti brothers, who had by that time dwindled from five to three—Angelo, Pete, and Joe—collectively decided to retire.) At No. 465, next door to the new Barney's, the Famous Ray's Pizza, which is owned by brothers named Mario and Lamberto Di Rienzo, has been afflicted with too much business and has been forced to enlarge the premises for the second time in two years. About the time that the Mentasti brothers were pouring their farewell toasts, the Di Rienzo brothers studied the ever-lengthening queue of customers on the sidewalk outside the Famous Ray's and decided to take woefully drastic action: they stopped serving special toppings (sausage, pepperoni, etc.) on individual slices of pizza until they could expand their kitchen space and install an additional twelve-pie oven. The reëxpansion has now entered the final phase. But the sudden growth of the Famous Ray's has knocked a Di Rienzo tenant—Little Tony's No. 1 Unisex Haircutters, which is owned by a little man called Tony—off Sixth Avenue and around the corner to 103 West Eleventh. And, back at No. 457, a next-door neighbor—the Jefferson Market, owned by John Montuori—will soon dismantle a wall and take over the space formerly occupied by Barney's Hardware Store. Q.E.D.

A hidden character in this drama is Barney's former landlord, at No. 457, who wanted to raise the rent to a level that made Al Barnett see red ink. "Then, one morning early last year, Angelo Mentasti walked in here and said, 'Why don't you buy my building?'—just like that," said Al on a recent Saturday, his last business day at No. 457. "I'd heard that it was for sale, but the price had sounded too high. We got together and made a deal. If that hadn't happened, we might have just closed this place up."

If Al was feeling melancholy about the move, he didn't reveal the strain. He is a pleasant-looking partly bald man in his late fifties. His round face seems to be perpetually creased by a near smile. Although Al's old store was compact and cozy—eighteen by thirty-eight feet—not all its charms were immediately obvious. Somehow, within those confines Barney's managed to carry an inventory of approximately twenty-thousand different items, including a lot of things—potting soil, Tupperware, kerosene lamps—that don't obviously belong in a hardware store. However, knowing that Barney's probably stocked a certain item and being able to find it there were entirely separate matters. Indeed, one of the pleasures of a visit to the old Barney's was searching for the unfindable object, finally giving up, and asking for help from one of the employees, who seem to be infected with Al Barnett's natural politeness. "I'm afraid we won't be able to keep up the customer care in the new place," he told us. "It's a lot bigger. It has the shelf space we need. It'll have to become more of a self-service proposition."

As he finished that statement, a customer approached and asked where he could find a certain kind of small incandescent bulb. Al disappeared into his "office"—actually a three-by-four-foot cubicle equipped with a desk, a telephone, a calendar, and floor-to-ceiling shelves—and soon emerged with the bulb that the customer had requested. "Is this what you're looking for?" he asked.

"That's it," said the man. "Now, I'll need six of those."

Al ducked back into the office and reëmerged with five more light bulbs. After the man had paid and left, Al said to us, "See how that guy wanted those bulbs? I don't know what for—refrigerator, oven, maybe. A dollar-fifty each. He wanted just as many as I happened to have. It's like that all the time. Now I've got to order more. The people come in and they need help. They say, 'I want something like—you know, it's got a wing on it and you shove it in the wall.' Right away, we know it's a toggle bolt. I can read their minds a lot of times. Single girls come in; they've bought a lamp or a plant, and somebody tells them they can hang it from the ceiling. They walk in the door, and I say, 'What do you want—white, brass, or black hanging hooks?' They say, 'How'd you know what I wanted?' It's obvious—they've been all around and finally they have to come to Barney's Hardware. I *know* this neighborhood." Al then excused himself to help another customer, leaving us to wonder whether by moving a block north he might alter the delicate demographics that guide his inventory decisions.

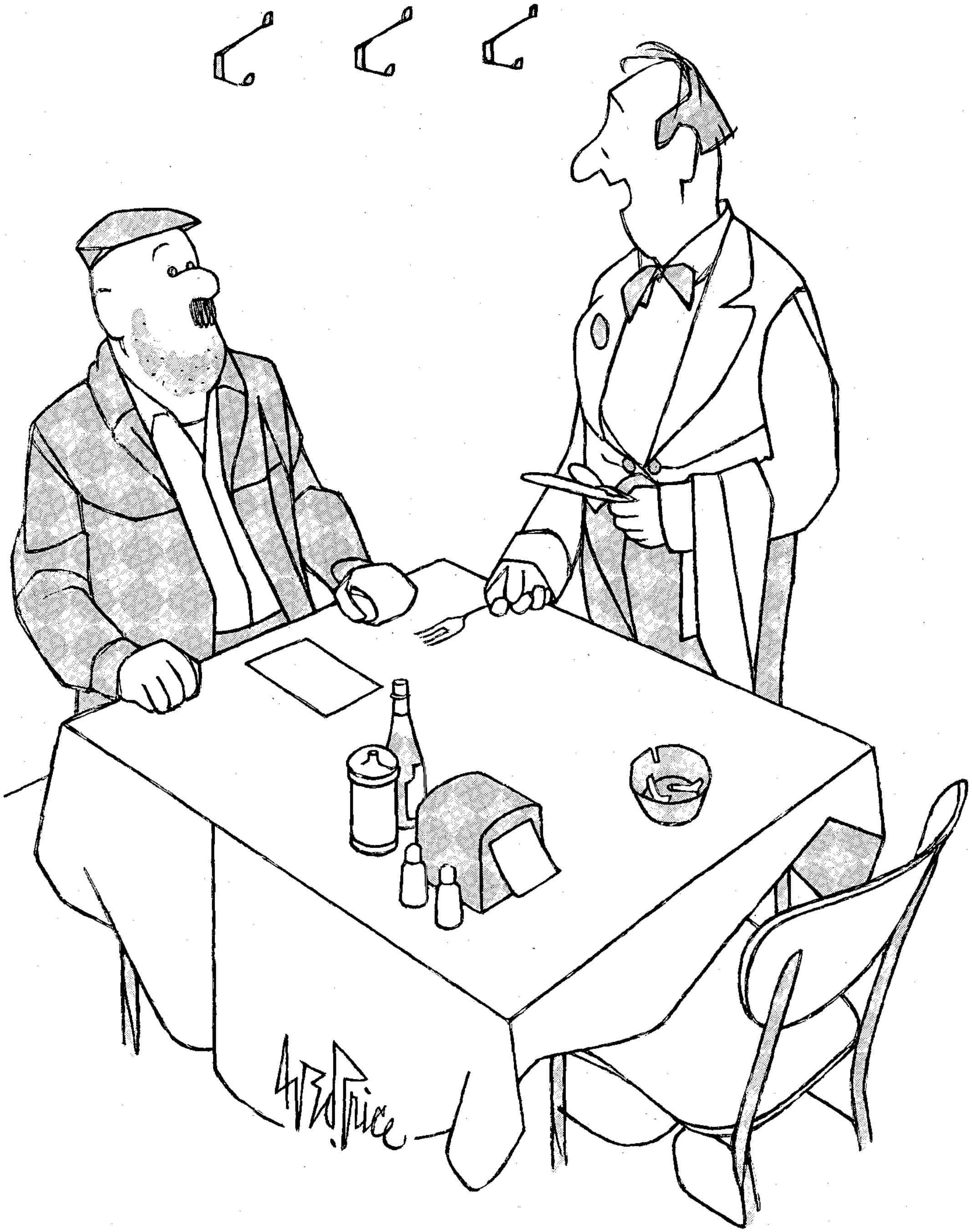
At one-thirty the next afternoon—Sunday—with sleet falling outside, Al was seated on a ladder in the rear of his new place of business supervising the dismemberment of an oak-and-formica counter which had been the home of the cash register and the nail bins in the old store. To fit the scheme of the new store, it needed to be shortened. The metal bins had been removed, and two employees, Eddie and Sal, were using a framing square to chart the path that a jigsaw would make as it sliced off two feet of countertop. Seconds after Eddie went to work with the jigsaw, the blade broke. "Wonder where we can get a new one of these," he said.

"You've got to go to a hardware store," said Sal. "You know where there's one around here?"

"Sure, down the street," said Eddie. "Between Tenth and Eleventh."

"There's no hardware store there," said Al. "Just the shell of a hardware store."

Al relaxed on his perch on the ladder a while longer. "I need a rest," he said. "I took a vacation to the Bahamas not long ago, and ever since then I've had terrible muscle pains. Seven-day



*"I envy you, sir. The chef is cooking up a storm."*

weeks and muscle pains.” Then he invited us to accompany him through the sleet to No. 457. On the way out, we noticed that a piece of marble engraved with “BARNEY’S” had been embedded in the wooden floor. Al explained, “The contractor on the job said he’d make me a tile with my name on it, and when he brought it in I felt like saying, ‘My God, Vinnie, that looks like a tombstone.’ But I didn’t say anything.”

The scene inside the old store resembled the late stages of a looting spree. Sam Morra, the store manager, was bent over some wastebaskets and towel racks. When he stood up, he wore a slightly shocked, almost apologetic expression. “I’ve just never seen this place looking this way,” he said.

Although the store at No. 467 had appeared to us to be already filled with all the merchandise that could fit, there was still plenty of stuff to be moved from the old place. “Now, I don’t know what we’re going to do about these,” said Al as he swung open a wooden display panel studded with drawer handles and exposed several rows of neatly stacked ancient-looking wooden boxes. They contained carbon drill bits, masonry bits, pipe taps, stove handles, casters, awls, hasp eyes, hinges, doorbells. “They made these drawers of pine, and nobody makes them like this anymore, so I can’t throw them away,” said Al. “Maybe I can make room in the new place for about fifty drawers. I’ll have to separate the slow movers from the fast movers. These are slow movers here.” He pulled out a drawer full of bulky black door hinges. “And these are fast movers here.” He pulled out a drawer that was supposed to contain ceiling hooks. It was empty.

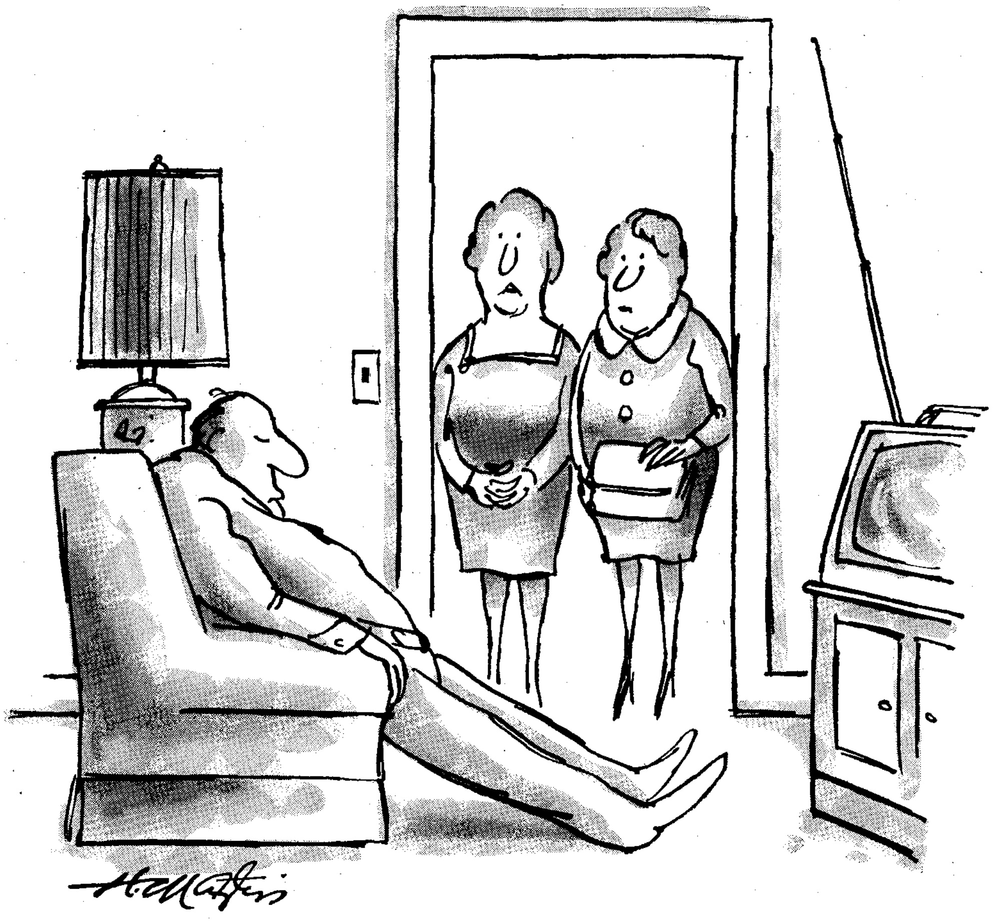
The relocated Barney’s Hardware Store opened officially at eight-thirty the next morning, although the moving was not yet completed. At that hour, Sam Morra had a more cheerful look on his face than when we had last seen him. He was watching Jeff Barnett, Al’s eldest son, remove two “New Home of Barney’s Hardware” signs from the front of the store, so that a window-washer, who had just arrived, could give the world a clear view inside. In the back, Al was sitting in an armchair wondering aloud about opening-day lagniappe possibilities. “Think we should go for unlimited free doughnuts and coffee in here today?” he asked. “We’ve got to do something.”

Within moments, there was something to do. A red-faced man who spoke with a brogue came in holding a tiny white plastic cylinder, and Sam went over to help him. Al watched the scene develop, and finally rose from his chair and approached the customer. “We specialize in self-service now,” he said. “We don’t know where anything is. What’s he need, Sam?”

“One of these,” Sam said, holding up a plastic adapter for a faucet aerator. “I know just where they are, but I’ve got to go to the other store to get it.”

“You’re kidding!” Al said.

“No, but I’m happy to do it,” Sam answered, and he led the customer out of the store and down the block.



“In 1953, Horton was considered a real catch.”

## *The Commissioner*

It isn’t easy for us to think of Henry Geldzahler as “the Commissioner.” We were present at City Hall the other day when the former curator of twentieth-century art at the Metropolitan Museum took the oath of office as New York’s Cultural Affairs Commissioner; we saw Mayor Koch administer the oath, in a ceremony attended by a host of well-wishers; and afterward we witnessed any number of introductions to “Commissioner Geldzahler.” But the title still gives us trouble. For one thing, the Commissioner was wearing a pink silk bow tie and black velvet slippers for the occasion. For another, even though Geldzahler showed great dignity and considerable emotion during the brief ceremony, his rotund, bearded presence, alongside the tall and rather saturnine figure of the new Mayor, conspired somehow against municipal solemnity.

“Did you realize I nearly choked up in there?” he said to us a few minutes later, on the way out of the building. “I wasn’t prepared to be so moved. By the way, I’m going to take TV lessons from someone David Garth recommended. Not to *watch* it—I’ve got to learn how to move around and act natural on the tube. Where shall we go to lunch?”

An Italian restaurant in the Village having been decided on, we got into a taxi with the Commissioner and Christopher Scott, his close friend and assistant, and proceeded to examine his official certificate of investiture. The first thing we noticed about it was that “Geldzahler” had been spelled “Geldzhaler.” Commissioner Geldzahler (this is getting easier) had resigned from the Metropolitan only the day before. At his request, his oath-taking had been delayed for several days, so that he could present a number of prospective purchases to the Met’s acquisitions committee while he was still a curator. His resignation was obligatory, because the Metropolitan’s status

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as a recipient of municipal funds would have placed him in a conflict-of-interest situation in his new role as a dispenser of such funds. As Cultural Affairs Commissioner, he was now an ex-officio trustee of the Met, but we wondered whether, having been there ever since he got out of graduate school at Harvard, in 1960, he might not have regrets about leaving the place.

He did have some, he told us as we sat down in the restaurant. "But I'd come to feel very boxed in at the Met," he said. "I feel they always underestimated my administrative abilities there. And then, I remember how happy I was during the time I worked for the National Endowment in Washington." Geldzahler had taken a year's leave of absence from the Met in 1966 to serve as the visual-arts program director for the Endowment, and until 1969 he had acted as a consultant there. "It's a great pleasure to help support the arts," he went on. "And, as I recently said on television, after seventeen years at the Met it's a great relief to get out of politics."

Always a somewhat controversial figure at the Metropolitan—he had dismayed some of his colleagues in the nineteen-sixties by appearing in avant-garde "happenings," championing the art of Andy Warhol and other young masters, and being a highly visible and audible presence on the contemporary art scene—Geldzahler excited controversy in his new job even before he was sworn in. One member of the Mayor's search committee to recommend candidates for the post of Cultural Affairs Commissioner had said that Geldzahler was the least qualified of the four people they proposed (the others were Stephen Benedict, a consultant to the National Endowment for the Arts; David Katzive, an assistant director of the Brooklyn Museum; and Claude Shostal, the incumbent, who had set up the Department of Cultural Affairs when it was created, in 1976, under Mayor Beame). We asked Geldzahler about this, and he gave us one of his forthright replies.

"I got the job because my cousin Barbara Rauch worked for Ed Koch in one of his first campaigns," he said. "She was the one holding the Bible while I took the oath. Actually, though, I do know Ed. I ran a couple of fund-raising auctions for him when he was up for Congress. Last summer, I was out at Southampton and I got a call from him. 'Henry,' he said, 'I'm going to win.' I said, 'Really?' He said, 'I mean it. There's going to be a runoff, and I'm going to win.' He asked me to do another auction for him on Labor Day, which I did, and it all happened the way he said it would. Oh, I also sent him a fifty-dollar contribution. Don't think those things aren't noticed. Once, I sent a small check to Paul O'Dwyer when he was running for senator against Jack Javits, and two days later I ran into Javits and he said, 'I know what you did.' "

His first priority as Cultural Affairs Commissioner, Geldzahler told us, was "to catch up with what's been done so far." The Department of Cultural Affairs currently dispenses twenty-four million dollars a year, about ninety per cent of which, he said, goes to major cultural institutions—museums, orchestras, libraries, and so on. "That leaves very little to play with, or to encourage the new," he went on. "Both Ed Koch and I want to get more money for culture. He's really committed to that—he knows how important culture is in this town. New York is the arts center of the country, and I'm just sure there's federal money around that isn't being used. But I've got a lot of learning to do first."

Geldzahler went on to say that he would like very much to establish some sort of contact with Martin Segal, who recently resigned as chairman of the advisory Commission for Cultural Affairs—because, Segal said, nobody in the incoming Koch administration had bothered to consult him. It was Segal who engineered the creation of an independent Department of Cultural Affairs within the city government—previously, culture had been administered as part of the Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs Administration—and Segal, in his unpaid advisory job, was the man primarily responsible for Mayor Beame's energetic and enlightened activities on the New York cultural scene. Geldzahler admires Segal, and would like to build a bridge and re-involve the former chairman in some active capacity. "But neither Ed nor I want to have anybody standing in the way of our ability to communicate directly," he said. "From now on, cultural authority is going to be with the Commissioner."

Did the Commissioner have any qualms about the uncertainties of the political life?

"Well, if the electorate doesn't want to give us another chance, I don't consider myself unemployable," he said. "But Ed's talking about twelve years. He's very sanguine. Besides, two very nice things have happened so far—I'm losing weight, and I need less sleep. That means I'm excited and happy."

# THE ABDUCTION FROM THE SERAGLIO

I WAS sitting in my brand-new Butler building, surrounded by steel of high quality folded at ninety-degree angles. The only thing prettier than ladies is an I-beam painted bright yellow. I told 'em I wanted a big door. A big door in front where a girl could hide her car if she wanted to evade the gaze of her husband the rat-poison salesman. You ever been out with a rat-poison salesman? They are fine fellows with little red eyes.

I was playing with my forty-three-foot overhead travelling crane which is painted bright yellow. I was practicing knocking over the stepladder with the hook. I was at a low point. I'd been thinking about bread, colored steel bread, all kinds of colors of steel bread—red yellow purple green brown steel bread—then I thought no, that's not it. And I'd already made all the welded-steel four-thousand-pound artichokes the world could accommodate that week, and they wouldn't let me drink no more, only a little Lone Star beer now and then which I don't much care for. And my new Waylon Jennings record had a scratch on it, went crack crack crack across the whole width of Side One. It was the kind of impasse us creative people reach every Thursday, some prefer other days. So I figured that in order not to totally waste this valuable time of my life, I had better get on the stick and bust Constanze out of the seraglio.

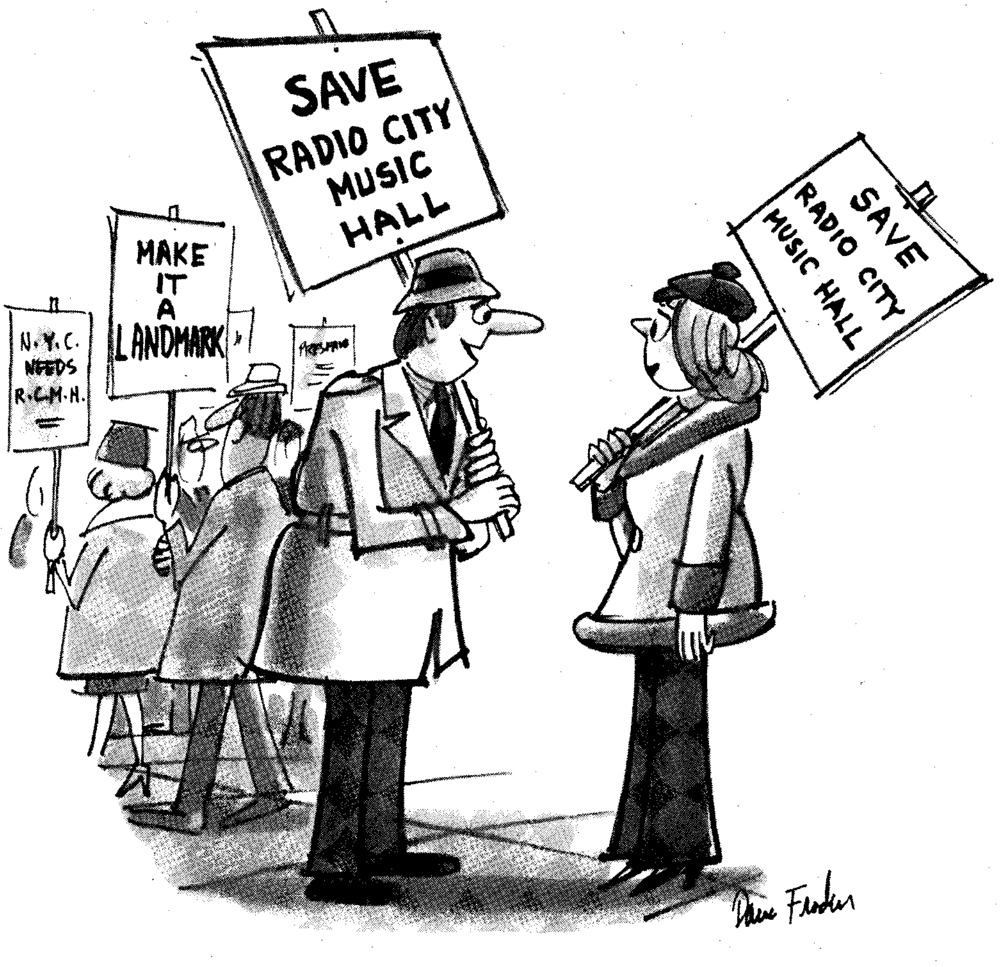
*Chorus:*
Oh Constanze oh Constanze
What you doin' in that se-rag-li-o?
I been poppin' Darvon and mothballs
Poppin' Darvon and mothballs
Ever since I let you go.

Well, I motored out to the seraglio, got blindsided on the Freeway by two hundred thousand guys trying to get home from their work at the rat-poison factories, all two hundred thousand tape decks playin' the same thing, some kind of roll-on-down-the-road song
rollin'
rollin'
rollin'
rollin'
but there wasn't just a hell of a lot of actual forward motion despite this hymn to possibility. The seraglio turned out to be a Butler building too, much like mine only vaster of course, that son of a bitch. I spent a little while admiring that fine red-painted steel that you can put the pieces together of out of a catalogue and set her down on your slab and be barbecuing your flank steak from the A. & P. by five o'clock on the same day. The Pasha didn't have any great big doors in his, just one little tee-ninesy door with a picture of an unfed-recently Doberman pasted on it, I took that as a hint and I thought Constanze, Constanze, how could you be so dumb?

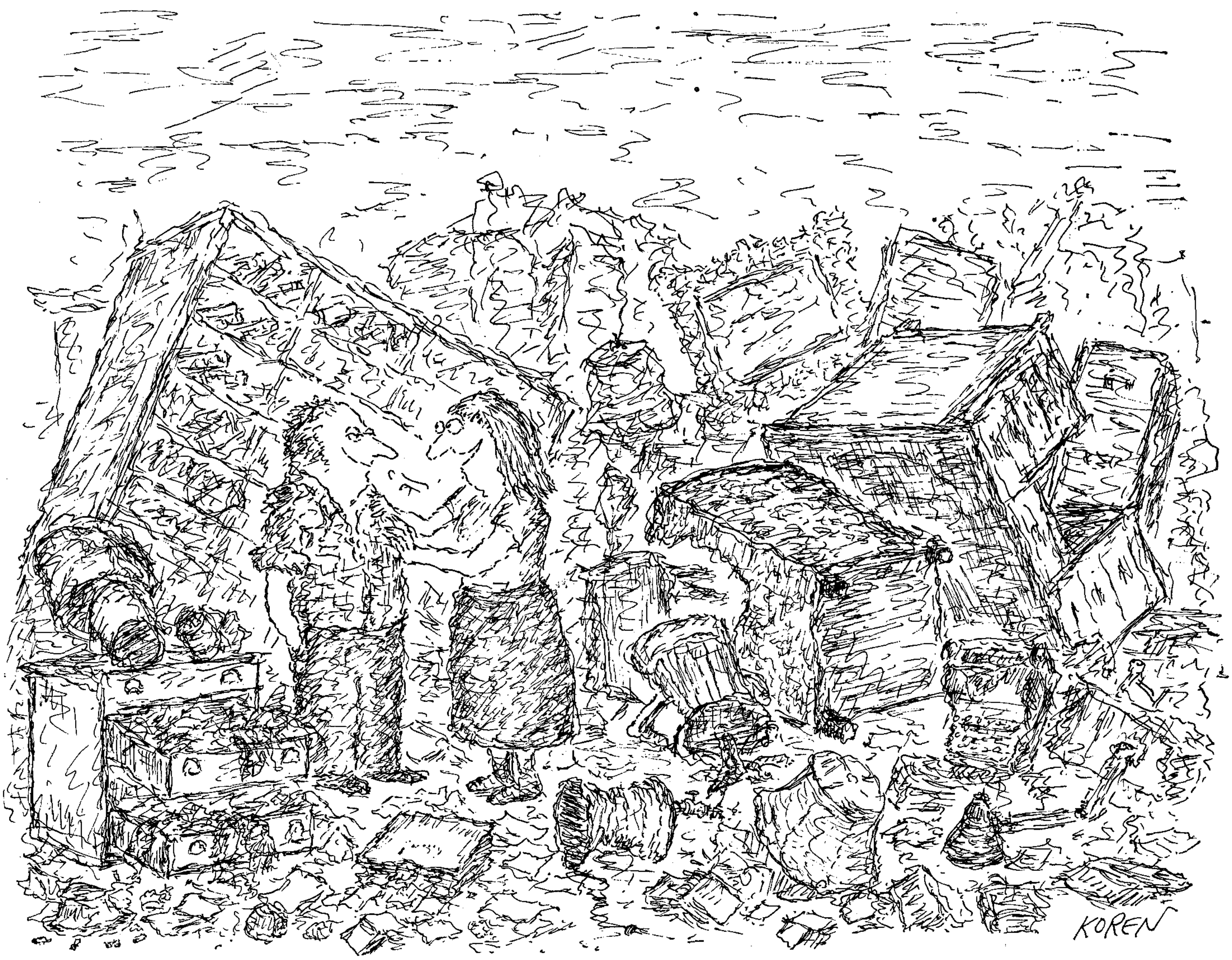
The thing is, and I hate to admit it, Constanze's a little dumb. She's not so dumb as a lady I once knew who thought the Mark of Zorro was an N, but she's not perfect. You tell her you heard via the jungle drums that there's a vacancy in Willie Jake Johnson's bed and her eyes will cut to the side just for a moment, which means she's thinking. She's not conservative. I'm some kind of an artist, but I'm conservative. Mine is the art of the possible, plus two. She, on the contrary, spent many years as a talented and elegant country-music groupie. She knows things I do not know. Happy dust is nineteen hundred dollars an ounce now, I hear tell—she's tasted it, I haven't. It's a small thing, but irritating. She's dumb in what she knows, if you follow me.

*Chorus:*
Oh Constanze oh Constanze
What you doin' in that se-rag-li-o?
I been sleepin' on paper towels
Sleepin' on paper towels and
Drinkin' Sea & Ski
Ever since I let you go.

The Pasha is a Plymouth dealer, actually. He has this mysterious power over people and events which is called ten million dollars a year, gross. About the only thing we share in the way of common humanity is four welded-steel artichokes, which he bought right from the studio, which is where he saw Constanze. The artichoke is a beautiful form, maybe too mannerly, I roughen mine up some, that's where the interest is. I don't even mind the damn Plymouth, as a form, but what I can't stand is a dealer. In anything. I know that this is a small picky-minded dumb-ass prejudice, but it's been earned. Anyhow the Pasha, as we call him, noticed that Constanze was some beautiful, in fact semi-incredible-looking, with black hair. He turned her head, as used to be said. He'd got to the left of flank steak, and he employed that. If we're having Neiman-Marcus time, I can't compete. (In all honesty I have


SAVE RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
MAKE IT A LANDMARK
N.Y.C. NEEDS R.C.M.H.
SAVE RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Dana Fradon

*"Haven't we met someplace before? Penn Station? The Metropolitan Opera House? The Villard Houses?"*



*"I think it's wonderful to be so direct with your anger."*

• •

to concede that he is fairly handsome, for a Pasha, and excels in a number of expensive sports.) He put her in a Butler building just to mock me and because she's not so dumb she'd be caught dead in a big fancy layout in River Oaks or somewhere. She's got values. What I'm trying to suggest is, she's in a delicate relation to the real.

I can't understand this. She is so great. When we go partying she always takes care to dance with Bill Cray's four-year-old girl, who's a fool for dancing. She made me read "War and Peace," which struck me at first glance as terrible thick. She renews my subscription to the *Texas Observer* every year. She contributes regularly to the United Way and got gassed in great cities a time or two while expressing her opinion of the recent war. She's kind to rat-poison salesmen. She's afraid of the dark. She took care of me that time I had my little psychotic episode. She is so great. Once I saw her slug a guy in a supermarket who was whacking his kid, his legal right, with undue enthusiasm. The really dreadful thought, to me, is that her real might be the real one.

Well, I opened the door. The Doberman came at me raging and snarling and generally carrying on in the way he felt was expected of him. I threw him a fifty-five-pound reinforced-concrete pork chop which knocked him silly. I spoke to Constanze. We used to walk down the street together bumping our hipbones together in joy, before God and everybody. I wanted to float in the air again some feeling of that. It didn't work. I'm sorry. But I guess, as the architects say, there's no use crying over spilt marble. She will undoubtedly move on and up and down and around in the world, New York, Chicago, and Temple, Texas, making everything considerably better than it was, for short periods of time. We adventured. That's not bad.

*Chorus:*
Oh Constanze oh Constanze
What you doin' in that se-rag-li-o?
How I miss you
How I miss you

—DONALD BARTHELME

•

### THE MILITARY MIND AT WORK

[*From the Miami Herald*]

Defense officials hope that research like that being done at Pratt and Whitney will come up with a high-energy laser power within a decade, paving the way for a massive development program that would station lasers like nuclear missiles at strategic positions across the nation.

If the weapon is finally perfected, the Pentagon admiral said it is doubtful the lasers would be used on people.

"Frankly, no, I don't think so. I think it would be the type of weapon you would use on a high value target," he said.

# THE HAIR SHIRT

JOE knew from his reading that some of the best saints had worn hair shirts. Catherine of Siena. Bernard of Clairvaux. And that Thomas à Becket, when murdered in the cathedral, had been wearing one that was crawling with vermin. (That, though, was pushing the penitential idea too far, Joe thought.) He had heard that hair shirts were still being worn, even in this country, by the tough contemplative orders—the Carthusians, the Trappists. But he had never seen one until he and a few of his fellow-seminarians were invited to "take tea or beer" in the Rector's study one evening, it being the policy of the Rector, a stylish gray man, new at the job, to have everybody in at least once during the academic year.

The hair shirt—actually, this one was sleeveless, not a shirt but a vest of a coarse black-and-brown fabric that Joe later learned was goat's hair, woven like chain mail or a Brillo pad—was on a coat hanger hooked to an arm of the floor lamp by the Rector's chair, and not a pleasant sight. It was there to be asked about, Joe thought, and for that reason he wouldn't ask about it. But Cooney, his best friend, did.

"My *cilicium*—my hair shirt," said the Rector. "Back from the cleaner's." Seeing that Hrdlicka (a simple soul from the Crookston diocese) believed him, the Rector said to Joe, "No, I'm afraid an old friend sent it to me as a joke"—as if Joe (from the St. Paul diocese and pretty sophisticated), and not Hrdlicka, needed help, and for this Joe had to admire the Rector.

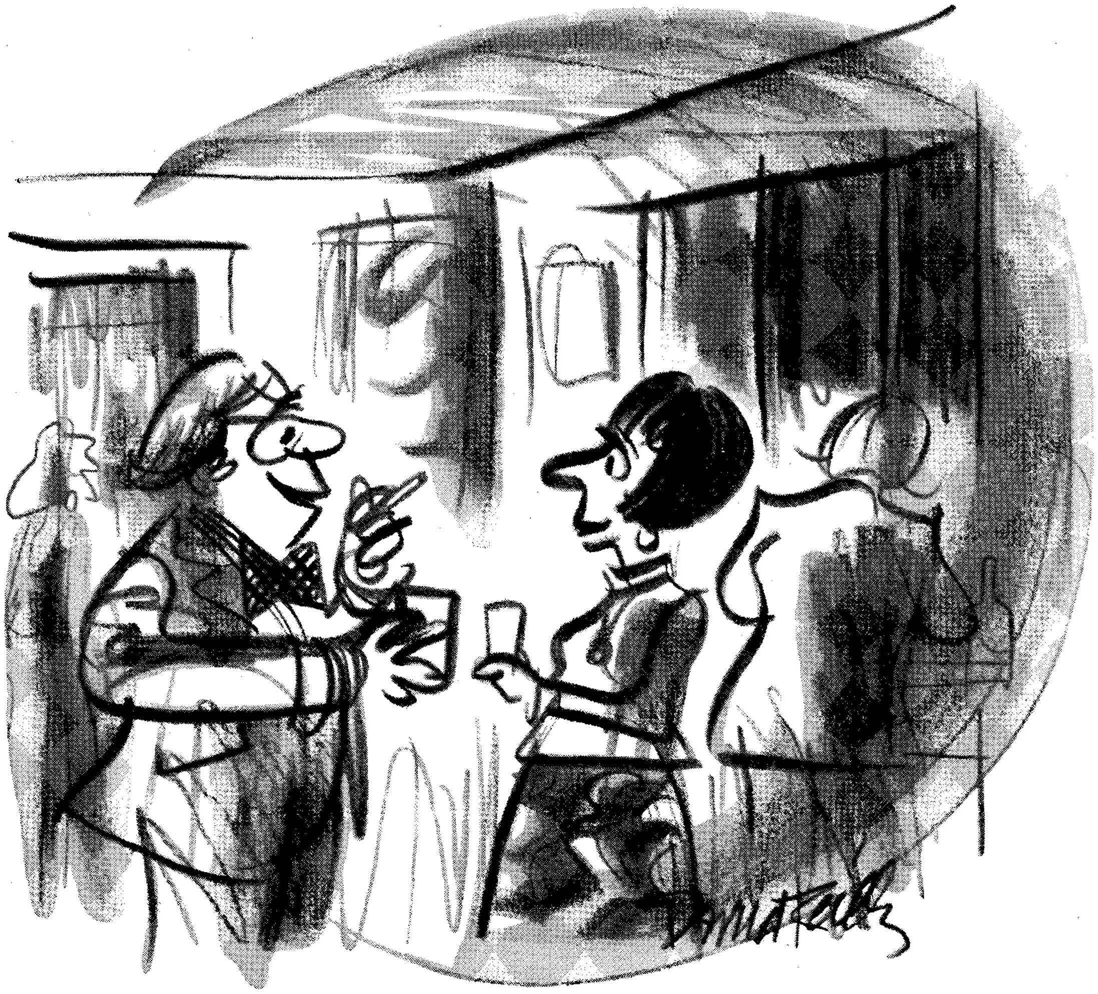
*Lunatic*

THE next time Joe saw the hair shirt, three months later, he didn't see it as a joke at all. Joe in those months, during and after the annual retreat—six days when the seminarians, lectured by an outside expert in the field, considered the state of their souls—had taken a big step up, spiritually. Oh, he still had a long way to go, but could now look back and down, like a man climbing a mountain, and see where he'd been. He could see himself as he'd been when he entered the seminary, down there in the foothills of sentimentality, sound asleep and dreaming that he would someday do great things for God, the Church, and his parishioners, and would thus, incidentally, make the world a better place. He could see himself as he'd been later on, on the lower slopes of reality, waking up and fearing that he, too, would poop out when put to the test, as others had, to judge by what was happening and not happening in parishes he knew about, to say nothing of the world. And now he'd changed again—this time for good, he believed. He had grown up. Now he knew what he was doing, or, anyway, what he was trying to do—simply the hardest job in the world: getting to know God, growing more like God, growing in holiness. Holiness, as the retreatmaster had said, was the only ambition worthy of the priest and therefore of candidates for the priesthood. Holiness was the point of all the lives of the saints, the point where all those glorious lives converged, and what the whole world was crying for. And, as the retreatmaster had said, "You can't give what you haven't got, lads."

So Joe and some others, in quest of holiness, had gone into spiritual training, which had its physical side. "Detachment!" the retreatmaster had cried, and they gave up their attachments—smokes, sweets, snacks, snooker, and handball were Joe's—and haunted the chapel. They were a dozen or so in number, kneeling in prayer and meditation by the hour, some, though, sitting from time to time—Mooney and Rooney, for example; not Joe, though, and not Cooney, and not Hrdlicka. But the way of the world is also the way of the seminary, and the number of those who kept vigil in the chapel, kneeling or sitting, daily diminished—down to five only a week after the retreat.

The five of them—Joe, Cooney, Hrdlicka, Mooney, and Rooney—came in for a lot of headshaking from their peers, were called quietists, "detachers," and so on (only to be expected if you knew anything about the history of the Church, the intramural dogfights between ascetics and timeservers), and were also a source of concern to some of the high-living faculty and the Rector. It was believed that the Rector enjoyed the favor of the Archbishop but not of his reverend consultors, who remembered their days in the seminary and were unhappy about the way the place was being run now—as a club, they said. So the ingredients were there, at the seminary and close by, for trouble—which Joe did all he could to avoid.

He counselled the members of the little band (they seemed to regard him as their spiritual director) to use their Heaven-sent opportunities, which were many, to turn the other cheek. And he gave good example whenever he could, as when he was called "Holy Joe" or just "Holy." ("Hi, Holy!" Deadass Boekenhoff greeted him every morning in the lavatorium, and Joe, though tempted to answer something else, would murmur politely, "Good morning, George.") But not all members of the little band did so well. Mooney and Rooney, who were both sorry later but cited St. Peter's bad example in the Garden of Gethsemane in extenuation of themselves, had exchanged sharp words and shoves with their persecutors. Mooney and Rooney had also fallen behind in their studies, as had Hrdlicka, owing to the hours they spent in the chapel. The three of them had to be tutored by Joe and Cooney, who were excellent students, and Mooney and Rooney were now keeping up. Things still looked bad for Hrdlicka scholastically—*he*, however, was making great progress spiritually. There were times in the chapel when Hrdlicka appeared to Joe to be out of this world, in a state of mystical ecstasy, reminding Joe of an old picture of St. Aloysius with halo, lily, scourge, and upturned eyes.



*"Hi! I assemble visual and verbal elements and package and market the result."*

• •

And then, one evening early in December, Hrdlicka came to Joe's room and said, "I'm thinking of leaving the sem."

"*What!*"

"For the Trappists."

"Oh," said Joe, less gratified than relieved. "That's *different*, Al. That makes sense in your case. Well, well. The Trappists. Pretty quiet about it, weren't you?"

"I didn't know if I'd get a reply when I wrote. That's why I didn't say anything."

Hrdlicka handed Joe the reply from the Trappists, and Joe read it, surprised to see that they had a typewriter. "So now you need a letter of recommendation from the Rector, Al. Told *him* yet?"

"Not yet, Joe. I thought I'd tell you first."

This pleased Joe, as spiritual director of the little band, but, mindful of higher authority, which he knew from his reading was where so many good men had gone wrong, he said, "Better tell the Rector, Al. Tell him right away."

Hrdlicka went off to do this, but he soon returned—so soon that Joe assumed the Rector was out. Then he saw what Hrdlicka had in his hand—the hair shirt.

"Joe, he says I should think it over for two weeks. He'll give me a letter of recommendation then, if I haven't changed my mind. Says in the meantime I can wear this."

Joe felt the hair shirt, as he hadn't that evening in the Rector's study, first with his fingers, then with the back of his hand, and said, "Whew!"

"Joe, I think the Rector figures I wear it I'll change my mind."

"You won't," said Joe, and he was right.

A few days before Christmas, on a Wednesday afternoon (Wednesday afternoons were "free" at the seminary), Hrdlicka departed for the Trappists with a letter of recommendation from the Rector and also with the hair shirt—a going-away present from the Rector. Joe accompanied him to the railroad station.

Since they were there early, Joe having hailed a cab while they were waiting for a bus, they sat down and talked. Presently, Joe was asking Hrdlicka for the hair shirt! He said there would be God's plenty of such where Hrdlicka was going. Hrdlicka was willing in principle to oblige Joe but not in fact, because he was *wearing* the shirt. (Joe had thought it was in Hrdlicka's suitcase.) Joe agreed that it might be awkward for Hrdlicka as a novice, even before he took the vow of silence, to ask the Trappists to mail the hair shirt to a friend, but neither Joe nor Hrdlicka liked the idea of just giving up. Then "Hey!" cried Joe, and told Hrdlicka his plan. They went to the men's room, into adjoining stalls, where they undressed from the waist up, and Hrdlicka passed the hair shirt over the top of the partition to Joe.

That was how Joe got the hair shirt. The only bad thing—something

# HEART OF THE BACKLOG

Snug at hearthside, while heart of the backlog
Of oak simmers red in the living pulse of its own
Decay, you sit. You count
Your own heartbeat. How steady, how
Firm! What, ah, is Time! And sometimes

It is hard, after all, to decide
If the ticking you hear now is
A whisk of granules of snow,
Hard and belated on panes, or simply
The old organ, fist-size and resolute,
Now beastlike caught
In your rib cage, to pace

But go nowhere. It does,
In a ghostly sense, suggest now the sound of
Pacing, as if, in soft matter, curved claws
Were muffled. Or is it
The pace of the muffled old clock in the hall?

You watch the tiny taluslike slide of
Consumed oak from oak yet consuming. Yes, tell me
How many the years that burn there. How delicate, dove-gray
The oak-ash that, tiny and taluslike, slides to unwink
The glowing of oak and the years unconsumed!
What is the color of years your body consumes as you sit there?

But think, shut your eyes. Shut your eyes and see only
The wide stretch of world beyond your warm refuge—fields
Windless and white in full moonlight,
Snow past and now steady the stars, and, far off,
*The woods-lair of darkness. Listen! is that*
The great owl that you, warm at your hearthside, had heard?

How feather-frail, think, is the track of the vole
On new snow! How wide is the world! How fleeting and thin
Its mark of identity, breath
In a minuscule issue of whiteness
In air that is brighter than steel! The vole pauses, one paw
Uplifted in whiteness of moonlight.

There is no indication of any angle by which, or slant,
The great shadow may silkily accent the beauty of snow,
And the vole, Little One, has neither theology nor
Aesthetic—not even what you may call
Stoicism, as when the diagnostician pauses, and coughs.
Poor thing, he has only himself. And what do you have

When you go to the door, snatch it open, and, cold,
The air strikes like steel down your lungs, and you feel
The Pascalian nausea make dizzy the last stars?
But beautiful, too—so beautiful they may bring tears.
You shiver,
Then shut the door. The backlog burns down. You sit and

Again the owl calls, and with some sadness you wonder
If at last, when the air-scything shadow descends
And claw-clamp goes needling through gut, heart, and brain,
Will ecstasy melding with terror create the last little cry?
Is God's love but the last and most mysterious word for death?

Has the thought ever struck you to rise and go forth—yes, lost
In the whiteness—to never look upward, or back, only on,
And no sound but the snow-crunch, and breath
Gone crisp like the tearing of paper? Listen!
*Could that be the creak of a wing-joint gigantic in distance?*

No, no—just a tree, far off, when ice inward bites.
No, no, don't look back—oh, I beg you!

I beg you not to look back, in God's name.

—Robert Penn Warren

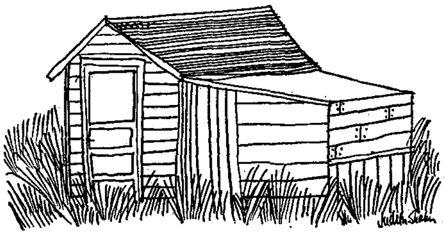
• •

that made Joe ashamed of himself when he thought of Thomas à Becket—was that he had suddenly weakened in the stall, and had emerged from it not wearing the hair shirt, according to plan, but with it tucked into the inside pocket of his overcoat, and had then deceived the simple Hrdlicka by squirming and saying, "Whew!"

For his penance, Joe had walked back to the seminary, three miles against a north wind, ears freezing all the way, save for a minute or two in a little grocery where he stopped to purchase a box of Rinso.

WEARING the hair shirt was like coming from a really careless barber and being pricked by clippings on a hot summer day, only much worse, and so Joe, being human and not a masochist, was glad when he could take the thing off. This he did at night, hand-washing it in the utility room—too much traffic in the lavatorium—and leaving it to dry on his radiator, over a towel, as he would a woollen sweater.

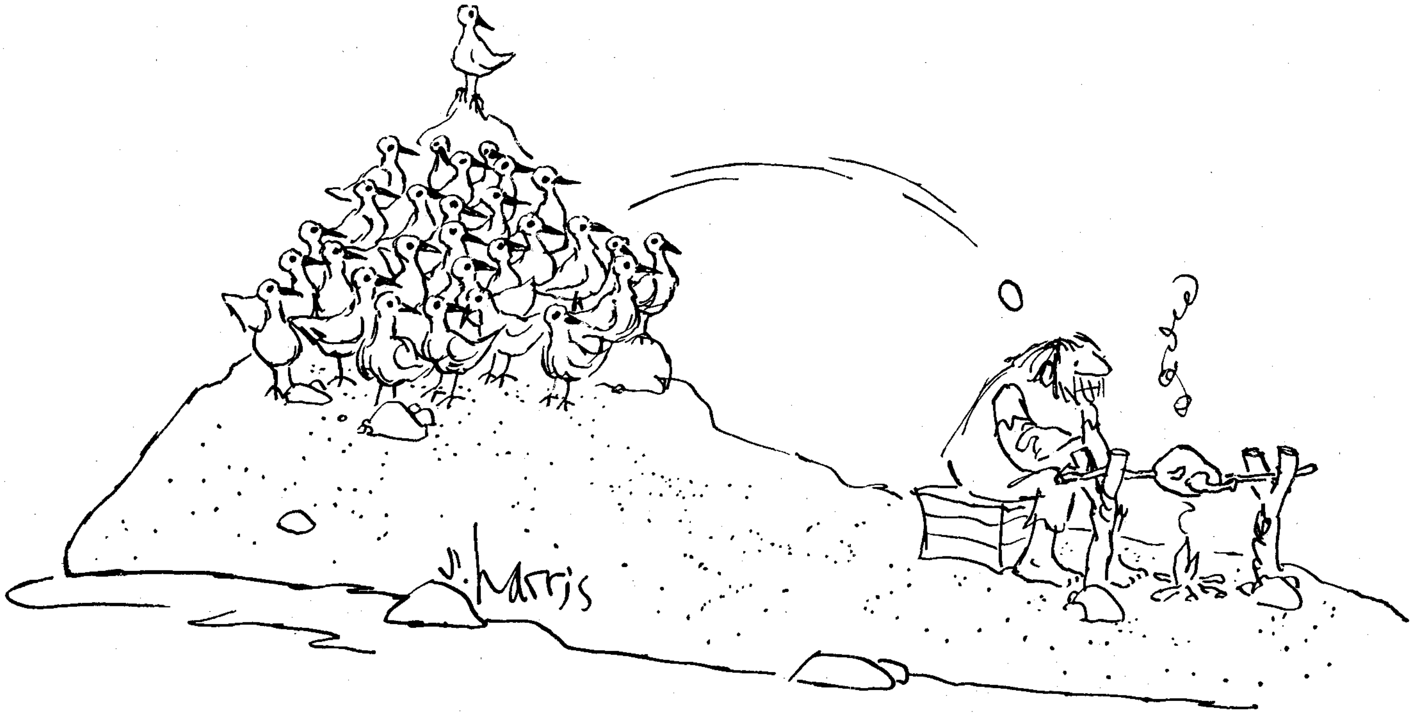
As a discomforter of the flesh and a strengthener of the spirit, the hair shirt probably did the job, but Joe was still where he'd been before with respect to growth in holiness—still stuck in the first stage of his hoped-for spiritual evolution, in the purgative "way"—and was afraid he'd never enter the contemplative way, not to mention the unitive. The little appetizers of spiritual delight that Joe had read were not infrequently vouchsafed to the beginner—though they were not to be mistaken for the banquet itself, for they would soon be withdrawn—were not vouchsafed to him. He wasn't giving up, though. He was still in there—in the chapel for hours every day, trying, praying.



Mooney and Rooney were also doing hard time in the chapel, but they, unlike Joe and Cooney (who said, however, that wearing a hair shirt was taking an unfair advantage, like wearing brass knuckles), were openly complaining, wanting results—especially Mooney.

"Joe, I'm not getting anywhere," he would say.

"Let's go for a walk, Chuck," Joe would say.



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During this period of crisis with both Mooney and Rooney wavering, Joe often took one or both of them for a walk around the seminary grounds. When it was really too cold to go for a walk, as it often was those days in January, Joe would say that they'd be *better* for it, for the discomfort, and then Mooney, if not Rooney, would go gladly. Mooney could see that mortification was not an end in itself but a means to an end, a smelting process that got rid of what was worst and left what was best in a man, which was something that guys much brighter than Mooney, guys who called the little band "spiritual athletes," just couldn't see, or wouldn't. Unfortunately, in his reading, and he was not a great reader, Mooney had a taste for the flashy—Blessed Angela of Foligno punishing herself by drinking the water in which she had washed the sores of a leper, St. Ben Joe Labre retrieving the lice that left him and piously putting them up his sleeve, that sort of thing—a taste that Joe did not share (and hoped he never would, however much he grew in holiness). "Chuck, your eyes are bigger than your stomach," Joe told Mooney, and quoted Pope Pius XI: " 'Sanctity is the chief and most important endowment of the Catholic priest,' Chuck. 'Without it other gifts will not go far; with it, even supposing *other gifts to be meagre* [Joe's italics], the priest can work marvels.' " Joe prescribed more prayer and renunciation for Mooney. "I saw a Baby Ruth wrapper in your wastebasket, Chuck," he said.

In this manner, his words vaporizing in the icy air, Joe spoke to Mooney, and sometimes to Rooney, on their walks around the seminary grounds, stopping here and there to make a point. His favorite place to stop was a spot from which they could view, across the road, a billboard advertisement showing an amiable old clergyman (obviously Protestant, but no matter) sniffing the air as he passed under a windowsill on which a freshly baked pie was cooling. "There you are," Joe would say. "That's how most people see the clergy. And they're *right*."

It seemed to Joe that the billboard, taken with his commentary—he was scathing on the subject of the beery little evenings in the Rector's study—had a steadying effect on the wavering Mooney, but after the first couple of times it was hard for Joe to get Mooney to stop with him at that spot, and impossible when Rooney was along. In any case, the billboard was soon changed. And Rooney—saying, "I'm sorry"—resigned from the little band.

The next evening, as Joe was about to leave his room for a siege in the chapel, Mooney dropped in.

"Joe, I'm not cut out for this," he said. "I just want to be a good priest and maybe work with the poor."

"Chuck, you can't give what you haven't got—even to the poor."

"Yeah, I know, Joe."

"So there you are, Chuck. And Thomas Aquinas tells us, Chuck, that 'to fulfill the duties of Holy Orders, common goodness does not suffice; but excelling goodness is required; that they who receive Orders and are thereby higher in rank than the people may also be higher in holiness.' "

"May?"

"He means 'must'—you know how cagey he is."

"Yeah. But I'm not getting anywhere, Joe."

"Chuck, *I'm* not getting anywhere. And Cooney—I happen to know he's not getting anywhere. So there you are."

"Whaddaya mean, 'So there you are'? Joe, I wish you wouldn't always say that."

"We're all in the same boat, Chuck. That's what I mean."

"Joe, maybe we don't all want to be in the same boat with you. Ever think of that?"

"Rooney, you mean?"

"I mean me," said Mooney, and turned away. "I'm sorry."

"*I'm* sorry," said Joe, sounding smug, but really hurt.

And so the little band was down to two—if that. The next evening, at a lecture in the auditorium, Joe asked during the question period, "Father, how can we make sanctity as attractive as sex to the common man?" (after all, the speaker had quoted Léon Bloy: "There is but one sorrow—not to be a saint"), and Cooney, who was sitting beside him, laughed right along with the rest.

EARLY the next morning Joe was summoned to the Rector's office, where the tobacco clouds were already building up, churning in the winter sunlight, and the Rector, like a nice old gray devil in his element, head smoking, hand smoking, waved Joe to a chair.

"Joe, I understand you have my hair shirt."

Joe weighed the Rector's words before replying, "No, Father."

The Rector smiled. "I'll try again. Joe, I understand you have the hair shirt I gave Mr. Hrdlicka."

Joe was weighing the Rector's words when the Rector interrupted. "Yes?"

"Yes, Father."

"Well, Joe, I want it back."

Joe was weighing the demand in the light of his circumstances. "Now, Father?"

"You're wearing it, Joe?"

"Yes, Father."

"Tomorrow morning then. Same time, same place." And the Rector smiled, ending the interview.

Joe rose and left, thinking how well he'd handled himself and that the Rector had probably expected his ownership of the hair shirt, his right to impound it, to be disputed. This was far from Joe's mind, armed as it was by his reading with examples of heroic obedience—the example, say, of St. John of the Cross (among mystics one of the all-time greats, perhaps No. 1), who had been jailed by his superiors and fed stinking fish.

That he had been summoned to the Rector's office was widely known, Joe discovered between classes that morning, though he'd told nobody but Cooney, and he'd asked that Cooney keep to himself what happened at the interview. Evidently Cooney did, for the questions that Joe fielded throughout the day, though probing, were uninformed. Whether he'd been called to Rome to defend himself—that sort of thing—and the usual half-serious references to Manichaeism, Jansenism, "detachismus," and so on. The hair shirt was mentioned, but not significantly.

As Joe washed it that evening, he speculated on the possibility of keeping the handover to the Rector a secret from everybody else (except Cooney), at least until such time as the event would have lost its news value. Wouldn't that—keeping it a secret—be best for all concerned? "Hair shirt? Oh, I no longer wear it, and haven't for some months now. I'm just like you now, Deadass."

The next morning, at the same time, same place, Joe dutifully appeared with the hair shirt (concealed in a paper bag) and then learned that the Rector had suffered a heart attack in the night and was in the hospital. Saying a prayer for the Rector, Joe returned to his room with the hair shirt and, leaving it in the bag, put it in the bottom drawer of his dresser, where he'd once kept some of his attachments—peanuts, popcorn, candy, cigars, cigarettes—and then he visited the chapel, as was his practice nowadays before going to his first class.

Between classes he read the notice on the bulletin board stating that prayers were requested for the Rector, who, if all went well, would be back at the seminary "soon"—which Joe interpreted to mean weeks. Saying another prayer for the Rector, Joe dashed up to his room, and shortly thereafter dashed down to his next class, itching again, wearing the hair shirt.

Early that evening the news broke—Cooney told Mooney, and Mooney broke it—that the Rector had on the morning of the night he was stricken ordered Joe, under pain of sin, to forswear and deliver up the hair shirt. This was substantially true, but Joe toned it down for his visitors. He had a number of them later that evening after the news broke—the last being Mooney, who had been avoiding Joe ever since he apostatized from the little band.

"Oh, to think that the Rector wanted you to give it back!" Mooney said. "And *now!* Joe, are you wearing it now?"

"For the time being, yes."

"Keep it on, Joe. Don't take it off."

"At night I have to. I have to wash it."

"Joe, I *wouldn't.*"

"I would, Chuck."

"But Joe—*for the Rector!*"

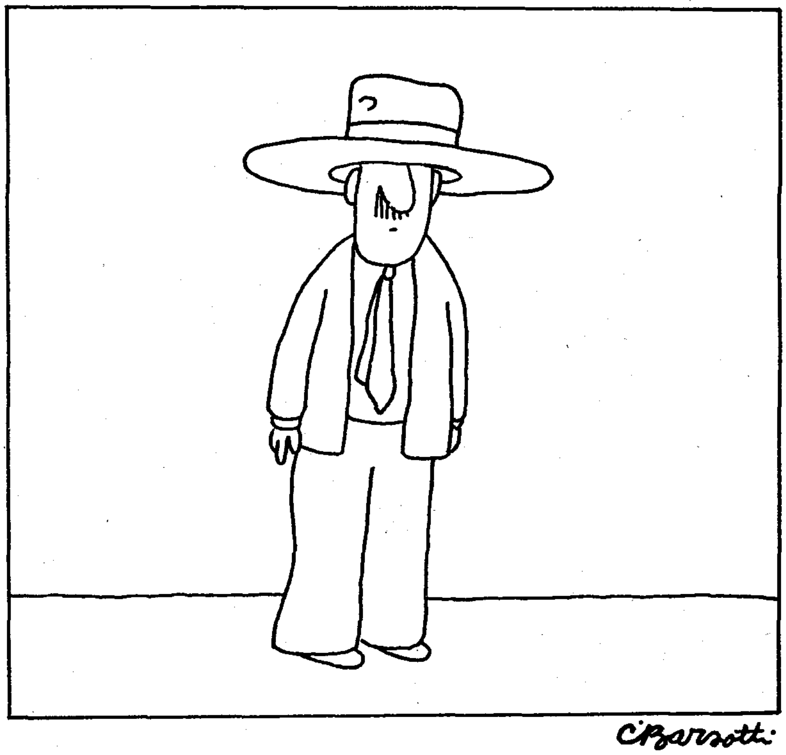
Earlier visitors had made it clear to Joe that they were no less wary than before of his hard-core spirituality but now considered him deserving of some sympathy, which Joe had assumed was all anybody had in mind where he and the hair shirt were concerned, when along comes Mooney with this crazy—what if it spread?—this superstitious idea that the Rector's life might depend on Joe's wearing the hair shirt.

"So I *wouldn't,* Joe. Oh, to *think!*"

"Don't," said Joe, silencing Mooney, and went down to the chapel, where, for a change, he was not alone. Evidently Cooney was still suffering from "bursitis of both knees," for he was absent, but there were quite a few others on hand that evening—a dozen or so, among them Rooney and, presently, Mooney.

JOE was the last man to leave the chapel that evening, the only one to stay very long. So it seemed that the others had only dropped in to say a few prayers for the

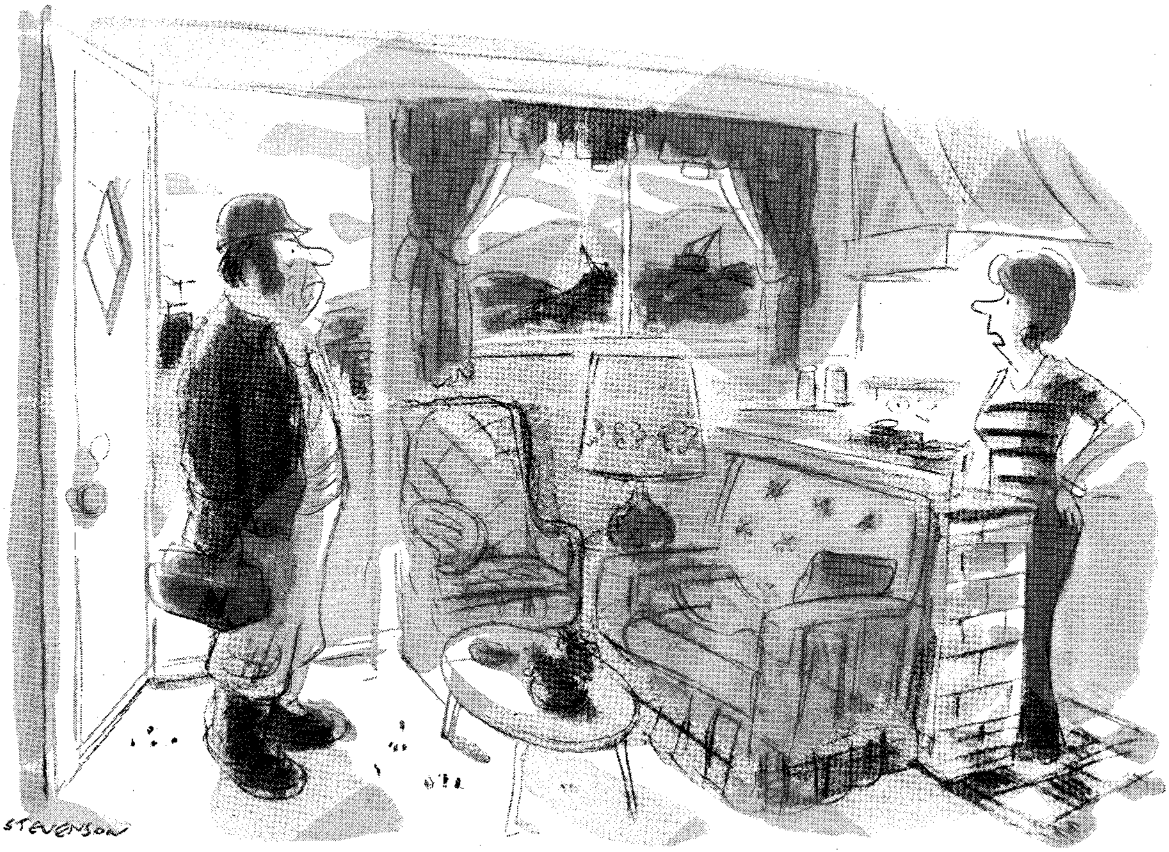
## COULD IT HAPPEN HERE?



**GROUP WARNED BY CHAIRMAN**

[*From the Times*]

He said Chairman Mao warned the group at a political bureau meeting on July 17, 1974, saying: "Stop slapping big hats on others at will. It is hard for you to mend your ways." He warned them again in April and May of 1975, Mr. Li said, calling on the Politburo to criticize their activities.



*"I know you're working hard to meet the energy needs of this nation, Norris, but to me you're still a bum."*

• •

Rector, and that what Joe had feared, after hearing what he had from Mooney, that clunkhead—that the little holiness movement had revived and was drawing its strength from his not taking off the hair shirt—was not the case, thank God.

Joe washed it that night, as he would have done in any event, and when asked the next morning by Mooney if he'd slept in it said, "No," curtly. And likewise when asked the following morning. The next morning he wasn't asked.

"I hear the Rector's out of danger," Mooney said.

"Thank God," said Joe.

The days passed, and as far as Joe could tell nobody but Mooney, who was now acting as if he hadn't, had ever expected him to wear the hair shirt constantly for the Rector's sake. In fact, the hair shirt wasn't mentioned to Joe these days, even lightly, which was odd. And there was something else odd—easy to detect, hard to define. Joe noticed that certain guys never really looked at him—they looked to one side of him, or over his head, or down, but never in the eye. He went to see Cooney about it.

"Did somebody say something?" Cooney asked.

"No. I wish somebody would."

"Don't let it worry you."

"Then there *is* something!" cried Joe. Even his best friend wouldn't look him in the eye!

"Joe, there are those . . ."

"Yes?"

"Who have never *approved* of you for wearing the hair shirt—for reasons you already know. 'Singularity' and so on."

"Yes? Yes?"

"And now there are those—they're the same ones, plus quite a few more—who *dis*approve of you for wearing it. Am I right in thinking you're wearing it now?"

Joe nodded.

"Well, the idea these guys have is that you were ordered not to wear it, and are therefore *in flagrante delicto*."

"Not so!" cried Joe, and gave Cooney a true account of the interview, as he had before, and again spoke of his attempt to comply with the Rector's demand—"request," he said, was probably a better word for it.

"Look, Joe," Cooney said. "As far as I'm concerned, you can go right on wearing the hair shirt, although I still say it's like wearing brass knuckles. But the idea these guys have—the reason you're *more* unpopular these days, and of course the heart attack, coming when it did, is also a factor in that—is that you're going against the Rector's *intention*."

Joe thought about this for a moment. "I see," he said, and went away to think some more.

As it happened, he had to think for three days before he arrived at a firm decision. Then he had to wait for Wednesday afternoon to come, and when it did he took a bus downtown. He was carrying the hair shirt in the paper bag. At the hospital he found the Rector in a private room, in bed with a paperback.

"Ah, what's this?" the Rector said.

Joe, afraid the Rector was referring to the bag and was under the impression that it contained a gift for him, said, "No, Father," which made sense only in the context of Joe's thoughts. "I was just passing by, Father."

"*Were* you now?" replied the Rector in a marvelling tone, and looked Joe in the eye.

"As a matter of fact, Father, I wasn't."

The Rector smiled, and Joe felt foolish but better.

"Sit down, Joe."

Joe managed to sit down. "How've you been, Father?" Oh, great! "I mean, how *are* you, Father?"

"I'm better, I'm told."

You're grayer, Joe thought, and, the way he'd been going, did well not to say so.

"What's on your mind, Joe?"

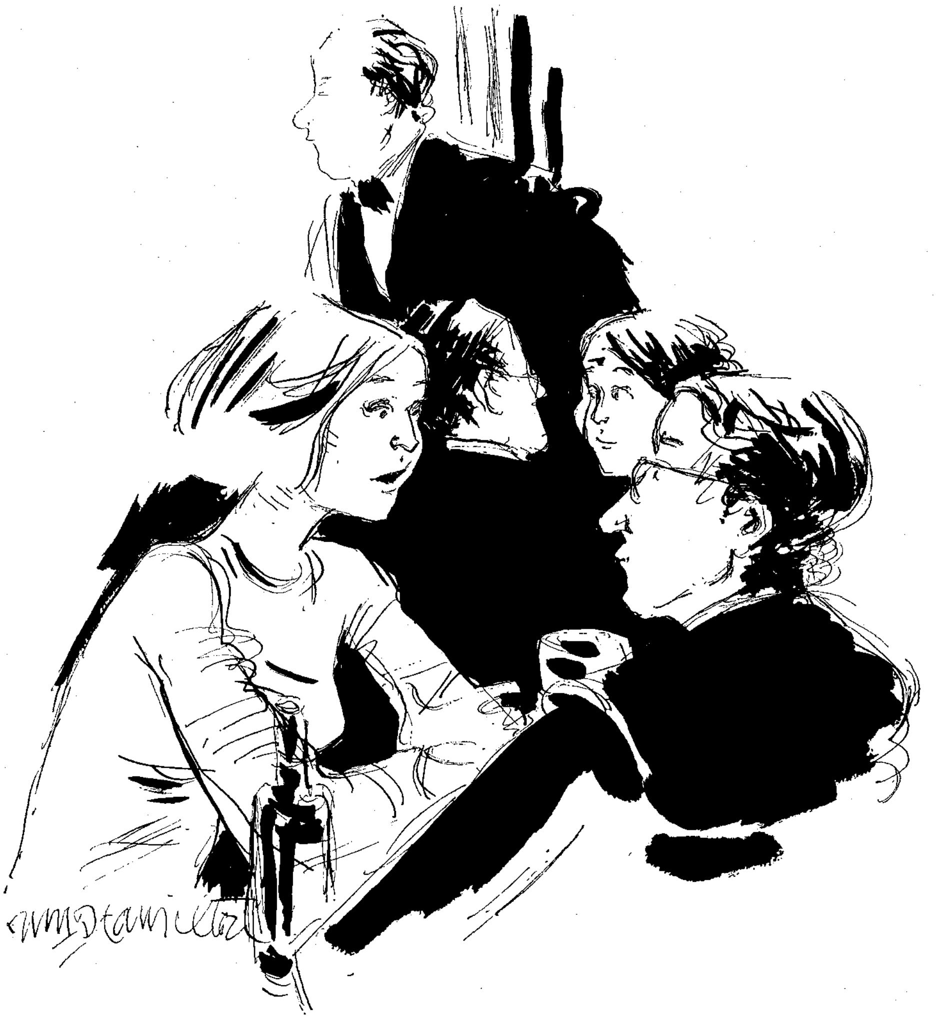
Joe looked down at the floor, where he'd put the bag because it called attention to itself in his hands, and then back at the Rector. "Remember, Father, I was supposed to bring you the hair shirt?"

"Now that you mention it, Joe, yes."

"Father, I want you to know I did bring it to your office that morning, but you . . ." Joe felt foolish again.

"I didn't keep the appointment," the Rector said, and smiled.

"Not your fault, Father." As if that



*"I guess I'll just play out my stereotype."*

• •

needed saying. Joe reached down for the bag and stood up with it. "Father, the hair shirt's inside this bag," he said. "And it's nice and clean. I washed it."

"Not now, Joe. Not here. When I'm back. Soon enough then."

So Joe, about to place the bag on the bed at the Rector's feet, held on to it. He hadn't anticipated this development, but it didn't divert him. "Father, I have to ask you a question," he said, and got a funny look from the Rector. "It's about your intention, as to the hair shirt."

"I thought you should stop wearing it, Joe, or I wouldn't have asked for it. But in the circumstances—you've been wearing it, have you?"

"Yes, Father."

"And you want me to say whether you were right or wrong to do so?"

"Yes, Father."

"Well, I can't, in the circumstances, Joe. You're the one to say. I will say I was worried about you, Joe. That question of yours at the lecture!" The Rector shook his head at the thought of it. "After that, I *had* to ask for the hair shirt. But now I don't know. Things look different to me now, here. And you do, Joe. So I'd say do as you think best about the hair shirt. Wear it, or don't. I trust you. Now I'm tired. You'd better leave."

Joe asked for the Rector's blessing, knelt for it, and left with it, carrying the hair shirt in the paper bag.

IN the following days—the Rector had died that night—Joe sensed that he was being blamed, as a puppy might be blamed for causing an accident in which it had escaped injury and someone had died, and that more guys than before liked the sight of him less. "When," he imagined them saying, "when will he repent and take off the hair shirt?" For he hadn't said anything to anybody about his visit to the hospital, and would not.

Mooney, one of the few who still spoke to him, asked, "Are you getting anywhere, Joe?"

"Can't say I am, Chuck."

"Still wearing it?"

"Yes."

"But not at night?"

"No."

"That could be why you're not getting anywhere, Joe. Ever think of that?"

"Yes."

Yes, Joe had thought of that—oh, not as a cure, as Mooney meant, but as a pointer to the nature of his failure. He was, by the standards of saints, too fastidious, he knew—not enough of a slob. Why, for instance, should guys going about the corridors in their bare feet, or in their socks, which was somehow worse—why should this bother him so much? He kept his slippers handy by his bed and wore them or his shoes, preferably his shoes, when he went into the corridors. Yes, that could be his trouble—in a sense, the reason for his failure. Even if he did wear the hair shirt day and night—and he could—what about his feelings for others, his fellow-men, who, next to God, should be his first concern? The seminary was a community, and a tight little one at that, and just wasn't the place for all-out mysticism, for growth in holiness beyond a certain point—a low point by the standards of saints. No place he'd ever be, no parish, would be the place for that. And just this, for him, knowing what he did about the life of the spirit (not much but something) and not being able to give himself to it—wouldn't this be a hair shirt of sorts? The Rector could have been wearing this kind for years day and night—probably all old priests did—and Joe, in feeling its prickliness already, before he was even ordained, was ahead of his time, he thought. Maybe it had been foolish to hope that he could get in touch with God directly, to think that he could bypass humanity, but he wasn't giving up yet. No, he would continue to wear the hair shirt (unless asked not to by the new Rector, whoever he might be), would wear it during the day and wash it at night, until it wore out. If, by then, he was still not getting anywhere, he would simply make do with the hair shirt that so many were wearing.

—J. F. POWERS

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DEAR AUTHOR:

On at least two occasions in the last year or so we have requested that you provide us with biographical information for inclusion in our series, CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, first published in 1962 and now containing entries for more than 45,000 authors of the present day.

We are writing now to ask for information of *another* kind: We would apreciate your telling us why you failed to respond for our requests for biographical information.—*Letter from the Gale Research Company.*

We were asleep both times.

# FROM THE JOURNALS OF A POET

AND I think the only thing to do, in these dead areas, is to put down something one has *noticed*, and not experienced actually. A bird's-eye or a mouse-eye view. Told with the most careful detail and feeling for truth. Then the truth will be bearable, because the truth always comes out quite queer. It sounds so distorted and improbable that the writer's interest is kept, in spite of himself. . . .

•

> *L'accent du pays où l'on est né demeure dans l'esprit et dans le cœur comme dans le langage.*
>
> —*La Rochefoucauld.*

•

The difficulty was, in my childhood, that I expected everything to mean something. I believed in the pack of cards. I examined different packs with care, because the King, Queen, Jack were always different, under the unvarying signs of heart, club, diamond, spade. They were dressed differently, and they had different beards, and especially in the case of the one woman different expressions.

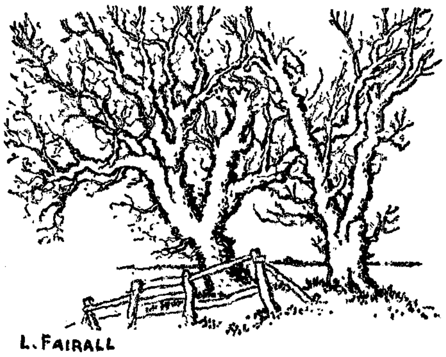
With these packs my father patiently played with me endless games of Everlasting.

### Friday 26 June/53

THE best time to write about one's childhood is in the early thirties, when the contrast between early forced passivity and later freedom is marked; and when one's energy is in full flood. Later, not only have the juices dried up, and the energy ceased to be abundant, but the retracing of the scene of earliest youth has become a task filled with boredom and dismay. The figures that surrounded one have now turned their full face toward us; we understand them perhaps still partially, but we know them only too well. They have ceased to be background to our own terribly important selves; they have irremediably taken on the look of figures in a tragicomedy; we now look on them ironically, for we know their end, although they themselves do not yet know it. And now—in the middle-fifties—we have traced and retraced their tragedy so often that, in spite of the understanding we have, it bores and offends us. There is a final antidote we must learn: to love and forgive them. This attitude comes hard and must be reached with anguish. For if one is to deal with the people in the past—of one's past—at all, one must feel neither anger nor bitterness. We are not here to expose each other, like journalists writing gossip, or children blaming others for their own bad behavior. And open confession, for certain temperaments (certainly for my own), is not good for the soul, in any direct way. To confess is to ask for pardon; and the whole confusing process brings out too much self-pity and too many small emotions in general. For people like myself to look back is a task. It is like re-entering a trap, or a labyrinth, from which one has only too lately, and too narrowly, escaped.

•

I used to think that my life would be a journey from the particular squalor which characterized the world of my childhood to another squalor, less clear in my mind, but nevertheless fairly particularized in my imagination. When I see some old building—one of those terrible rooming houses with a milk bottle and a brown paper bag on nearly every windowsill—being demolished, I say to myself, in real surprise: "Why, I have outlasted it!" For it was these old brick hotels and brownstone lodging houses that I early chose, consciously as well as subconsciously, as the dwelling of my old age. I saw them, moreover, as they were in my childhood, with the light of a gas mantle making their dark green and brown interiors even more hideous; with the melancholy of their torn and dirty lace-curtained windows intact. Before the upper windows of some, an electric sign of an early vintage—of the kind that sported a sort of running serpent of red or green electric bulbs—was fastened; and I often have imagined the room behind or contingent to such a sign: the chair by the window, lit up by this fitful and pitiful running light. Or I imagined my old age shut up in one of those brownstone houses, which, jelled in poverty, still stand on the upper side streets of cities. There among varnished furniture, grotesque wicker chairs, and dusty carpets, I would rock away my ancient days. There, if the downward sweep of fortune's wheel caught me off balance, I would end up; return. The old residents were waiting, shuffling up and downstairs in felt slippers; gossiping on the landing. The gas ring and the cheap frying pan, the improvised larder with its bits of food, the chipped enamel coffeepot and the saucepan for soup—all were there, behind some ragged curtain, waiting for me to return—to relive my poverty-stricken youth in a poverty-stricken old age . . .



### 16 October

TERRE VAGUE—uncultivated land, filled with "chance vegetation." The unbuilt lots of my childhood, filled with tansy and chicory; sometimes with some scrub of trees. The three-family houses abutted on them; sometimes, even, yellow or red brick blocks with stores on the ground floor—such as we lived in in Norfolk Street. The wooden verandas in the back had these vacant lots as a view and a vista. Sometimes they were sunken, between two blocks of flats, and boys played ball in them in the evening.—The edge of things; the beaten dead end of nature, that fascinated me almost with a sexual fascination. . . .

•

Music, in those days, belonged to its own time and place. No one today can remember with the same nostalgia (my generation is the last to remember) the sound of music on the water (voices and a mandolin or guitar); of band concerts in town squares or in Army parade grounds, in the twilight or early evening, with a string of lights in the distance marking the line of the bay; or under trees in what was actually, then, a romantic "gloaming." How poignant the sound of piano music, played however inexpertly, along some city street; or even, in those days, when every child was exposed to piano lessons, and the "upright" in the parlor was a sign of respectability and some slight edge of affluence, along some suburban road, or some half-country lane! Laforgue has caught the effect, at the moment, I suppose, in the 80s, when it was most usual—

"*Pianos, pianos, dans les quartiers aisés.*"

### 8 January/54

THE marigold . . .

I never remember either seeing many kinds of flowers or caring for them as a child. My Aunt Anne, I remember clearly, once showed me the little man in a bathtub, as she described it, in the center of a pansy; she had long been a children's nurse and this was one of her happy-making little tricks, I suppose.—Around the frame houses where we lived, in New England, or rather, bunched at one side of them and toward the back, grew masses of "golden-glows": rather like bushy yellow daisies; and we had bachelor buttons planted down the pathway of the house in Ballardvale. What was the matter with me, that daisies and buttercups made hardly any impression at all, although black-eyed Susans I thought pretty, and "blue-eyed grass" and the tiny flower of the low-growing cinquefoil (called "zinc-foil" by the Ballardvale children) I remember noticing and bending down to look at closely. As a matter of fact, it was weeds that I felt closest to and happiest about; and there were more flowering weeds, in those days, than flowers in gardens—a sign, perhaps, of the whole rather depressed and run-down situation in the New England towns of the time, especially the semi-mill towns I grew up in. Yes: weeds: jill-over-the-ground and tansy and the exquisite chicory (in the *terrains vagues*) and a few wild flowers: lady's slipper and the arbutus my mother showed me how to find, under the snow, as far back as Norwich. Solomon's seal and Indian pipe. Ferns. Apple blossoms.

Pot plants in kitchen: coleus, begonias, geraniums—Easter lilies in pots, at Easter.

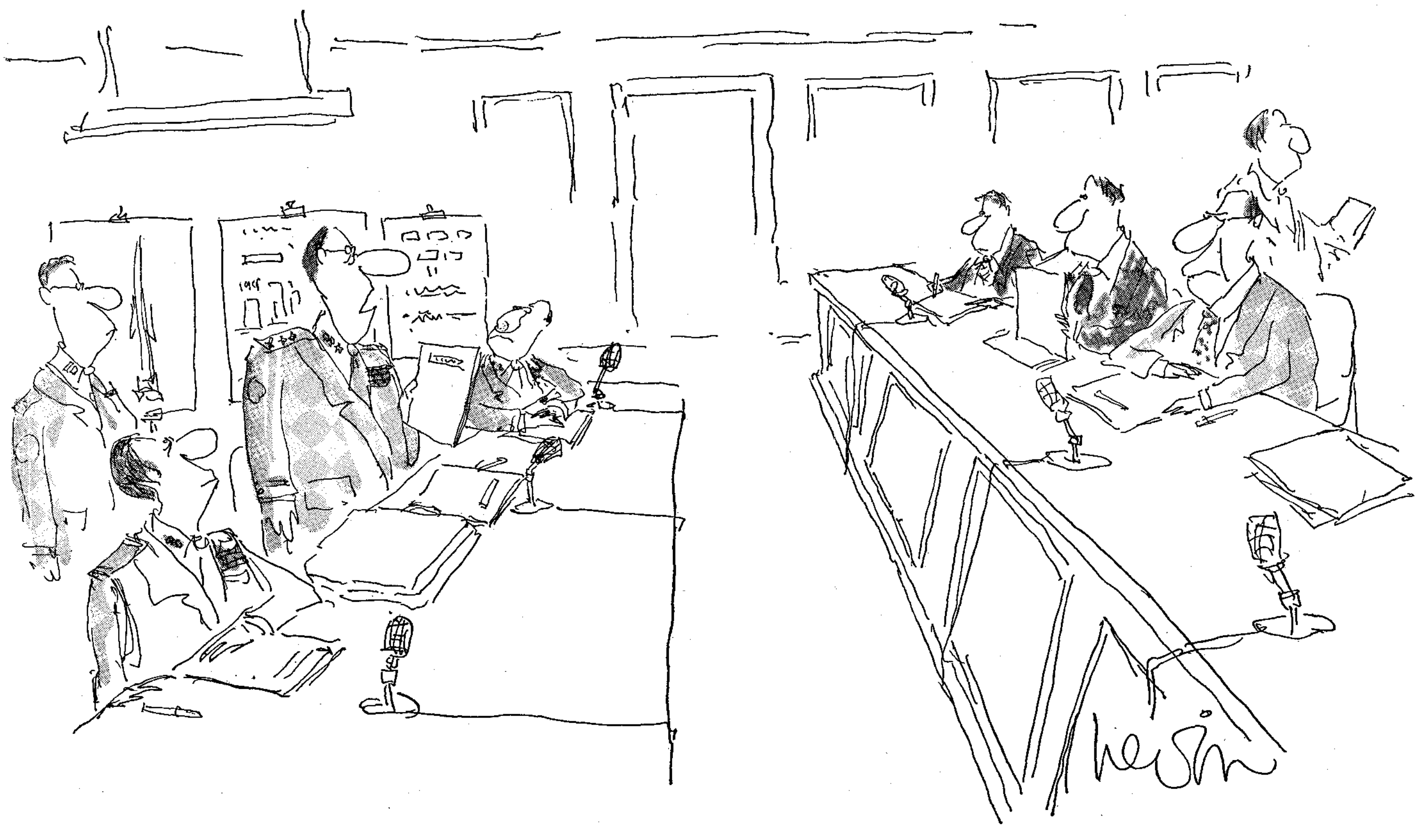
But the first time a flower really struck me as beautiful, strange, portentous, meaningful, and *mine* was in the room in a private hospital where my mother underwent an operation. Was it the year I was kept out of school, *after* the convent, or the year before I went to the convent? After, I think, since that operation marked a kind of limit to my mother's *youthful* middle age, and brought in the worse hopes and the lessened energy of a distinct later period. The Dr. X (that she had loved for years) must have been involved in this setup (the Yankee hospital, for example); and must have faded out from the picture soon thereafter, with consequent tragic reverberations.

In any case, the room was quite grand, as I remember it; not at all like a hospital: dark brown woodwork, a fireplace with colored tiles and a mantelpiece, a sunny window and wicker chairs. My father, my brother, and myself came on a Sunday. My mother was lying in bed in a pretty lace-trimmed nightgown, her hair in two braids. She looked young and happy and was in one of her truly loving moods, when affection rayed out from her like light. Someone had sent her a long box full of pink roses. Who could this have been? Not any of us.

I remember the roses, and disliking them: their long thorny stems, their innocuous color, and the asparagus fern in which they were packed. They seemed false, almost artificial, like wax or paper flowers; there was a touch of ill health about the curl and the veined color of their petals. The whole afternoon was rather frightening and forbidding; I sensed in the atmosphere that touch of "the other" world: of the conventional, Yankee world which I was on the verge of entering with real closeness, in which I would always have friends and allies, but also ill-wishers, if not enemies; the world of school and church then alien to me; of accents not quite mine; of genteel manners; of the *right* side of things. —The roses rather struck a chill into me—was I eleven?—and I found myself moving away from my mother's bed toward the fireplace, on the opposite wall.

*"And stop trying to cheer me up!"*

Here is what I saw. Someone had put, rather casually, certainly, into a small glass vase, a bunch of what I now know is a rather common garden flower called French marigold. The flowers were dark yellow, with blotches and speckles of brown, and they had, I think, a few rather carrot-like leaves mixed with them. The sight of these flowers gave me such a shock that I lost sight of the room for a moment. The dark yellow stood out against the brown woodwork, while the dark brown markings seemed to enrich the sombre background. Suddenly I *recognized* something at once simple and full of the utmost richness of design and contrast that was mine. A whole world, in a moment, opened up: a world of design and simplicity; of a kind of rightness, a kind of taste and knowingness, that shot me forward, as it were, into an existence concerning which, up to that instant of recognition, I had had no knowledge or idea. *This* was the kind of flower, and the kind of arrangement and the sense of arrangement plus background, that, I at once realized, came out of impulses to which I could respond. I saw the hands arranging the flowers and leaves, the water poured into the vase, the vase lifted to the shelf on



*"This ten billion, of course, includes bullets."*

• •

which it stood: they were my hands. A garden from which such flowers came I could not visualize: I had never seen such a garden. But the impulse of pleasure that existed *back* of the arrangement—with its clear, rather severe emotional coloring—I knew. And I knew the flowers—their striped and mottled elegance—forever and for all time, forward and back. They were mine, as though I had invented them. The sudden marigolds. That they were indeed sacred flowers I did not learn until many years later.

•

These cold winter days—but the sun has turned. It is in Capricorn, and the light is longer, one minute a day. How wonderful: the winter and summer solstices; the vernal and autumn equinoxes! Now I treasure each slightest move of the seasons: the sun coming back; day and night equal; the days longer than the nights; the equal point reached again; the nights longer than the days. Another—what Jünger calls "the starry"—dimension is added to existence—added late . . .

12 JANUARY/54

THE strongly poignant (and unexpectedly so) set of feelings set up, over the weekend, by my rereading of "the packet of letters": Raymond's letters and cables to me in the summer of 1933 (the love letters) and a few of his subsequent letters, after the separation (the playing-like-a-trout or hate letters!). After I read a few of mine to him, in that 1933 summer, a whole complex of suffering came back. I thought that this complex of feelings had vanished forever, long ago; and it had! The extraordinary thing about the revived experience was its power to bring back the moments in time, in place—the vignettes of pain, placed in a series of settings. Also the same sense of being *trapped*—of being used, of being made an *object.* This nightmare effect stayed with me for about a day and a night—in which I relived the whole set of emotions, felt from that April through that September. But on the second morning I came out of it all with a perfectly cool and contemporary reaction: it was all too *boring* to review any longer, in memory; or to re-feel, in life.

•

The snow. The sound of shovels. The *up*-light and the silence.

Waking in the morning in the winter, in this apartment, the ancient pipes begin to hiss, around 7:00 A.M.; and this wakens me. How calm, how *cozy*, how detached I am, in my single bed, in an actual bed-*room* (for the first time in many years). How I should be fortified: how I *am* fortified . . .

•

Looking into the journal I kept during the 1933 European journey—I see how, at the time, the power of seeing and hearing and noting down had developed. The diary kept in Vienna in 1922 was without any real descriptive power. Then, I could only describe through a set of symbols—poetically, lyrically. Straight rendering completely baffled me; I remember this. So inner, so baffled, so *battered*—even at 24—that I *noticed* practically nothing; or, if I did notice it, I could not put it down (in prose) with any directness of effect.—So that there is no description of Frau Weinberger, going around the room with her duster and lorgnette; no description of Trudi, with her smooth hair and pretty teeth; no description of the streets, cafés, restaurants . . . the weather . . . the clothes . . . the manners and customs. Of course, I knew almost nothing about contemporary human life. . . . Historically I could see a little . . . but not in a flash. Get at the quotidian essence . . .

•

Embroidering and listening to music, for an hour or two a day, has given me a break from endless reading and *ob-*

*ligatory* writing. This "long prose thing" will help me, I trust and pray, to get back to pure writing *as such:* to "creative" writing, as the phrase goes. To the capable and free setting down of "memory and desire" . . . of what I have become, and what I know.—It has been so hard for me "to make a full breast.". . . Perhaps by spring, I can square up to the task, instead of writing cross-handed, as it were, and cross-seated, at a table edge. . . .

### 1 February

V. Woolf's "A Writer's Diary": usually done in "fifteen minutes before dinner."—What a monster of egotism she was!—But how touching that, for many years, she had only 13/ a week to spend—about $3.25, I suppose, from 1912 on. How I have always disliked "Mrs. Dalloway," with its attempt to *care* for the poor young mad man; its hatred of doctors (she had already had a brush with psychiatry, it seems, and could not like it!); its frightful sentimentality. . . . And "Orlando"—that "Sapphic" (to use a word of hers) pastiche . . . She had the advantage (if one can use such a word for a semi-cursed thing) of "mood swings"—"the brain turning," etc. Surely, toward the end, that crowd of great spirits and sensitive minds—her friends—should have seen her mounting depression and protected her against herself.

### 30 August/54

THE two thrilling ovations to the season's turn: cries wrung out of the equinox:

> *L'automne déjà!* and
>
> *Bientôt nous plongerons dans les*
> *froides ténèbres;*
> *Adieu, vive clarté de nos étés trop*
> *courts!*
>
> *—C'était hier l'été; voici l'automne!*

But the sound of a day of soaking rain—the wind of a real northeaster whipping against the north windows—how refreshing it is! A whole world comes back: the shut-in, the *working* winter world. At this moment of premature storm, I look forward, and *into,* it with joy . . .

Handelsman

*"Compared to you, Gwen honey, my first, second, and third wives were mere rubbish."*

THE ice floats close to the shore of the river. I really love these winter days alone. But I should have somewhere to go, in February, where I can see the whole sweep of the winter heaven, at night. It is not good to be shut away from the stars.

### 17 January/58

LONG hiatus! A period in which I have learned a great deal. That, for example, at my present age, one is permitted hope but not *ambition.* Ambition is automatically stopped by the thought of death; it becomes trivial and vulgar. But four years ago, just before the two books were published—after being out of print for so long—a little ambition was right and salutary. Since then there have been too many *ending* and *eternity* dreams—some of which I must put down—the recurring *vestibule* dream in particular.

Young Phelps, who runs his life by the stars! What a pleasure and relief to have a faith or a superstition of any kind! I should think that believers would dance with joy in the streets! Some of Yeats' immense confidence and drive, in his old age, came from his belief that he had *successfully* "tampered with the universe." His early naïve belief in magic practices had faded out, but he had brought his fanciful themes into a coherent whole (in "A Vision"), and some of Blake's certainty had become his own (although he was never a true visionary).

Elizabeth Mayer: at 75 she never for a moment either thinks she is old, or projects her age in mood or word. She is gradually thinning down, fading out, in her body; she shows no sign whatever of aging, in her mind or emotions. The books lie on the table; the piano is open and has music on it; she is going to the library tomorrow. . . . And the room flowers around her: the coffee on the table; the square silver box of sugar; the plants in the window. The daughter of Lutheran pastors, she somehow has faith in her bones . . .

It interests me exceedingly to know where Uranus and Jupiter, for the moment, stand in my horoscope. And I shall go with Herman S. to the Am. Soc. for Psych. R. Why not? The

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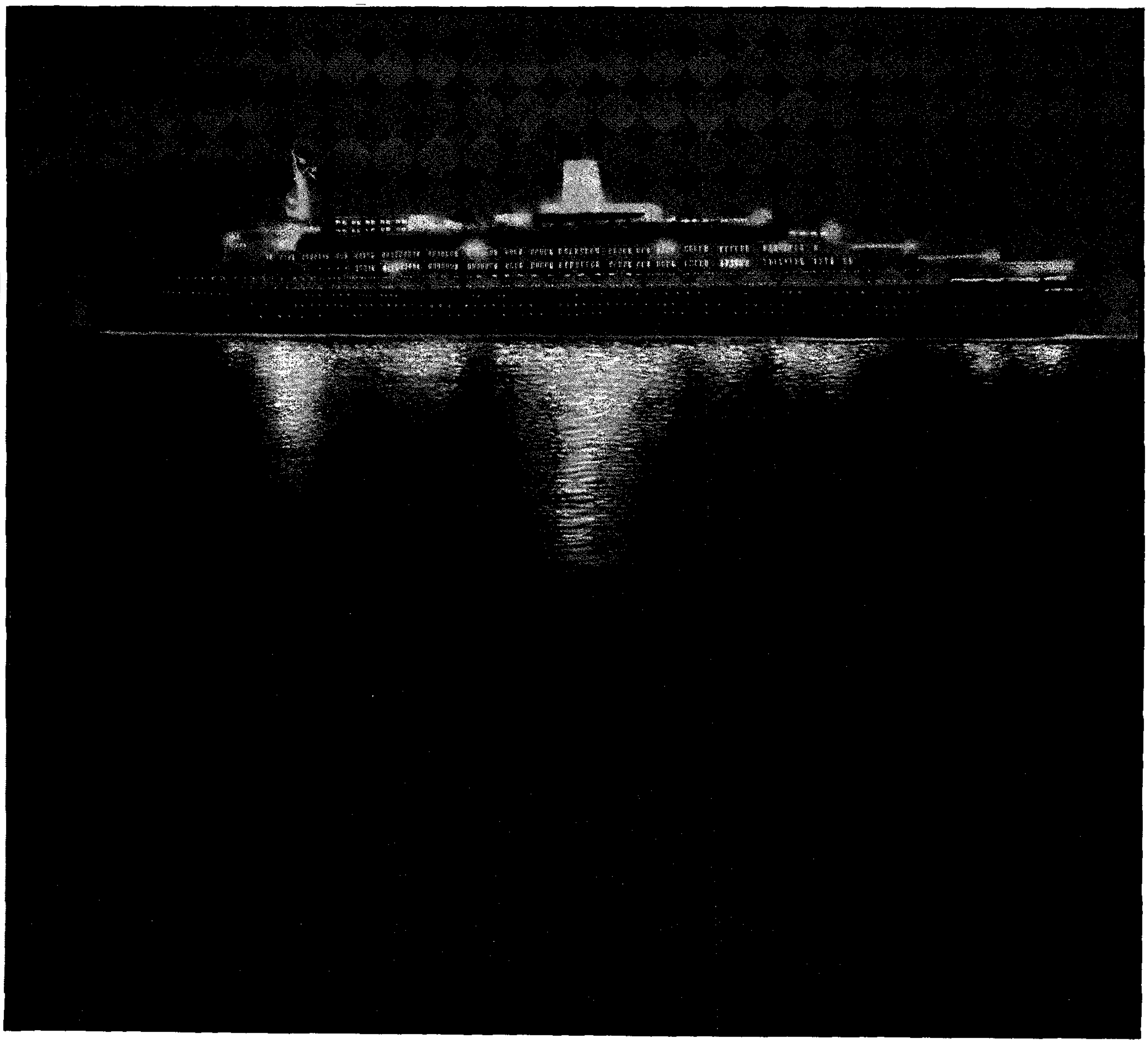
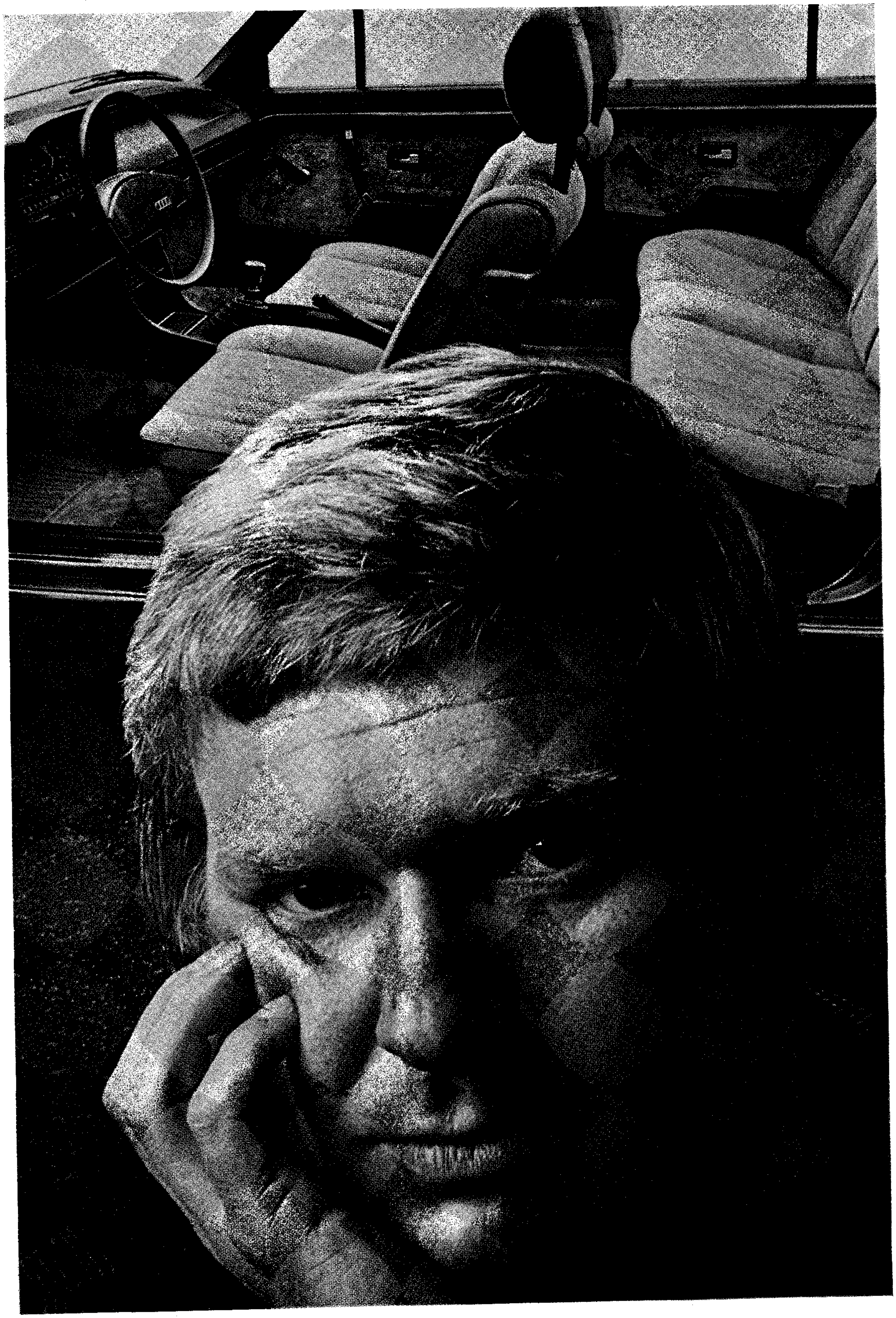
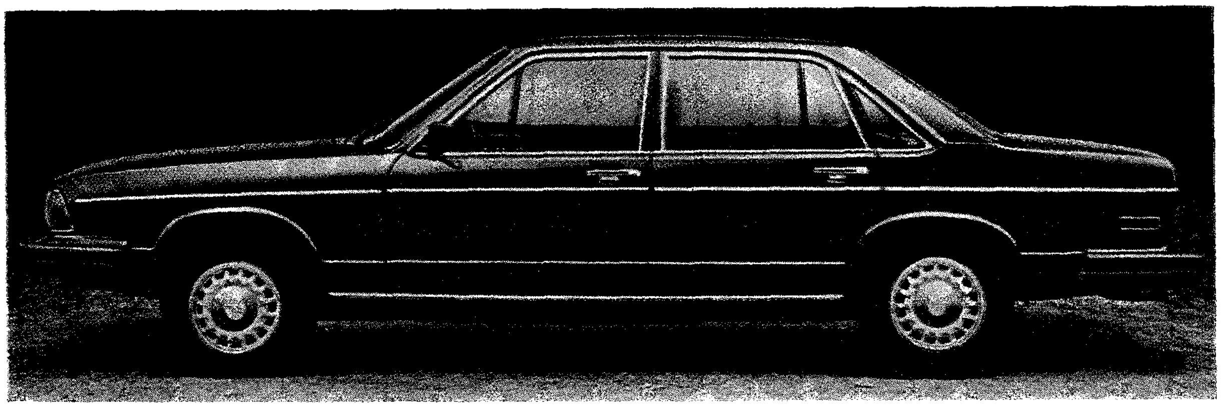
**For once in your life, live.**





# "I AM OPPOSED TO HAVING THE INTERIOR OF THE AUDI 5000 LOOK LIKE AN AIRPLANE COCKPIT."

AN INTERVIEW WITH HARTMUT WARKUSZ, HEAD OF STYLING



**Don't you like dials and stark interiors?** Warkusz: It's not what I like or don't like—everything we do is tested and proved. Our psychological testing showed that dark colors and cockpit type interiors make drivers more aggressive, less relaxed. One of our principal objectives was to make the driver calmer. It is no good for you to go from a nice, calm, cheerful house right into an aggressive car.

**Should a car's interior be like a house?** Warkusz: In some ways, yes. The old kind of interiors with stark black leather and polished chrome everywhere is no longer appropriate for today's cars. We wanted to create a more modern living environment inside the car. A car should be a pleasant, bright and comfortable place to be in. You should feel at home. Your living room at home isn't black all over, is it?

**No. But my living room doesn't have wheels.** Warkusz: And we didn't just put wheels on a living room and so we didn't design the car only for the comfort of the driver. The Audi 5000 holds all 5 people comfortably. The trunk is huge enough to hold all their luggage.

The ventilating system is unique in that there are outlets to provide plenty of fresh air but not on anybody's neck. You can even have warm air on your feet and cool air on your face to keep you alert. For the sake of comfort and safety, the rear passengers have headrests, too. We have even gone so far as to be sure that the upholstery doesn't tear the fur out of a mink coat. Some fabrics we tested did just that.

**Will this type of interior appeal to Americans?** Warkusz: We believe so, because we studied the American market very carefully. Not to copy, but to take American tastes into consideration. The Audi 5000 is altogether European, but there is no reason why a European car can't be bright and roomy and comfortable and quiet. A high performance European car does not have to look or sound like the cockpit of a plane.

**The lines do look European.** Warkusz: Lines are not European or American. Lines can be ugly or beautiful, but most importantly, lines are functional or not functional. The aerodynamic values of the Audi 5000 make the air resistance very low. The drag coefficient is better than most other cars in our size category. Also, the aerodynamics made us lift up the tail of the car. That's one reason why the trunk came out so big.

For the same reason, we have complete instrumentation without two dozen unnecessary switches to distract the driver with playthings. I am glad you like the lines, but they are more than lines to me.

**What would you want an American buyer to understand about it?** Warkusz: I would want him to understand the mature, functional design of the car. The pleasant, comfortable and quiet atmosphere of the interior. The high quality of the finish. And, the fact that it's the largest German car you can buy for the money—about $8,500.* And I would want the American buyer to understand that nothing about it is by chance.

*Suggested 1978 retail price $8450, P.O.E., transp., local taxes, and dealer delivery charges, additional.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN ) HEUBLEIN, INC. HARTFORD, CONN.

*We wouldn't swear the fortune teller in that Paris cafe knew a lifeline from a clothesline, but she did have unquestionable taste. She had ordered an 'extraordinaire' Smirnoff Bloody Mary. There was a lull in the conversation, and then she spoke.*

**Smirnoff**
*leaves you breathless*®

mystery draws in. One needs the help of the imagination to die . . .

8 JUNE/59

(THE landlocked vista: at its end that view which most nearly corresponds to peace in the heart: the horizon.)

•

The paper people in books, who have one agony to endure, *one* set of toils to fight clear of, in their lives. Figures that breathe print and the air of the paragraph and the page.—One should set oneself the task, in full maturity, to fix on paper the bizarre, disordered, ungainly, furtive, mixed elements in one's life, the opposite of the paper people—and the men and women in masks, halved queerly in their natures—the destiny which stands half in us, half about us, and is often in the hands of these split and equivocal beings. . . .

•

The life of the mind, growing up inside the outer life, like a widely branched vine . . . The individual *free* being, forced to begin small, like a sturdy shoot, but humble, which does not make much of a target for the wind . . .

When I wipe out all that I now know it is, there's little enough left. That little is incredibly solid, accurate, and to be depended on, built as it was upon the candid yet fierce intensity of a child's gaze, that knew all the tricks of sight; that could stop on the pane, to examine the flaws, the reflections, the colors in the glass, and could then plunge beyond, to gather up the texture of the opposite walls or the trees in the street; from which hints of weather, times of day, turns of the season could not be hidden.

People lived in intense worlds beyond me.

So that I do not at first see my mother. I see her clearly much later than I smell and feel her—long after I see those solid fractions of the houses and fields. She comes in frightfully clearly, all at once. But first I have learned the cracks in the sidewalk, the rain in the gutter, the mud and the sodden wayside leaves, the shape of every plant and weed and flower in the grass.

The incredibly ugly mill towns of my childhood, barely dissociated from the empty, haphazardly cultivated, half wild, half deserted countryside around them. Rough stony pastures, rugged woodlots, lit up and darkened by the clearly defined, pale, lonely light and shadow of weather that has in it the element of being newly descried—for a few hundred years only—by the eye of the white man. The light that falls incredibly down through a timeless universe to light up clapboard walls, old weathered shingles as well as newly painted, narrow-faced cottages, adorned with Victorian fretwork. In Ballardvale, the mill, warm, red brick, with small-paned windows (an example of good proportion, as I afterwards discovered); on side streets the almost entirely abandoned wooden tenements of the early mill town; on the main streets the big white or yellow houses with high, square parlors and bedrooms; the occasional mansard roof . . .

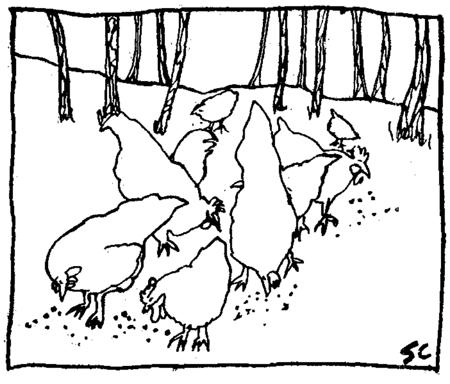
The people can only be put down as they were *found* by the child, misunderstood by, and puzzling to, the child; clumsy beings acting seemingly without purpose or reason. The grain in a plank sidewalk certainly came through more clearly to me at first than anything grownups, or even other children, did.

•

I must have experienced violence from birth. But I remember it, at first, as only bound up with *flight.* I was bundled up and carried away . . .

In the town of Milton violence first came through. I remember getting there with my mother by train; the name of the town was planted out in coleuses and begonias on a bank beside the station. I was four or five. We lived in a hotel, a long drive back through the streets of the town from the station. The hotel faced the river and the mill; a long rough pasture ran behind it. I played with the rough Yankee and French-Canadian children in this field. We ate rhubarb with salt, and an occasional raw potato. Downstairs in the hotel was some kind of barroom and café. The man's collar with a stain of blood on it, on the sidewalk, one Sunday morning . . .

We ate in the dining room. My mother soon became friendly with the waitresses. She wore white starched shirtwaists with gold cufflinks, and sometimes drove over in a buggy to a dressmaker in a neighboring town; she handled horses well. A long, high blue mass rose above the trees. "Is it the sea?" I asked. "No," she said. "It is the mountains." The dressmaker had a little boy called Forrest. I thought this a v. strange name. To be named for the woods . . .



The flume cascaded down the rocks, with bright sun sparkling on the clear, foamy water. My mother was afraid of the flume. It had voices for her: it called her and beckoned her. So I, too, began to fear it.

But it was fire which really attracted me. I had a toy stove, and matches. But I thought I would have some oil. So I asked one of the men for some oil. This brought on punishment and high words.

I also liked to hide and lose things. A little ring was pushed into the crack of the stairs . . .

In spring the black walls of unpainted barns and of bare rock ledges, wet in the rain, had the same color.

The howl and whine of wind rose in the night. The high narrow houses on exposed hillsides, facing wide stretches of open country covered with trees, rocks, and bush, rocked in the wind. The weather changed unaccountably in the night.

The color of bare trees on the hills in March . . . The hillsides, once the snow had faded from them, had sunk into them, presented a color so bleached and so neutral that the color of massed twigs above them was warmed into purple—partly the color of distance, partly the color of bark.

How ugly some of the women were! And both men and women bore ugly scars—of skin ailments, of boils, of carbuncles—on their faces, their necks, behind their ears. Sometimes their boils suppurated. All this I marked down with a clinical eye. Then, their bodies were often scarecrow thin, or monstrously bloated. Mrs. X (one of my mother's "familiars") was a dried up, emaciated woman with a sharp nose and ferret eyes: a little horror. Later, I learned that she had carried on a clandestine love affair, for years, with the hotel's proprietor. I must put down his name: Bodwell. Like every other woman in these towns, at that time, she had a house full of veneered furniture, plush, and doilies; and she kept her sewing machine (again a custom) in the bay window of the dining room.

This was the town where I cut my thumb so badly, on a piece of bottle thrown out into the field. I ran to the brook and tried to wash off the blood. But it would not stop, so I put my hand against the front of my coat, and soon that was bloodstained all down the front. I was afraid to go home, but the blood frightened me more. I remember the doctor bandaging the thumb, beside a table, by lamplight.

And the town where the French and Yankee children—the girls—taught me their sexual games. Into these the boys were never allowed.

The secret family angers and secret disruptions passed over my head, it must have been for a year or so. But for two days, I went blind. I remember my sight coming back, by seeing the flat forked light of the gas flame, in its etched glass shade, suddenly appearing beside the bureau. What had I seen? I shall never know.

### 10 JUNE

BUT one (and final) scene of violence comes through. It is in lamplight, with strong shadows, and an open trunk is the center of it. The curved lid of the trunk is thrown back, and my mother is bending over the trunk, and packing things into it. She is crying and she screams. My father, somewhere in the shadows, groans as though he has been hurt. It is a scene of the utmost terror. And then my mother sweeps me into her arms, and carries me out of the room. She is fleeing; she is running away. Then I remember no more, until a quite different scene comes before my eyes. It is morning—earliest morning. My mother and I and another woman are in a wooden summerhouse on a lawn. The summerhouse is painted white and green, and it stands on a slight elevation, so that the cool pale light of a summer dawn pours around it on all sides. At some distance away the actual house stands, surrounded by ornamental shrubs which weep down upon the grass, or seem to crouch against it. The summerhouse itself casts a fanciful and distorted shadow. Then we are in the actual house, and I am putting my hands on a row of cold, smooth silk balls, which hang from the edge of a curtain. Then someone carries me upstairs. The woman goes ahead with a lamp. . . .

Then I see her again. Now the late sun of early evening shoots long shadows like arrows, far beyond houses and trees: a low, late light, slanted across the field and river, throwing the shade of trees and thickets for a long distance before it, so that objects far distant from one another are bound together. I never truly feared her. Her tenderness was the other side of her terror. Perhaps, by this time, I had already become what I was for half my life: the semblance of a girl, in which some desires and illusions had been early assassinated: shot dead.

•

Deep blue hydrangeas bloomed by the houses, in autumn.

Sometimes, at night, one window would be lit, far away.

There were sounds of iron-rimmed wheels, of horse's hooves, of train whistles, of roosters, of voices only a field away, of water going over the milldam. At the railway crossings stood crossed boards painted in black and white letters, and the diagonally black and white striped wooden barriers came down, before the train went through. The signalman's hut, beside the crossing, was furnished with lanterns, a lunchbox, and a dirty red flag.

Under the thin, pale, delicate light, the rocky pastures rose gently against the sky. Long looked upon by solitude. Solitude had drained into the ground, like the sun and rain. Chips of mica glistened in the rocks.

"It looks like rain."

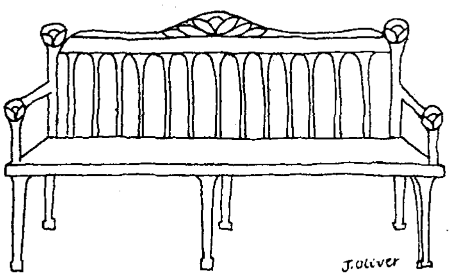
•

And what of that feeling of unearthly splendor, of great promise, terrible delight, at some seasons of the year? Or the excitement which came with early darkness, and cold; or with summer heat, letting down torrents of brilliant summer light, that had to be shut out of the houses? This look and sound of promise fled through the town with the trains, and with the ripples on the river. "Some day! Some day!" it said.

•

This promise could be referred to nothing. The child lives in a region it knows nothing about. So that whatever memory of childhood remains is stable and perfect. It cannot be judged and it can never disappear. Memory has it inexplicably, and will have it forever. These things have been actually "learned by heart."

PERHAPS one of the reasons why I hesitate to write of it is that, in writing it, I feel I shall lose it forever—and that I do not want to do. Not that moment, when I first stood in the door of Ethel's room, and saw what must, even at the age of seven, have struck me immediately and irrevocably: the order, the whiteness, the sunlight, the peace, the charm. It is at the door, looking in, that I always see myself, in memory: but I must have gone in more than once, and certainly the little objects which are the most precious part of my memory must have been observed close to, and taken up and handled many times. The dormer window looked out on the river, and had simple white curtains. The bed was under the slope of the roof. It, too, was white. I had never had a room of my own. This was Ethel's room.

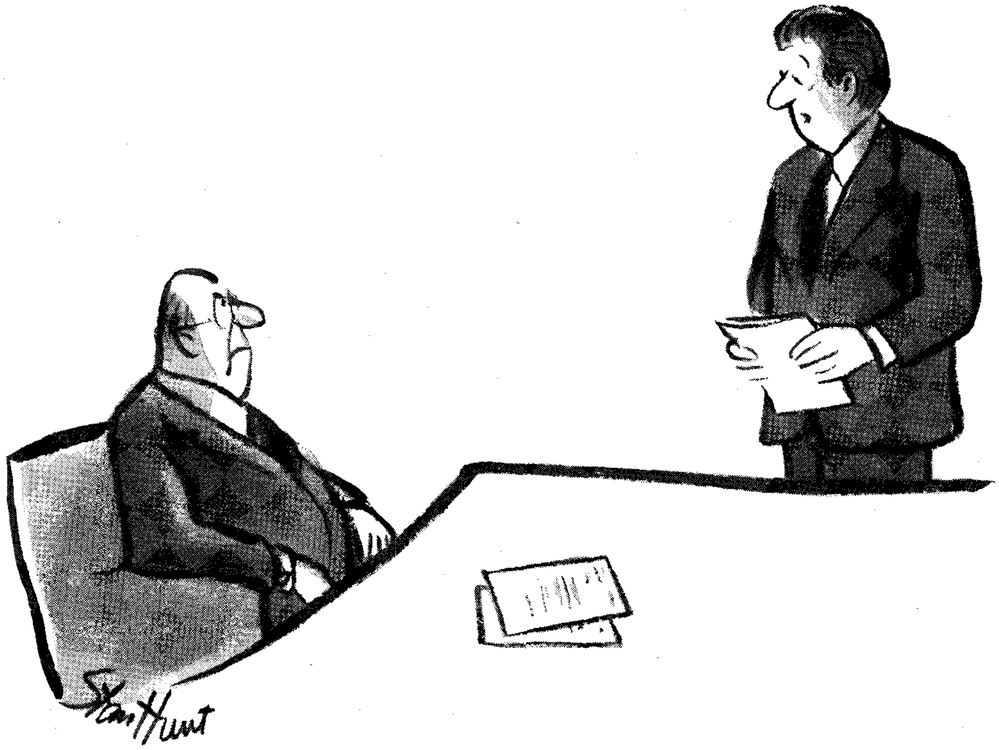


Everything must have been white, even the furniture. It was a period when bedrooms had white painted bureaus, and the head and foot of beds (painted iron) were white, and little cane-seated chairs with prettily turned backs and legs stood about. . . . The bureau must have been low, perhaps with an oval mirror swung on two brackets above it; for I could see what lay on the top. Everything laid out with care, on the embroidered white linen cloth. A bolster pincushion, ruffled along its edge, stuck with pins, needles, and one or two brooches. The manicure things, laid in order to one side: scissors, file, orange sticks, and nail buffer—surely in the imitation ivory which was fashionable at the time. The china pin-tray, curbed and gilded at the edge, and painted with violets. The "hair-receiver," with a hole in its pretty cover, to match. The brush and comb, clean and set together. The buttonhook. The two tiny jars for paste and powder nail polish. The handkerchief box (I don't see this clearly, but I'm sure it was there). Then, last and most precious and beautiful, the ring tree.

Ethel had bracelets *and* a ring. I can't feel that she had more than one of each. The ring tree was made for several rings, but I can't remember any hanging on its minuscule branches. It was made of white china with a tiny green figure of delicate leaves on its saucer-base. The "tree" part was shaped like a leafless miniature tree, with at least three tiny branches—and a light scattering of gold, like powder, outlined its twig-like arms.

### 17 JUNE/59

WE had come to Ballardvale from Milton, with no house ready for us to live in, and began by boarding at the Gardners'. My father must have been away, during those first few



*"I keep trying to think of you in human terms, Mr. Aspinwall, but you elude me."*

weeks, for I see only my mother and myself in the big guest bedroom, one window of which looked straight into the leaves of a tall tree. It must have been June or July, for I remember my mother sending me out to the little fruit store, down the hill, for a pound of cherries. And Ethel and I swung interminably in the rope swing in the yard. Ethel was a few years older than I was. I was seven that summer.

The Gardners' house was long and low; it had a higher central section, and two ells. It stood on a bank above the railroad tracks, separated from them by a sloping field, and a long strip of vegetable garden ran behind it. The front yard had several big maples, behind a white picket fence; and there were other big trees at the end of the house, toward the town. It faced the main village street, which rose rather steeply to a small white church at its top; and the houses opposite were of different sizes, painted white. (Later we were to live for several years in the big white house directly opposite.) The Gardners' house was painted yellow, and there were bushes on either side of the front door.

I can only express my delight and happiness with the Gardners' way of living by saying that they had one of everything. Up to that time (except for a short period before Milton) I had lived in the Milton Hotel; I had seen normal households only on short visits; I had no idea of ordered living. Households, in the New England of that time, as I later came to know, were often haphazardly equipped. The old was made to do, and the new was coming into existence little by little. The front parlors would have pretty ornaments, gilt frames, carpets, and cushions; the front bedrooms would have white bedspreads and pillow shams; but the kitchen was often still the center of the house, and often a disorderly "sitting room" lay between parlor and kitchen. Many people, as my mother would say, did not "know how."

But with the Gardners it was different. Order ran through the house. There were no bare spaces, or improvised nooks and corners; the kitchen shone with paint and oilcloth; the parlor, although minuscule, was a parlor through and through. The dining room, with its round table always ready for a meal (the turning castor-set in the center, the white damask cloth), was used to eat in, three times a day, and the meals were always on time. There was a delightful little sitting room, off the front porch. And beyond the sitting room, in one of the ells (our bedroom was above it), ran Mrs. Gardner's workroom (she sewed), with a long bare table, a dress form, and a cabinet-like bureau where she kept her materials. This was the first workroom I had ever seen. I used to dream about it for years.

Later, during the winter when my mother was away and I was in the convent, it was the parlor which enchanted me. It, too, looked down toward the railroad crossing, through the trees, and on its other side toward the front yard. A tiny curved sofa was backed against the window, with pillows at each end. The piano against the opposite wall faced the sofa; and a large seashell served as a doorstop. On the mantelpiece sparkled a row of hand-painted china. The white curtains at the windows were of net, with a lace border, and the rug had a small flowered pattern. Mr. Gardner's flute lay on top of the piano, in a worn black leather case; and there was a music cabinet with a small marquetry design on its doors. It was delightful to play five-finger exercises in these surroundings. But when we first came to the house I could not read anything—neither letters nor musical notes. The house was my book.

*One of everything* and everything ordered and complete: napkins in napkin rings; plants in jardinieres; blankets at the foot of the beds, and an afghan on the sofa. Pills in little bottles in the sideboard drawer (the Gardners believed in homeopathic medicine). Doilies on the tables; platters and sauce boats and berry dishes and differently shaped glasses and crescent-shaped bone dishes and cups and saucers and cake plates in the dining-room china cabinet. A brightly polished silver card-receiver on the table in the hall. A hat rack. An umbrella stand. And, in the kitchen, black iron pans and black tin bread pans; a kettle; a double boiler; a roaster; a big yellow mixing bowl; custard cups; pie tins; a cookie jar. Mrs. Gardner often made, for midday dinner or for supper, *one* single large pie. I can see it on the kitchen table, with juices oozing from the pattern cut in its upper brown crust. And I can taste the food: pot roast with raisins in the sauce; hot biscuits; oatmeal with cream; sliced oranges; broiled fish with slices of lemon and cut-up parsley on top, with browned butter around it. Roast pork; fried potatoes; baked tomatoes . . .

Ethel's father worked in the railway office of a nearby junction, on a salary which was fairly small, even for the period. But every move of the family was planned. Extreme economy must have prevailed, even with Mrs. Gardner's dressmaking money added to their income. No sign of economic pressure was ever allowed to show. Things were kept up, and cared for, but they must have been renewed, as well. Disorder never was allowed. The complications of laundry and of the personal toilet—for there couldn't have been a bathroom—were managed with precision and almost invisibly. The washbowls with the big pitchers sitting in them, the lidded soap dish; the towel rack with its long-fringed linen towels; the toothbrush glass and the tin of tooth powder—these, too, neatly existed. The long slender vase for flowers. The rough bristled doormat outside the door . . .

Blessed order! Blessed thrift . . .

•

The horse stood between the shafts with his head lowered and his ears twitching in the wind. The bank in front of the house was matted over, in places, with last year's oak leaves. The furniture in the wagon looked ugly and forlorn in the cloudy daylight: the upended chairs stuck their legs up from a bundle of quilts and heavy draperies; behind them, the rough thicket that ran along the edge of the road; leaves and stems and branches were shaken in the wind. The doors to the house were propped open by bits of rock from the road.

The house was clapboarded, with a slate mansard roof; it stood high on a bank with an oak tree before it and a veranda ran around it on two sides. A flight of wooden steps ran up the bank to the foot of the veranda. Under the mansard eaves, two bands of fancy clapboarding—a row of zigzags and a row of scallops—added to the elegance of the slate roof. Inside, the smell of plaster and dusty floors blew along with every draft, and the worn green window shades flapped loudly at the top of the open sash windows. The windows looked out on the thickets, over the well in the yard, and toward houses two fields away.

That was Oak Street, the first house we lived in, in Ballardvale. At first, everything went surprisingly well in it.

## 20 June/59

### Scattered Notes

The shadowy mother and the clear flowers

The flume

The mill: the smell of paper

Brother: blankets ready for school
journey to Portland (cottage, hammock, fishing)

Turmoil: the lamp casts its light into a trunk with its curved lid up (the picture pasted inside).

•

Something which she thought ridiculous and unfinished in her face—as though part of her had stopped living or had not lived enough; and now, when resistance in the nerves or in the mind, or hope in the heart, was growing less, these unfinished things came out, in her face.

•

Casting back, what we get is (often) the faces of fools and madmen; wooden railings of old hotels in towns whose distance from one another is measured by the speed of horses' feet; bandstands standing under shrivelling trees and vows made too early or too late . . .

•

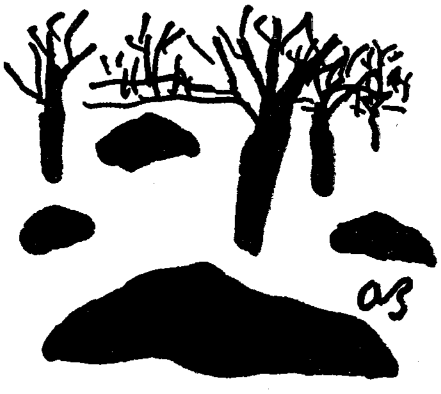
Sunday afternoon, the suburbs (circa 1912): Two girls, or a group of young men, walk through the streets of wooden houses, under the leaden sky of fall. A great emptiness and desolation, as of everything covered, ended, and withdrawn. Nothing to do, nowhere to go. Away from the flats in the wooden houses after Sunday dinner—from dishwashing and bickering—the young go out in groups of three and four, or two by two, and saunter in the chill wind.

•

The yellow cinquefoil; the delicate "innocent," half blue, like skim milk, with a thread-like stem; the hepatica in the woods, touched with purple at the heart; the false Solomon's seal on woody banks, and jack-in-the-pulpits growing in hundreds along the watercourses in the pastures . . .

•

In the youth of a handsome woman, two currents and two demands run side by side in almost perfect accord: her own vanity's desire for praise and love, and the delight in the praise and love so easily given her. When these two currents lessen, a terrible loneliness and an hysterical dis-ease take their place. For the energy once expended on delight and conquest now has nothing on which it can be dissipated; it is continually meeting small defeats and rebuffs; it is like a river which has made a broad bed for itself, but now has dwindled into a tiny stream that makes hardly any show among the wide sweep of pebbles that show the boundaries of its former strength.



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What was the first mood in their long anger, the first item articulated in their mutual disbelief, the first lie brewed out of their passionate dissimilarity? Sometimes, she thought that she might catch a phrase, as, after a long and lucid dream, we think that we can recount to ourselves the subconscious events with which we have so recently been involved. A sharp and stimulating tone—*taste*—remains: "It was *this*," we say to ourselves; but we cannot pin it down. At our insistence the flavor as well as the substance of the dream whisks out of reach . . .

If she could have remembered with clarity one word, she thought that she could forget it all—the sound, the look, the suffering—forever.

•

(To the city):

I came to you, a young girl, from a wooden house that shook in the autumn storms, and in the autumn I saw in *your* streets perhaps a handful of curled dry leaves.

I came at the age of the impossible heart, when the mind flew out to inhabit with warmth and compassion the rooms behind shut windows and drawn blinds; when even the advertising placards were invested with incredible possibilities of truth; when one watched the play of people's eyes and mouths, as though expecting enchanting glances, magical words, to come from them . . .

•

The thing to thank God for (I said, looking down at the counter heaped with small, vivid objects) is the presence of the sunlight and the absence of mental anguish (in which I lived, like a fish in jelly, for so long). It was a heavy pain within the heart; like a voice, it prompted incidence and evil, within the ear. It was like a dreadful fire lit by chance—an undermining fire bred by pressure—self-fed, self-engendered . . .

•

How I used to pity the hopeful little men and women who opened stores

DAY
MONTH
YEAR
AM
HOUR
MINUTE
SECOND
0 1 0 1 78 . 02 35 01
DATE
DEVICE
PM
TIME

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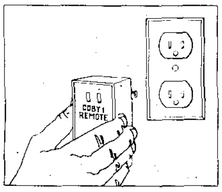


### A REMARKABLE APPLICATION BREAKTHROUGH IN MICROELECTRONICS AND PULSE-CODE COMMUNICATION.

The Coby 1 System™ is the result of brilliant engineering by a team of aerospace electronics people. Coby 1 Control includes an Intel 8085 Microprocessor—**a complete tiny computer**—plus control circuitry, power supply electronics, coding and signal-generating circuits, an emergency power cell, and memory. The memory contains 2048 words of low-power, programmable random access memory (RAM) and 2048 bytes of read-only memory (ROM). It stores device numbers, commands, and status information for **up to one hundred Coby 1 Remotes.**

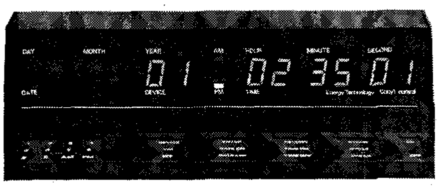
The coding and signal-generating hardware translates commands and distributes them through your home wiring (but without interfering with any of your other appliances) to the Coby 1 Remotes, which decode the signals and turn things ON or OFF.

As you enter commands through the keyboard, the display lights up to confirm. It can also be used to review commands stored in memory. All programs are entered, stored, and modified through 12 function and control keys and a 10-key numeric pad (plus AM and PM keys).

### ITS ACCURACY IS BLACKOUT-PROOF.

Power blackout? Built-in battery power keeps Coby 1's memory fresh. Unlike a conventional timer or clock radio, Coby 1's clock won't lose a second. When power comes back on, the batteries automatically recharge. This feature also lets you **unplug your control unit and plug it in again anywhere.** Its handsome digital clock gives you the year, month, day, hour, minute and second with accuracy to five seconds per month. The calendar will show the correct date until 2021.

We've protected Coby 1's sophisticated brain with a handsome, precision-aluminum package that is spillproof. Since Coby 1 has no moving parts, it requires no maintenance.



### IT'S FUN TO USE COBY 1.

Each Coby 1 Remote is assigned an identification number. If the front hall lamp is Number One, you simply tell Coby 1 Control to turn Number One on or off—now, Tuesday, any day or every day, if you like. And if you've ever operated a pocket calculator, you'll have no problem whatsoever with Coby 1.

### COBY 1 IS AMONG THE GREATEST LUXURIES YOU CAN OWN.

Picture yourself on a frigid winter morning. Coby 1 can wake you with your hi-fi system and a lamp.

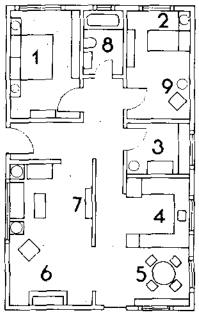
You rise to a warm bathroom. When you come out, the coffee is ready to pour. Coby 1 turns the hi-fi off and the TV on, while you enjoy your coffee and paper.

Coby 1 has warmed the car engine for you, so it starts readily and warms up quickly.

At bedtime, with Coby Control now plugged in at bedside, you turn off all the lights and switch off the TV—**without getting up.** You go to sleep knowing things will be ready for you again in the morning. If, during the night, you want to turn on the outside or living room light, you have the comfort and security of being able to do so from your bedside table.

### IT'S A CARETAKER WHEN YOU'RE GONE.

Now you can go away for a week (or a month) and leave Coby 1 in charge. Consider a potential thief watching your house: lights (Nos. 1–6) go on and off as if people were moving around. The TV (No. 7) goes on; then goes off. Finally, the bathroom (No. 8) and bedroom lights (No. 9) go out. **You can repeat the pattern daily or vary it for up to a year** in cycles as short as a second or as long as 100 hours. Yet **it will use less energy** and suggest more activity than leaving lights or a radio on constantly.



When you come home, Coby 1 can have the house warm (or cool, in summer), the porch light on, the sofa lamp on, and the hi-fi on to welcome you.

### CONSIDER THE ENERGY SHORTAGE.

Coby 1 can do wonders for your electrical bill. It never forgets to turn things off. It can turn car heaters, air conditioners, or electric heaters on just far enough ahead to make things comfortable—no need to have them on constantly. You can change the times from your easy chair. No mechanical timers; no wasted power.

### WE'RE INTRODUCING THE COBY 1 SYSTEM AT A SPECIAL LOW PRICE.

We're anxious to get the first factory run into the hands of users as quickly as we can because we're interested in how you put Coby 1 to work. **So until February 15, 1978, we'll accept advance orders for a Coby 1 Control at $399.00, the price to include a free Coby 1 Remote.** Other remotes will be extra.

Simply fill out the coupon and send it with your check, money order, or credit card data. You can also call in your order or get more information by calling (505) 526-3358. We'll ship your Coby 1 along with full instructions and suggestions on its use, after our first production run in January. We'll also include our 90-day parts-and-labor limited warranty.

### WHO ENERGY TECHNOLOGY IS:

The company was started by the three of us, Brook Reece, Phil Reed, and Keith Burn. We developed the system ourselves. We're excited about Coby 1 because everyone we've talked to has expressed real interest in the product and sees a need for it.

We've been working on Coby 1 for months. Development and testing of production models is now complete. They'll be ready to ship in January.

**Dealer inquiries invited. Energy Technology, Incorporated, 1601 South Main St., P.O. Box Q, Las Cruces, NM 88001. Phone: (505) 526-3358**

Mail to:

**Energy Technology, Inc.**

1601 South Main St., P.O. Box Q, Las Cruces, NM 88001

Put me down for one of the first Coby 1's. I understand that this is an advance order, and that shipment is expected after January 15, 1978.

**Ship me one Coby 1 Control and one 10-amp plug-in Coby 1 Remote at the *Special Introductory Price* of $399.00, shipping included.** $399.00

In addition, I want to order the following:

____ more 10-amp plug-in Coby 1 Remotes @ $39.95 ________

____ 25-amp plug-in Coby 1 Remotes @ $49.95 ________

Total ________

New Mexico residents: please add Gross Receipt tax ________

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and sat waiting for someone to come in to buy!

●

(Within the rooms of houses, seen as a child from the outside) I thought that something must be going on: that people must be achieving something to assail the dreadful monotony of day after day. I trusted them to be doing something. Whatever it was, was as yet closed to me, but these fronts of buildings, with afternoon light falling upon them with such terrible, dramatic effect—these certainly were important. Within them, life burned, a life in which I as yet had no part. I believed this; from my soul I believed it . . .

●

The wind blew; footsteps came to the side door; it was now late autumn: all the magnificent dahlias had wilted down from their props and the maple tree on the lawn was as bare as your hand . . . The sunlight was so strong, on bright days, that it cast strong shadows all through the house; you could tell the time of day and the season of the year from the way the shadow slanted back from table and chair legs, just as easily as from the shadows of objects out of doors . . .

22 June/59

WHEN it is over, you say to yourself: "Never possibly can I feel that way again." It is like a wild beast in the heart, that turns its prey over slowly, seeking the soft places, the tender places between bone and bone, the yielding muscle and soft flesh, wherein the teeth may sink. It is at once the victim and the beast. Quietly they lie together, on fresh grass, and again enter the slow struggle, the torture beyond feeling. The dead yet living victim is turned; the eater seeks slowly, passionately, the next place in which to set its fang. The wounds are made but do not bleed.

Just afterward, a mood of pity descends on the freshly punished spirit. Everything in the world becomes piteous, and not a sound or sight can escape from the love wrapped in fog and obscurity: secret to itself. Those nearest the heart drain off the first pity. How lovely they are, and how vulnerable! Their flesh, their very being, draws out the misty love like a thread: over and over it wraps them round. Today they live; their hair seems exquisitely clean and lies bright on their foreheads. They are young. Their bodies and their wishes will come to nothing. It is our purpose to love them; yet the thread continues to wrap them round until they live inside a cocoon of this soft emotion which is part dread.

They cannot see nor hear nor feel the love that pours out to them. Soft and delicate as fright in the dark, over and around them it goes. They sink into it. The heart pulls them down. "Forgive me; forgive me," the heart says, "you are beautiful and you will die. You are not really young, happy, or beautiful. You are appearance; you change as I love you. This moment turns and changes, and you also change. Goodbye, goodbye," says the heart, taking its sombre, its delicate, its tender leave. "I am all around you; you cannot really hear me, for I am one field, one wood, one acre too far away. The children toss the ball, but it is too dark to see it any longer. Farewell, farewell."

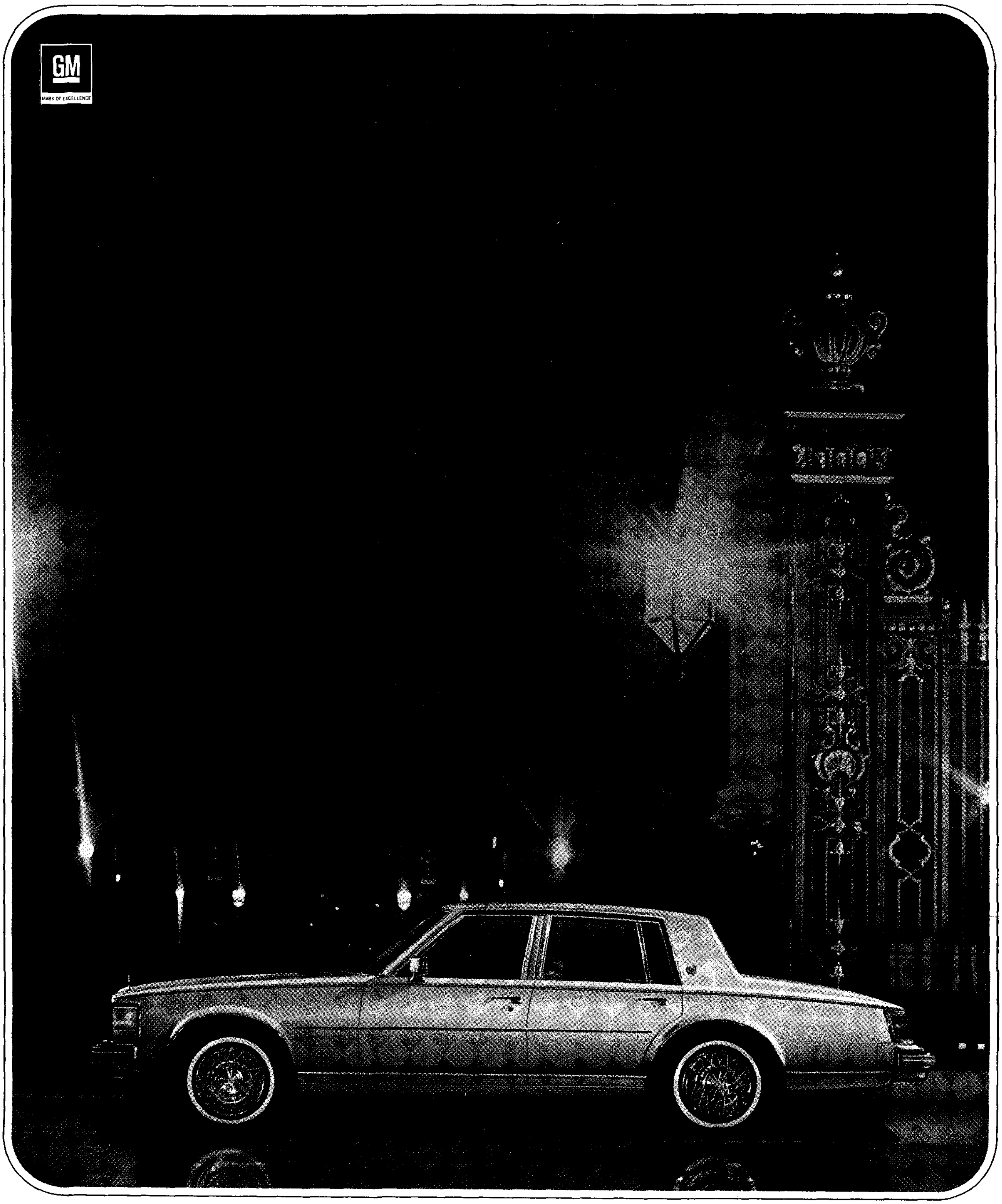
●

My mother had true elegance of hand. She could cut an apple like no one else. Her large hands guided the knife; the peel fell in a long light curve down from the fruit. Then she cut a slice from the side. The apple lay on the saucer, beautifully fresh, white, dewed with faint juice. She gave it to me. She put the knife away.

(Or she would measure off, with one forefinger set across another, the width of some ribbon or lace which had run in rows around the skirt and sleeves of some dress she loved and remembered. "Narrow red velvet," she would say, or "white Val lace;" and the color and delicacy of the wide circles would be perfectly brought back into being. Or she would describe the buttons on some coat or winter dress: "cut steel" or "jet" or "big pearl." Suddenly all the elegance of her youth came back.)

Her hands were large and her fingers were padded under their tips. Their chief beauty lay in the way they moved. They moved clumsily from the wrist, but intelligently from the fingers. They were incapable of any cheap or vulgar gesture. The fingernails were clear and rather square at the tips. The palms of her hands were pink.

When she sewed, and that, in my childhood, was rarely, I could hear the rasp of the needle against the thimble (she had a silver one), and that meant peace. For the hands that peeled the apple and measured out the encircling ribbon and lace could also deal out disorder and destruction. They could tear things to bits; put all their soft strength into thrusts and blows; they would lift



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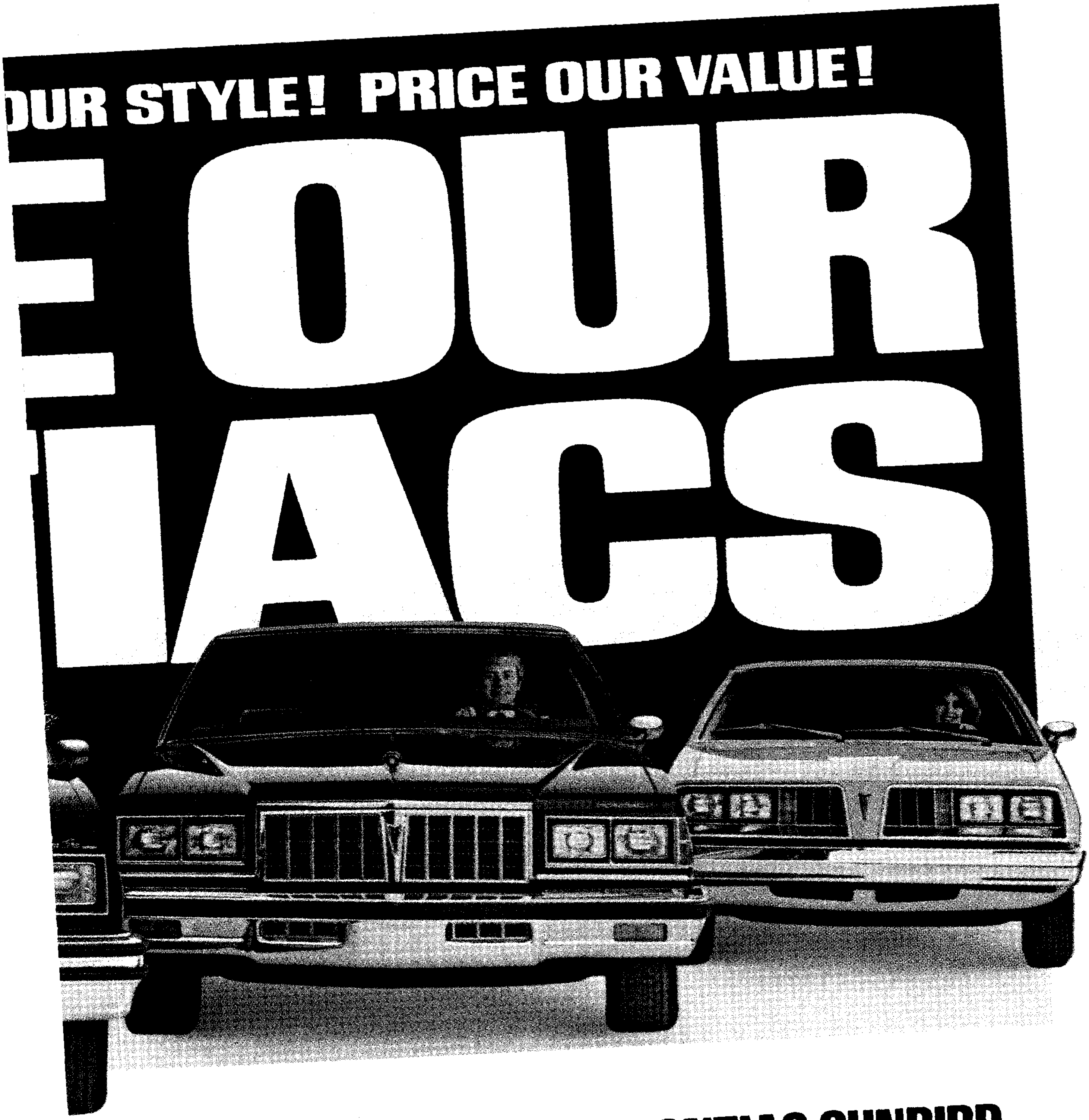

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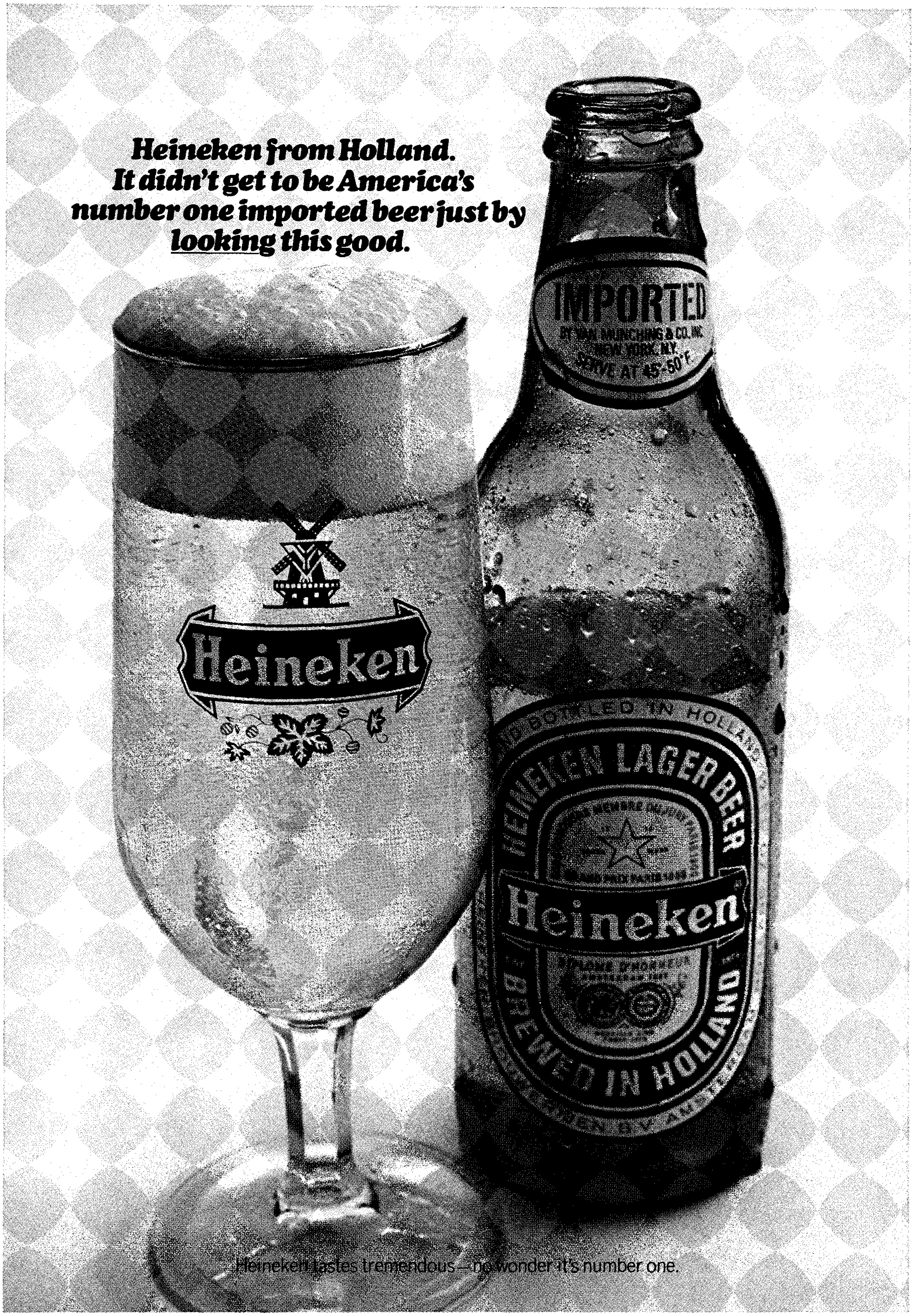
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objects so that they became threats of missiles. But sometimes they made that lovely noise of thimble and needle. Or they lifted the scissors and cut threads with a little snip.

•

In Ballardvale a long path led up to the side door of the house, which led into the kitchen. At night, as you sat beside the table and the lamp, in the dining room, you could hear for a moment or two the footsteps of someone coming to that door, and, in the autumn, you could hear leaves scurrying down the path. You sat beside the lamp, which burned, without a shade, with a wide, flat flame.

My father's steps, coming home to supper, were reassuring. But there were others which were not. There were the steps of Dede, who sometimes came in the early winter evenings. I could hear her voice, and my mother's voice, in the kitchen, speaking low, so that I could not distinguish a word. Dede was dry and wizened (like Mrs. X in Milton). Her face had the ugly look of the queen of spades in a pack of cards. She wore a cotton wrapper, summer and winter, and a shawl was pulled over her head and shoulders: a mill woman's shawl, the use of which was dying out in the town. She lived in a dead-looking cottage up the hill, with her husband and a cringing hairy dog. She was confidante, and, I suppose, go-between.

The kitchen clock struck. Why had Dede come? What was she saying?

•

Why do I remember this house as the happiest in my life? I was never really happy there. But now I realize that it was the house wherein I began to read, wholeheartedly and with pleasure. It was the first house where bookshelves (in a narrow space between the dining room and the parlor) appeared as a part of the building; they went up to the ceiling, and were piled with my brother's books, mixed with the books my mother had acquired in one way or another: from itinerant book salesmen, mostly, who in those days, in the country, went from door to door.

It is the one house to which I return, in a recurrent dream. The dream is always the same. I go back to the house as I now am. I put into it my chairs, my pictures, but most of all my books. Sometimes the entire second floor has become a library, filled with books I have never seen in reality but which I have close knowledge of in the dream. I rearrange the house from top to bottom: new curtains at the windows, new pictures on the walls. But somehow the old rooms are still there—like shadows, seeping through. Indestructible. Fixed.

•

My mother dealt with hot days as one deals with a problem of safety. When the New England summer came like a blast, over the town, so that the trees seemed to dry from their centers and held their leaves in the motionless air by an effort of will, she rose early, and closed the house. She never lay in bed in the mornings. Some sense of life (it could not have been a sense of duty) got her up and dressed and downstairs long before I was awake. "It is going to be a hot day," I could hear her say. She protected herself from the heat as from an intruder. The parlor shutters were closed; the inner blinds, behind the long loose curtains, which descended from the tops of the windows to the floor (where they lay in brushed-aside folds), were pulled down tightly to the sills. All over the house, the blinds were down. The wallpaper in the parlor scrolled its elaborate varicolored pattern (its reds and gold and greens) over the walls, in an artificial dusk. The cottage piano became a shape more than an object; the vases and the cabinet photographs on the mantelpiece almost disappeared in the gloom; the carpet (never taken up, even in the summer) lost its big islands of garlanded roses; the satin cushions on the wicker settee and the white doilies on the little tables alone showed up in the semi-darkness.

I remember a vignette of joy, one summer morning in the house in Ballardvale. I slept in the upstairs front room, in the big double bed, and I remember running from this room to the top of the stairs in the hall. I could see my mother, in a fresh cotton housedress, as she stood outside the front door, on the sloping lawn which ran across the front of the house. She was in one of her good moods. Was she singing, as she often sang, when these moods were upon her? What was it that gave that one moment, in that one morning, its distinction and delight? It must have been the first summer we lived in the house, for the next summer she went away, and I was sent to the convent in August . . . The summer I was eight . . . Still open to joy.

•

In the hot afternoon she sat, by the parlor window, which was now striped with light. She had put up the blind,

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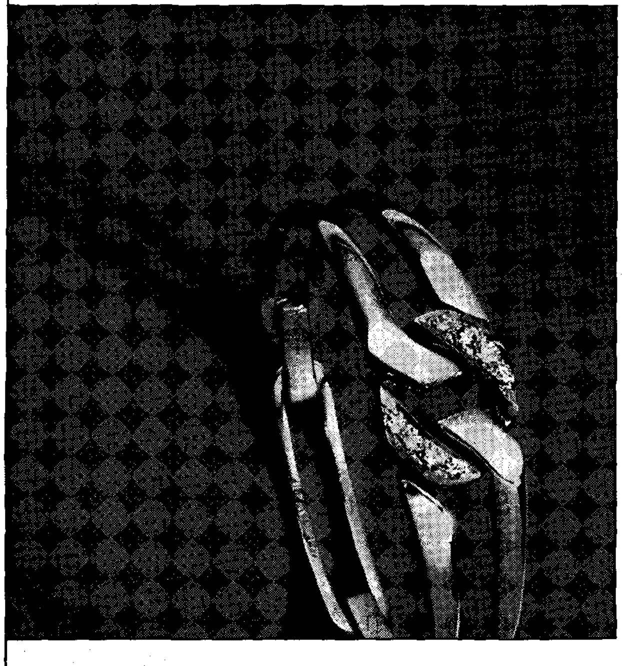

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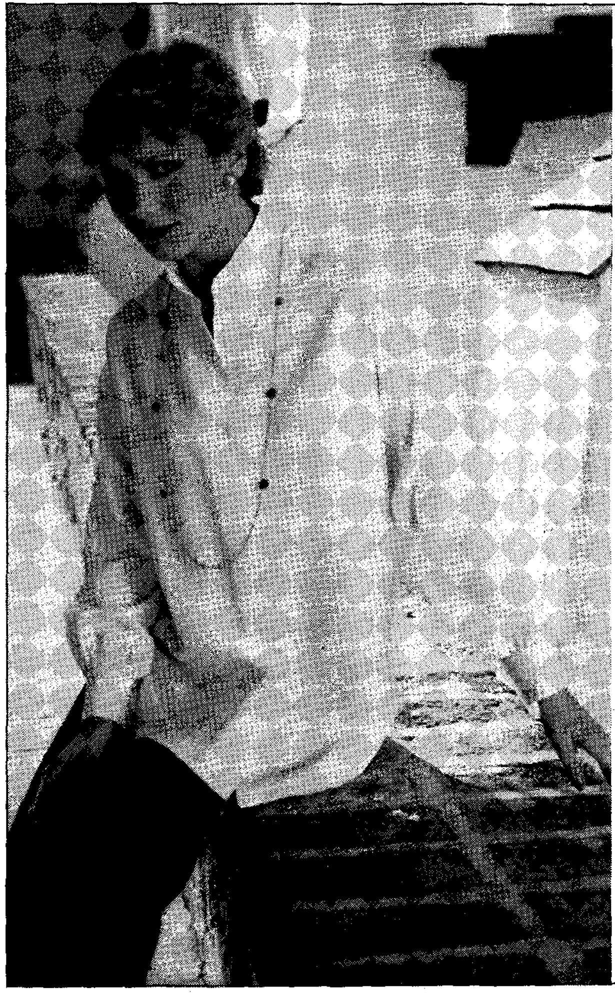

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and opened the shutters halfway, so that she could see and not be seen. She could look down over the sloping lawn to the sidewalk which ran beyond the maple tree and the fence. She could see as far as the Methodist minister's house (and little church) behind its tall unkempt hedge of *arbor vitae;* and, if she turned, down the street almost to the tracks and the river. She sat, shelling peas into a yellow bowl, or hulling strawberries. Sometimes I would sit in her lap, and smell the violet smell which was her own . . .

When she dressed to go to town, the fear came back. She could not dress without scattering things about the room. Bureau drawers hung open; powder was spilled on the floor. She was careless (except in her rare spells of thorough cleaning) about the order of a room, but carefully elegant about her own person. A round cake of Roger & Gallet soap in the pretty soap dish in the kitchen; orris root in the drawers with her starched petticoats; a chamois skin for her rice powder; and a bottle of Peau d'Espagne. How I hated this perfume! It meant going to the city; it meant her other world; it meant trouble . . .

She would bathe, in the kitchen. Then the crisp underwear went over her head; she pulled the strings of her corset and tied the ribbons in her corset cover. The long silk stockings, the patent-leather shoes, the shirtwaist of batiste or nun's veiling; the skirt, belled out around the bottom; the belt; the soft tie of lace at her throat. In those days, she still had her rings and earrings. One set was turquoise, surrounded by an edge of diamond chips. She put her earrings into her ears and the ring on her finger. She pinned a brooch at her throat. Her face, under its powder, was soft and mature; at the side of her cheeks, delicate down appeared when she turned her face to the light. Her lips moved over her teeth, when she spoke, in a way that warmed the heart.

She put on her hat and her veil, and lifted the veil down from the brim. She pulled the veil down over her face, and made a *moue* with her mouth, to adjust and loosen the veil (as though she kissed the air). How she loved herself! I have seen her come home from church and go straight to the mirror and there examine her face in the minutest detail, to see how she had looked in other people's eyes. Sometimes, when she was getting ready for church or for town, she would stand for long minutes, when she was already late, becoming more and more angry, the line of anger deepening between her eyes, while my brother or myself fastened her veil to her back hair, with a pin made of brilliants, shaped like an 8 lying on its side. She was always late. She blamed everyone but herself for her lateness. We had made her late. A dreadful chill came over our hearts.

A terrible, unhappy, lost, spoiled, bad-tempered child. A tender, contrite woman, with, somewhere in her blood, the rake's recklessness, the baffled artist's despair . . .

•

Once, in Ballardvale, she was away for some weeks. No one knew where she had gone. Then suddenly she came back, thinner and, as I remember, in totally different (and shabby) clothes. She had a complete look of sorrow and of contrition in her eyes. Her eyes were humble; they asked you to forgive her. We forgave her instantly. She went about the house humbly and called us humbly by our names. She called (as she so rarely did) my father by his name. She swept and cleaned and changed the paper on the kitchen shelves. Then, after some days, she opened the piano and played and sang. And we (my brother and myself) sang with her . . .

23 JUNE/59

I BEGAN to read comparatively late, and I did not teach myself: I had to be taught my letters in school. I remember the summer I was seven staring at pages of print in bafflement and anger, trying to shake out some meaning from the rows of printed words, but it was no good: I could not read. But books were read to me, and I can remember the last occasion when this was done; it was during our first (and last) winter in the house on Oak Street, when I had scarlet fever, and was bedded down in the parlor for the length of the illness. My brother was home from school that winter and had not begun to work—he was nineteen or twenty. He and my mother were closer to one another, and gayer, than at any other time. They made a cookbook out of large sheets of brown paper, copying in the *receipts* by hand; and they laughed because so many directions ended by being placed under the heading *Miscellaneous.* My brother had been born when my mother was nineteen, and they had grown up together like brother and sister. He, too, had suffered his minor death, before I was born; he had been set apart from normal love

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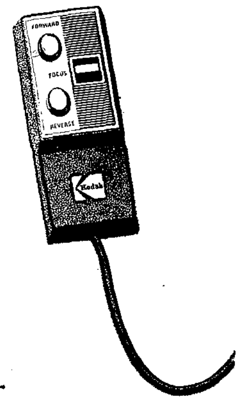
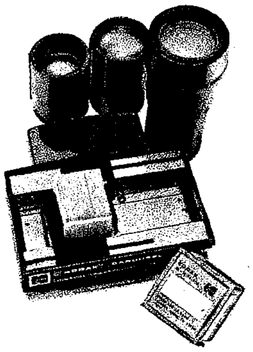


Different controls for different requirements.

Kodak Carousel projectors are available in a variety of models. Many models offer remote control slide change—both forward and reverse. Some models give you automatic focusing; and some models even offer automatic slide changing at selected intervals.



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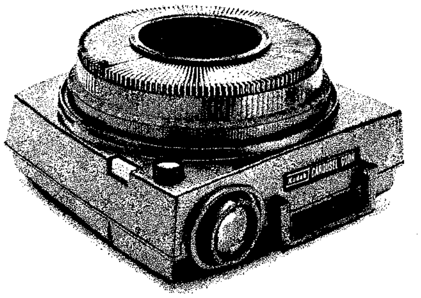

See Kodak Carousel projectors at your photo dealer's. The 600H shown is less than $115.

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Kodak Carousel projectors

long ago. Now he was a handsome young man, with great dark eyes; and that year, and for a few years thereafter, he was still capable of lightheartedness.

After my illness, I went back to school, and suddenly could read. I remember that early reader which was given to some of us, in the afternoon, as a sort of reward for a morning's good work. It was called "Heart of Oak," and its contents were as delicious as food. They *were* food; they were the beginning of a new life. I had partially escaped. Nothing could really imprison me again. The door had opened, and I had begun to be free.

The first book I owned was "Grimm's Fairy Tales"—a thick volume illustrated by Rackham, with a procession of figures printed on its cloth cover, which went around it, from the front cover, over the spine, to the back cover. This was enchanting; and every story became a kind of half-dream, half-fact. I believed that all this had happened: that the girl had let down her hair; that the princesses had gone each night to the castle on the island in the lake, and had worn out their shoes, dancing. The pictures (both colored plates and line drawings) *proved* the truth of the text. And yet it could not be true. I had the double vision of the born reader, from the beginning.

Later, when we moved to the house opposite the Gardners', I had worked out my escape with some care. The stove in the dining room stood out from the wall, and behind it, on the floor, with an old imitation astrakhan cape of my mother's beneath me (as a rug to discourage drafts), I began to read everything in the house. First came my brother's books—books whose names and whose substance I can never forget. "Cuore: An Italian School Boy's Journal;" "Cormorant Crag;" "The Young Carthaginian." The coal in the stove burns steadily, behind the mica door; I remember the feel of the ingrain carpet against the palms of my hands, and the grain of the covers of the books, the softness of the woolen cape against my knees.

### Saturday 17 September/60

WE must not bring back and describe "the bad mother"—"the Dragon mother"—in order to justify ourselves. Only to understand.—To hold the portrait of this evil figure unresolved, into age, is madness. It should be resolved in late youth. (The last Chinese box . . .) The artist must resolve it into art . . . the man of action into action . . . the philosopher into ideas. After a certain age one should glimpse it most often as a dream—or v. infrequently in *consciously* evoked meaning . . .

•

. . . the great kindling power of passionate love, which in age we either do not have or do not allow ourselves to feel . . . with women the inhibition is particularly strong: there are so many ways in which they can make fools of themselves . . .

### Sunday 18 September/60

"THE BURIED DAY"—C. Day Lewis, p. 122: ". . . like most budding artists, I had a great capacity for laziness . . . I needed, without knowing why, those times of apparent inaction, apathy almost, when the mind is passive like a net swayed by deep-sea currents, taking in whatever comes its way."

### Thursday 7 September/61

THE room full of woodsmoke. The *waiting* rain-gray sky
Shots in the woods—the cicadas
A scene: first color, then design—then light and shade . . .

•

She did not like books with no weather in them. Or paintings in which the objects cast no shadows . . .

•

The Fitzwilliam incident. It could be expanded and deepened: after the picnic on the beach, the journey with the unexpected companions could lead into a continued series of the unexpected: into death.—The meticulous house of Miss Seal. No blotter on the old desk—but piles of little notebooks . . . The drawing over the desk, the work of Mr. Metcalf, who had just returned from Italy. The charming bathroom, with a pale-green cake of Castile soap, and old pharmacy bottles. The plants: the big begonia with polished leaves and the tiny ivy. The garden: phlox against tall asparagus ferns . . . Scabiosa and nicotiana, in varied colors . . . A fantastic field of chance . . .

•

The body becomes undependable . . . the mind becomes detached . . . the affections do not disappear, but change into different things (impulses). The *center* of the philosopher's stone . . .

•

The late gift of the wicker furniture . . .

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The fine pleating under the mushroom cap; the cut design of maple and fern. Chance? No . . .

The mushrooms: brown-violet, white and cream. One wishes to make a bouquet of them.

The mystery of the *ordinariness* . . .

MONDAY 18 SEPTEMBER

"REFLECTIONS ON A MARINE VENUS"—L. Durrell, p. 48: "Writing poetry educates one into the nature of the game—which is humanity's profoundest activity. In their star-dances the savages try to unite their lives to those of the heavenly bodies—to mix their quotidian rhythms into those great currents which keep the wheels of the universe turning. Poetry attempts to provide much the same sort of link between the muddled inner man with his temporal preoccupations and the uniform flow of the universe outside. Of course everyone is conscious of these impulses; but poets are the only people who do not drive them off.

"Poems, like water-colours, should be left to dry properly before you alter them—six months or six hours according to the paints you use."

●

The wild, bold talents as opposed to the merely overdone. . . . Later poetry should be crisp and mad . . .

●

C. Parker saying at breakfast: "But 66 is *young, young!*" (She is 75.)

●

The sad attraction of the sensed impossible situation . . . *Sad,* but neither melancholy nor tragic . . .

TUESDAY 19 SEPTEMBER

I HAVE written a poem about a cat. Now I must write one about a dragonfly.

A yellow butterfly crossed my path. "Good luck!" I said to myself.

20 SEPTEMBER

WISDOM of the years: "I will not make it difficult for others. Neither will I make it difficult for myself."

Good free-verse *rejects.* I could not use "dark-blue" or "netted" in the dragonfly poem.

21 SEPTEMBER

TERRIBLE dreams!—A morning of lovely wind and rain. The tail-end of the hurricane. Why do these storms now come so far north? In the 19th century they kept to the southern

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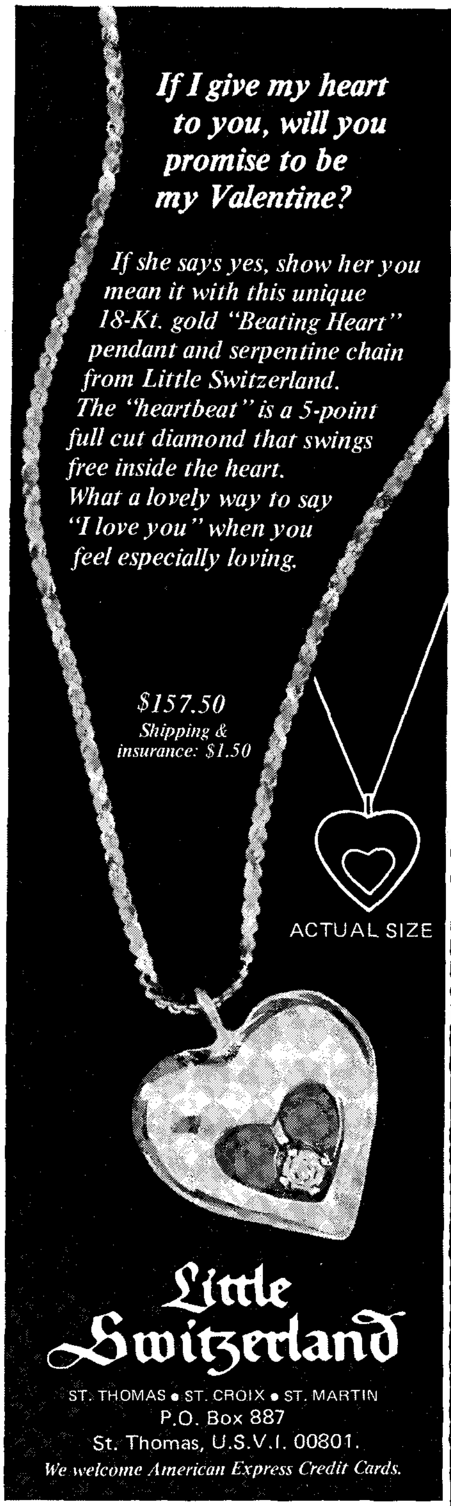
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tip of the continent . . . The earth has shifted infinitesimally on its axis . . .

"The wind will start around noon." A triumph of our age: it can foretell the wind . . .

●

The poet represses the outright narrative of his life. He absorbs it, along with life itself. The repressed becomes the poem. Actually, I have written down my experience in the closest detail. But the rough and vulgar facts are not there.

At the same time, the desire (and need) remains to write of a time which has disappeared, and cannot be seen again, except in memory; which in essence or in fact the young cannot experience. A few old stories . . . But not egoistic or *minor* ones . . .

●

"And all things are forgiven, and it would be strange not to forgive"—this Chekhov knew. Forgiveness and the eagerness *to protect:* these keep me from putting down the crudest shocks received from seven on. With my mother, my earliest instinct was to protect—to take care of, to endure. This, Dr. Wall once told me, is the instinct of a little boy . . . Well, there it is. I *did* manage to become a woman . . . Now, in my later years, I have no hatred or resentment left. But I still cannot describe some of the nightmares lived through, with love. So I shan't try to describe them at all. Finished. Over. The door is open, and I see the ringed hand on the pillow; I weep by the hotel window as she goes down the street, with *another;* I stare at the dots which make up the newspaper photograph (which makes me realize that I then had not yet learned to read). The chambermaid tells me to stop crying. How do we survive such things? But it is long over. And forgiven . . .

●

The regions and countries of the dream. The unconscious makes its repeated mistakes; it has not *seen* the reality; it has sensed it merely. The dream Venice is not the Venice experienced; it is all a little wrong. A separate and distinct country is built up, from childhood on, in the dream. It has its cities, its suburbs, its gardens, its hills, and its sea. Other than ours. A reflection; a distortion . . . And it repeats its mistakes, as though it had learned them by rote . . .

My mother used to use the salt box as an index of time. "What will happen before it is used up?" What *did* happen—to her? I shall never know.

●

The long late light, in childhood. Autumn desolation. The windy raw autumn afternoon, with light and dark alternating over the hills and fields, and great sweeps of gray cloud giving the light its silence, its feeling of tears, of sorrow, of desperation. The light that would return, over a lifetime of autumns . . . At a certain hour, a look of terrible mystery and silence . . .

●

It is too late either to pour it out or to reconstruct it, bit by bit. What mattered got into the poems. Except for one or two *stories,* which I may be able to tell, it is all there. With the self-pity left out.

And the poems depended on the *ability* to love. (Yeats kept saying this, to the end.) The *faculty* of loving. A talent. A gift. "We must always be a little in love," Elizabeth M. said to me (at 70!) . . . Yes, but it becomes a difficult *task.* And one that must be dissembled.

●

Surrealism bores me.

My gift depended on the flash—on the *aperçu.* The fake reason, the surface detail, language only—these give no joy.

Jiménez kept on with the little flashes to the end. One can only remain open, and wait . . .

●

(Earlier)

How can we explain the places where we finally land, after inexplicable journeys, long boring holidays, years of misapprehension? How do we finally find them—or do *they* find us, like a happening coming after a dream, which follows the dream's speech and action, so that we say it is our "dream out". . . It is only infrequently that I now feel that wave of mysterious joy go over me that I once felt in all meetings, partings, chance displays of natural or man-made beauty, accidental losses or gains . . .

### Monday 16 August/65

PERHAPS the beginning of my "depression" can be located at the occasion (a fall-winter morning and early afternoon) when I went back to the earliest neighborhood we lived in after coming to Boston. It was always a good distance away, in one of the drearier suburbs, to be reached by trolley car from Dudley Street. But in those days (1909) the red brick block of an apartment house (with stores below) was surrounded by empty lots, and even, at the back, within view of a wooden veranda, by a scrubby overgrown field, filled with underbrush and a few trees. A large, sunken field was visible from the row of windows, on the apartment's long side; and here boys played baseball, all spring and summer. The front windows (two in the parlor, and one in the adjoining "alcove") faced the openings of two or more streets, rather nicely kept, with single wooden houses—and even some whitewashed stones outlining pathways. The brand-new apartment house, more than a block long, abutted on a small, older region, with some stores and a general run-down air. A steep street forked off to the right, downhill; and at the bottom of this hill stairs went up (v. close to house-walls) to the local railway station, with infrequent trains. I sometimes walked down this unfrequented stretch of tracks, on the way to school. The neighborhood finally reached by such a walk was already a semi-slum: depressing by reason of single houses needing paint, as much as by a scattering of those three-decker wooden apartment buildings, with front and back porches, which were becoming so usual in the outer Boston suburbs.

Our own apartment was of the "railroad" kind: a center hall ran from the front door to the kitchen, with parlor, parlor alcove, the large bedroom, the dining room opening out from it. Beyond the kitchen (and its large pantry), to its right, and with the windows at the side (and at the back?), was a smaller bedroom, partially unfurnished, and dreary to a degree. My father and, often, my brother slept here. I slept with my mother, in the other bedroom, which had some respectable furniture in it, and a view over the open sunken field.

My father and mother, after a period of ghastly quarrels (and one long separation), at this time were making some effort to re-establish themselves, as a couple and as a family. New furniture and rugs had been bought for the front rooms; the piano was open and used; pictures were hung, and lace curtains veiled the windows. The woodwork of the place was, of course, dark brown, and dark green wallpaper predominated (although not in the bedroom, as I remember). There was a new brass bed. The dining room, where I came to do my lessons, had its square center table, its elaborate side-

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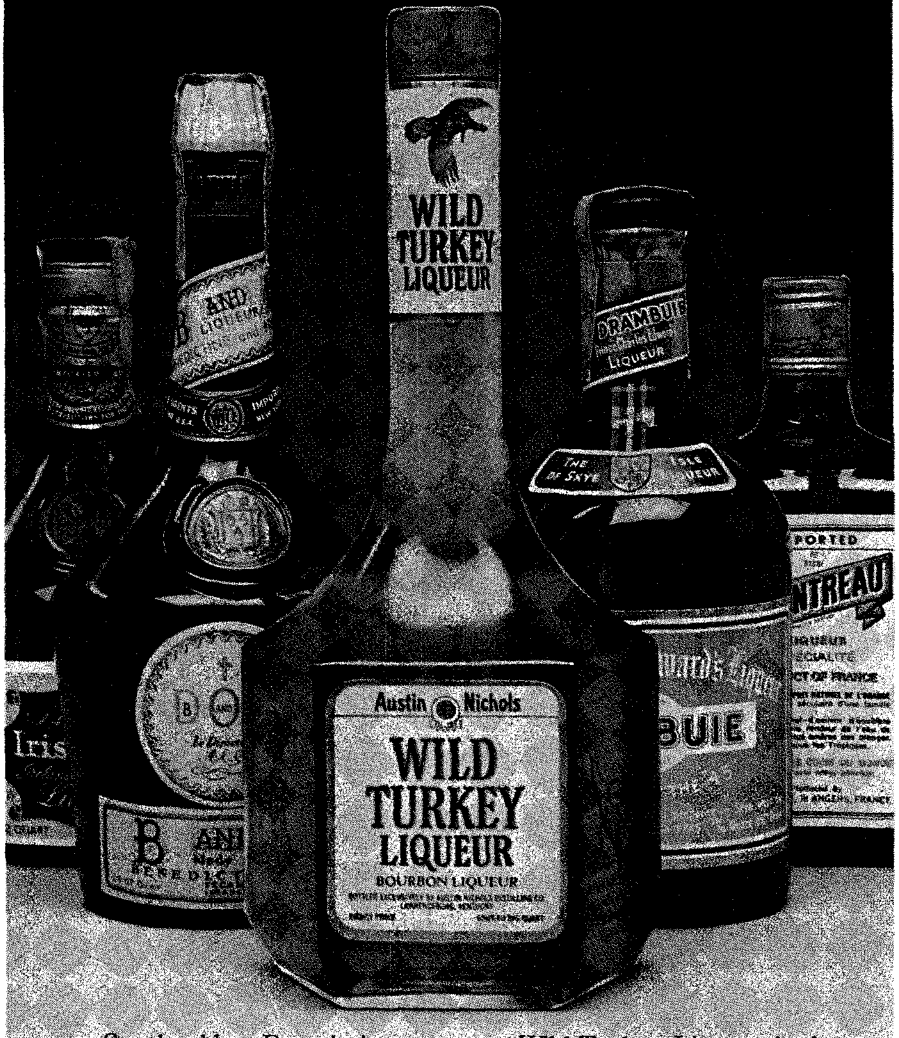

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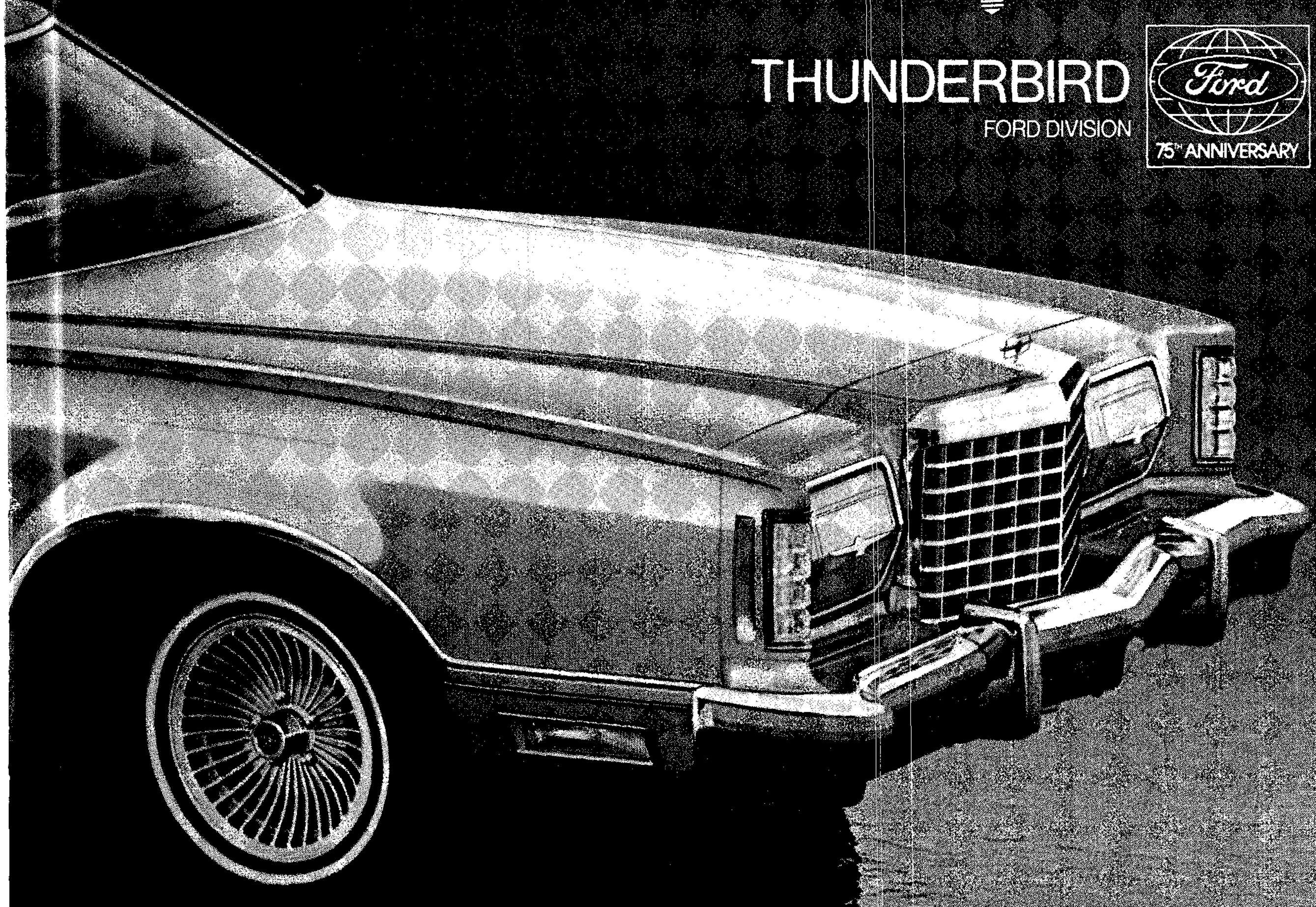

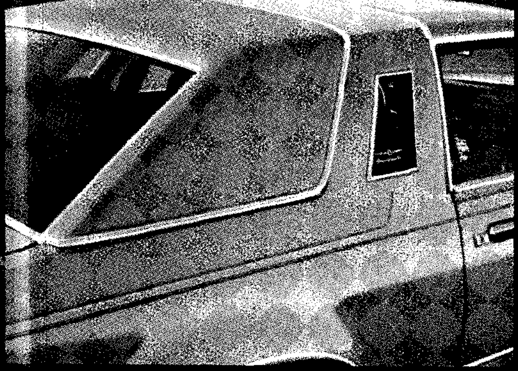

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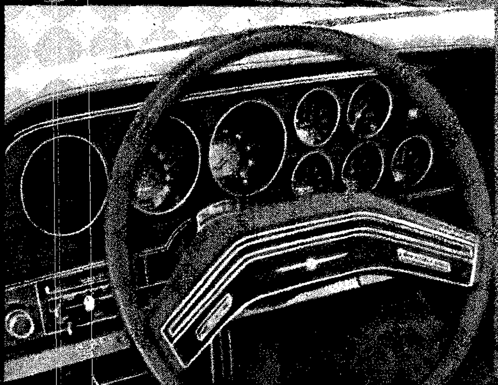

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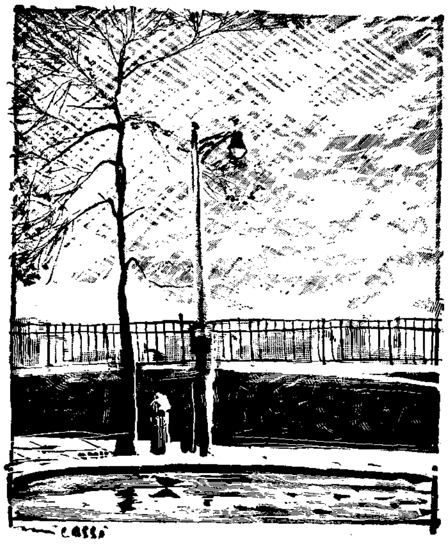
board, a couch, and another largish table, which held some books and papers. The kitchen table was scrubbed pine. Was there a gas stove? The big black iron range functioned for major cooking—for those meals which often appeared at irregular intervals. I distinctly remember the taste of thin pieces of steak, kept warm in the overhead heating compartment, together with fried potatoes. Sunday dinner and the evening meals could be counted on to appear on time.

When I went back to this region, last fall, the whole area had slipped into true slumhood. The open field was gone; a large garage stood on its site: gray, metallic, forbidding. And the houses had crowded into the back scrubby field: a row of three-family structures, crowded as close to one another as possible. The air of a crowded necessitous place hit me like a breath of sickness—of hopelessness, of despair. The stores which had once existed in our block were gone: their windows cracked and broken. Only the old bakery, down the street, still persisted. The occasional sign was in Italian; a cheap pizza restaurant stood at the junction of the downhill street with the main thoroughfare, on which the buses now ran. I had walked down from Codman Square—the cross streets here had lost all vestige of the openness and quiet which I remembered; again crowded with run-down stores, with only the Public Library branch (where I had read my first books, in 1909) keeping a certain dignity. A large school building also abutted on the Square. This is now the Girls' Latin School, which, when I graduated from it, in 1915, was situated on the edge of the Boston Fenway.

A wave of despair seized me, after I had walked around the Library (now bedizened with cheap signs and notices but still keeping its interesting curved walls). No book of mine was listed in the catalogue. (A slight paranoid shudder passed over me.)—I felt the consuming, destroying, deforming passage of time; and the spectacle of my family's complete helplessness, in the face of their difficulties, swept over me. With no weapons against what was already becoming an overwhelming series of disasters—no insight, no self-knowledge, no inherited wisdom—I saw my father and mother (and my brother) as helpless victims of ignorance, wilfulness, and temperamental disabilities of a near-psychotic order—facing a period (after 1918) where even this small store of pathetic acquisitions would be swept away. The anguish which filled my spirit and mind may, perhaps, be said to have engendered (and reawakened) poisons long since dissipated, so that they gathered, like some noxious gas, at the v. center of my being. The modern horrors of the district also became part of this miasma; certainly the people in these newly overcrowded streets were as lost as those members of generations preceding them. Everywhere I looked, I saw *Death;* and I had to pass a strangely cluttered and disarrayed graveyard (new since my time) between the Square and my old house—(a home impermanent, it is true, for we lived there only two and a half years). But those were my first years of adolescence—and of the creative impulse—and of hard and definitive schooling. And, as I remember, in spite of the growing sense of crisis by which I was continually surrounded, they were years of a beginning variety of interests—of growth and of hope.

### 18 August/65

THE thing to remember, and "dwell on," is the extraordinary *courage* manifested by those two disparate, unawakened (if not actually *lost*) souls: my mother and father. I cannot bring myself to describe the horrors of the pre-1914 lower-middle-class life, in which they found themselves. My father had his job, which kept him in touch with reality; it was his life, always. My mother had nothing but her temperament, her fantasies, her despairs, her secrets, her subterfuges. The money—every cent of it earned by my father, over all the years—came through in a thin stream, often blocked or actually exhausted. Those dollar bills—so definitive! Those quarters and ten-cent pieces—so valuable. (I went to school on a quarter a day.)



Those terrible splurges on her clothes, which kept my mother going! How did they manage to keep a roof over their heads! With absolutely no plans for the future—no foresight—no practical acumen of any kind.

Yet out of this exiguous financial situation came my music lessons—my music—my Saturday money (50¢, often) for movies and even the theatre; what clothes I had—that we all had—and food. Even a woman to help with the wash. Little excursions to the beach in the summer.

No books (the library supplied those). No social expenditures. Those two people, literally cut off from any social contacts, with the exception of one or two neighbors—often as eccentric as my parents themselves.—No invitation to classmates—or perhaps one or two—in all those years. Cut off. Isolated. Strung up with a hundred anxieties. And yet they survived—and I went through my entire adolescence—in this purgatory—with an open hell in close relation. A hell which tended to blow into full being on all holidays—when my mother's multiple guilts towards her treatment of her foster mother tended to shake loose.

I cannot describe or particularize. Surely all this agony has long since been absorbed into my work. Even then, it was beginning to be absorbed. For I began writing—at length, in prose—in 1909; and within a year (my last in elementary school) I had acquired the interest of one of those intelligent old maids who so often showed talented children their earliest talents—opened up their earliest efforts by the application of attention and sympathy. I went to the Girls' Latin School in the autumn of 1910, at the age of thirteen, for five most fruitful years. I began to write verse from about fourteen on. The life-saving process then began. By the age of 18 I had a thick pile of manuscript, in a drawer in the dining room—and had learned every essential of my trade.

### Friday 27 August/65

### Praise of Mrs. Gardner
Ballardvale, Massachusetts
(Circa 1904-1909)

MRS. GARDNER taught me to thread a needle and to put a knot at the end of my thread. She rubbed the thread end between her right thumb and forefinger, and the knot appeared.

Bless her for the threaded needles and the knotted threads. Bless her for her jellies and preserves, on the shelves *under the stairs* going down to the cel-

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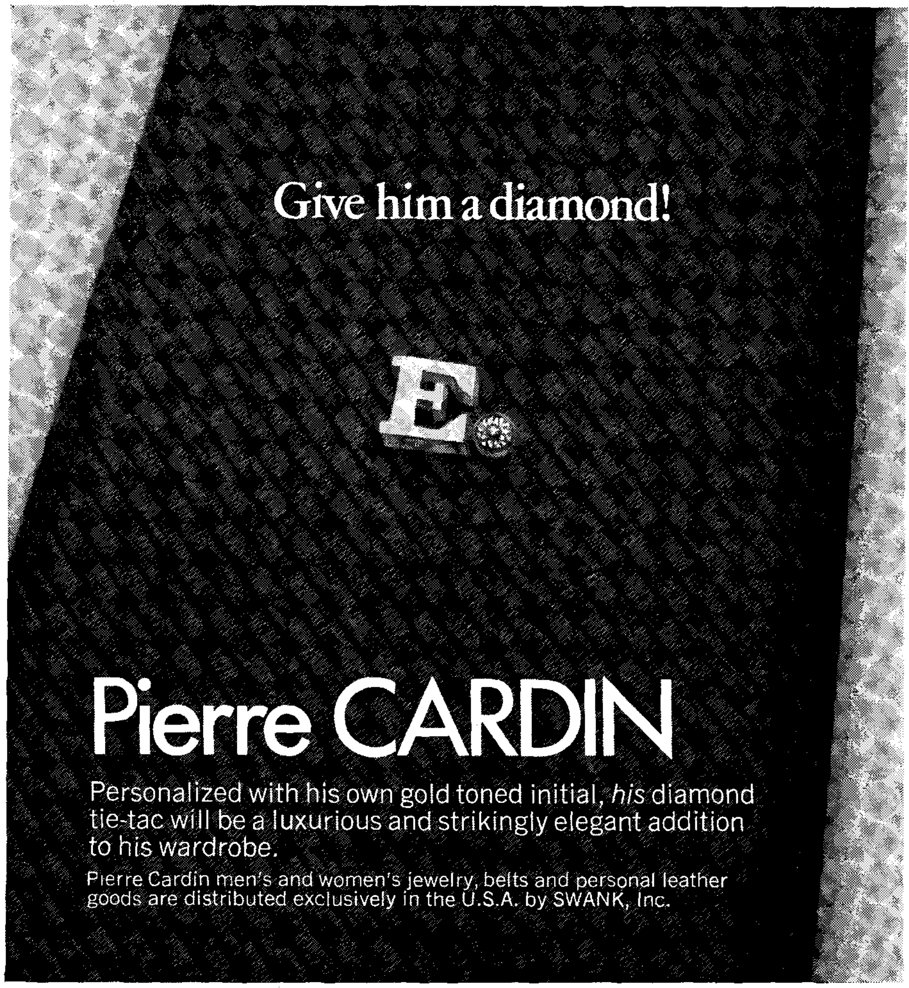

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lar. Jelly glasses and jars with wire fastening their caps. Green tomatoes with lemon slices (my mother did these, too). Red currant and the exquisite *quince*—with granular texture and indescribable color (pinker than apricot). Piccalilli—chopped fine. Apple jelly. Nothing mixed or uncolored. One by one she made them—or two by two—or six or seven at a time.—The chopping in the round wooden bowl with the crescent-shaped blade. *The peeling. The dripping. The final* wax and tin cover.

Bless her for the scrubbed pine table and the clock on the mantel-shelf—its peaked top and the little picture below its face.—Bless her for her coon-cat, whose tail, whose whole fur swelled up in the winter.

For her patchwork quilts, and for the doll hiding the ball of string. For her silver candy dishes, curly-edged and with handles, which always held some candy. For the three-layered gong in the hall—Japan, China?—so stylish for the time, that could summon to meals.

For her fringed linen towels on the towel racks. For her clean and dustless bedrooms, with the big water jug sitting in the big hand basin; the cake of good soap; the covered slop-jar.

•

*And thank her most for the swing* in the tree in the front yard: heavy twisted rope, wooden seat. The swing that could go high, and from which one had no fear of falling.

No fear, no fear . . .

No fear at Mrs. Gardner's!

I used to take her hair down and comb and brush it. Was this out on the lawn—in the front yard—too? I feel that it was. She had some false curls, which my mother laughed at, pinned to the back. These I never really saw or touched. But I remember her long hair, and Ethel's too.

In the kitchen, one sometimes drank out of a tin dipper. And ate out of the cookie jar . . .

•

I go back to the house in dreams—or did, until the last few years. It has been changed—but it still has its beautiful self-sufficient air: a little low cottage, painted yellow—with its sitting-room windows facing the river. It still stands; I have seen it from the train.

I don't remember any books in it. But what a din I used to make on the piano! Learning to read notes is a part of Mrs. Gardner's. Learning to enter into the beauty of a spare but planned life, in which everything was used. No waste. No mess. No quarrels. No disorder.—I weep. I remember.

Saturday 28 August/65

I AM now taking 2 pills in the A.M.—one at 7:30 and one around 10:30.—This morning I thought that the 1st pill was going to see me through; a clear, untroubled interval would show up (take over) every so often—perhaps because I was moving around in the open air, having a *later* breakfast at the restaurant (dump!) and buying things at Sloane's. But soon that secondary sort of *yearning hunger* (which is not real hunger, but is in some way attached to the drug) began again. Heart bumps also slightly involved.

Of course I interpret everything in as black a way as possible.—(My left eye, incidentally, according to the eye man, is holding its own against the vascular difficulty—and the actual sight is not impaired. But, if left to myself, my own diagnosis would have been exceedingly gloomy.)

I *must* get someone to look at my teeth!

*And* my business affairs must be elucidated.—Some afternoon next week!

A deep-seated masochism? Surely I have acted in a consistently *optimistic* fashion, ever since the 1933 breakdown.—I have surmounted one difficulty after another; I have *worked* for life and "creativity;" I have cast off all the anxieties and fears I could; I have helped others to work and hold on. Why this collapse of psychic energy? Granted that my demands upon both physical and psychic endurance during those last spring weeks in Waltham and Cambridge were clearly excessive—why can't I refuel—recover?

Of course, I must have improved to some degree. My afternoons now (after lunch)—after a (usually) unplanned nap—are nearly normal. The evenings, too—especially after the two drinks I am allowed.—At the moment (11:25) I am hoping to level off after the 2nd pill. Yesterday, I took *three*, in the A.M., including one just after lunch. I nodded off at the eye-doctor's—waiting for him between 12:30 and 1:00. Thereafter I was v. nearly normal, with another pill at supper. (But I was with Ruth from 3:20 on—at a movie.)

How am I going to stand further isolation?

•

Any *true* writing . . . will have to be done in the *afternoon.*

•

The scraps of stories which I must

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finally get out of my memory can be attempted in the mornings.

•

The mere feel of the pen moving across the paper should be curative. That and *some* attempts to listen to music.—*Who* have I become? *What* has me in hand?

Deliver me!

Let me be strong and free once more.

Or at least *free*—and out of these waves of *malaise*.—For what am I berating myself? What am I afraid of?

*Death*—for one thing. Yes, that is part of it.—These deaths that are reported in the newspapers seem to be all my age—or younger.

But people keep hopeful and warm and *loving* right to the end—with much more to endure than I endure.—I see the old constantly, on these uptown streets—and they are not "depressed." Their eyes are bright; they have bought themselves groceries; they gossip and laugh—with, often, crippling handicaps evident among them.

Where has this power gone, in my case?

I weep—but there's little relief there.

How can I break these mornings?

•

Tomorrow I must write another "story." The revelation at Bass Point . . . (But can I tell the whole truth? I never have, even to Dr. Wall. Is the emotional festering begun that far back?—Surely, farther back . . . The early blows somehow *endured* . . .)

## A RECORD

MONDAY 25 JULY/66 (A.M.)

BADDISH early on; getting worse around 9-9:45. Typed letters; wrote p.c.s; spoke to Jean and Dr. P. on phone. 2 *Libriums*—close together; then *another* around 9 (?)

Spasms passed around 10:30! Did not return!

TUESDAY 26 JULY

3 pills by 9:30! *Sub* feelings, but no tears . . .

WEDNESDAY 27 JULY

No tears! 3 pills

THURSDAY 28 JULY

2 early pills (6:30 and 8:30)

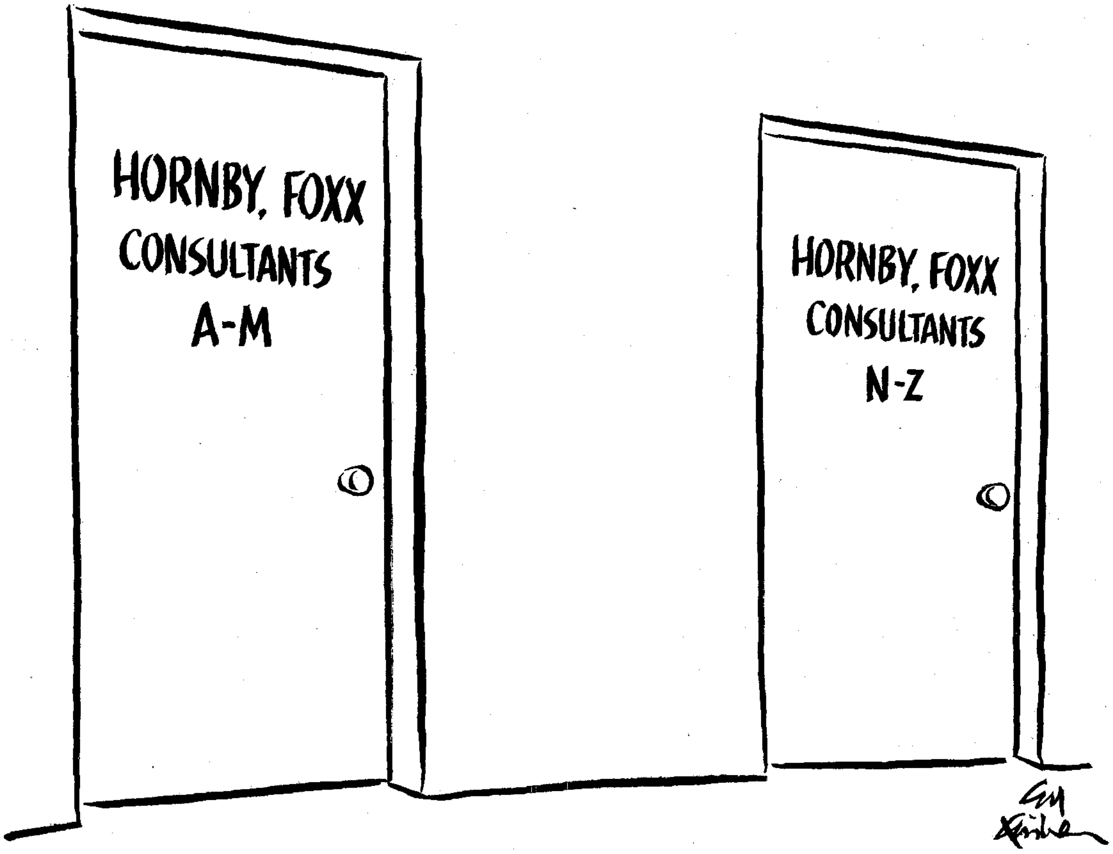
Some *tightness* and lowness of spirit, early on. No tears!

—LOUISE BOGAN (1897–1970)

THE THEATRE

## THE MIDDLE YEARS

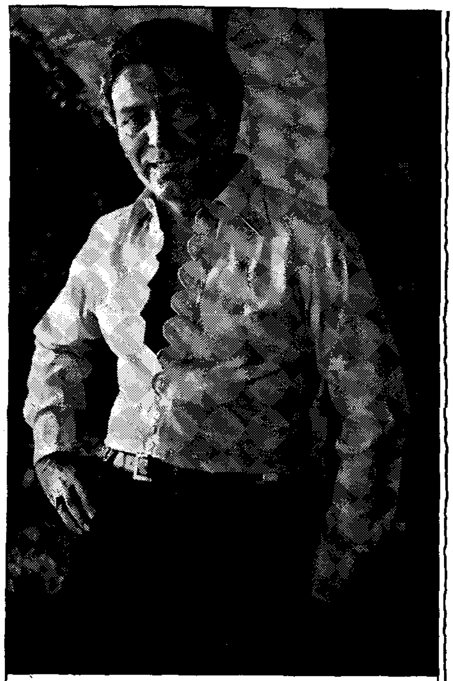
According to the program notes that accompany "Cheaters," a new comedy at the Biltmore, the author, Michael Jacobs, is twenty-two. Few writers can have made a début on Broadway at an earlier age; surely none has ever been so at odds with the conventional manifestations of green youth. For Mr. Jacobs writes not like a man in his twenties but like a man in his seventies; every turn of the plot of "Cheaters" and every line of its dialogue might have come from the hand of some robust senior citizen of Sunset City. There are at least a dozen gifted young playwrights currently at work among us—the names of Mamet, Rabe, Guare, Babe, Shawn, and Innaurato leap at once to mind—but Mr. Jacobs, by many years junior to them all, is not of their company. On the contrary, he takes his stand with Simon among the living and with Feydeau among the dead, and in doing so he risks being dismissed as the most uninteresting new playwright of the year. Perhaps there are mitigating circumstances; in literary matters I am ever the optimist, boldly snatching at straws, and I wonder whether Mr. Jacobs may not have written "Cheaters" as an undergraduate at college, to test the theory, inveterately popular in academe, that a beginner has much to learn from a successful imitation of dead forms. That is certainly what the Jacobs play is—a coarse and synthetic facsimile, and yet one that is almost always moderately funny and that rises from time to time to welcome heights of hilarity. One is helpless in its firm, mortuary grasp; though the first act struck me as contemptible, nothing on earth could have kept me from returning after the intermission to see what would happen in the second.



The subject matter of "Cheaters" is middle-aged, middle-class adultery. Monica, married to Sam, is having an affair with Howard, married to Grace. Grace and Howard have a daughter, Michelle, who is living with Allen, son of Monica and Sam. Michelle and Allen quarrel over his unwillingness to marry (even in this respect Mr. Jacobs is older and duller than his years: intelligent and good-looking women do not spend their time in bed incessantly soliciting proposals of marriage). The two sets of parents have never formally met; an upshot of the quarrel between the young folk is that Howard and Grace invite Monica and Sam to dinner. What follows is a series of confrontations, accusations, and duplicitous self-exculpations that go back to Nineveh and Tyre and that remain uncannily serviceable. Our pleasure in them is much increased by the audacious overacting of the two couples, played by Rosemary Murphy and Jack Weston (Monica and Sam) and Doris Roberts and Lou Jacobi (Grace and Howard). Part of the humor of the proceedings is that while Miss Murphy has kept her figure, the others haven't; seeking a definition of "actor," one could do worse than to say he is someone content to be laughed at when all he has done is to undress onstage. Mr. Weston and Mr. Jacobi stripped to their shorts are scarcely a laughing matter, but they stand there mugging until the laughter comes, and come it does. If Roxanne Hart is a fetching Michelle, Jim Staskel has an accent and manner that render him totally implausible as the son of Monica and Sam. They have been moving up in the world; Mr. Staskel's Allen is from the lower depths.

The toylike scenery of "Cheaters" is by Lawrence King, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, the lighting is by Ian Calderon, and the direction is by Robert Drivas, whose name might well have been emended by the cast to read "Drive us." That, in any event, is exactly what he has done, to laudable effect. Brevity, long-winded Polonius opined, is the soul of wit, and so, sometimes, is the lash.

I FIND it hard to imagine a greater folly than that of attempting to tell, in a big Broadway theatre, as a star turn for a single actor, the life story of Paul Robeson. Robeson deserves, and will no doubt sooner or later receive, a biography commensurate with his



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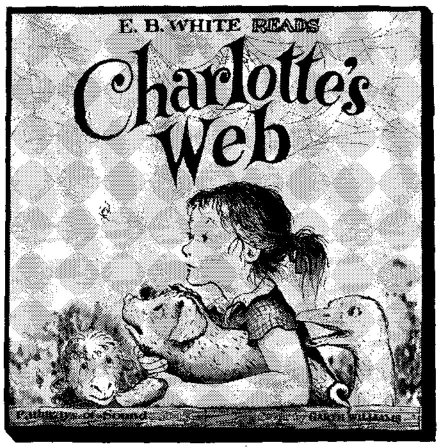

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greatness; it will be a long work, joyous and heartbreaking, with a “cast” of hundreds, or perhaps even of thousands, and much of the political and social history of America over the past hundred years will be called on to help account for his astounding rise and fall. What we are being offered at the Lunt-Fontanne is a skimpy and yet intolerably protracted narrative, written by Phillip Hayes Dean in a glib, unconvincing, and often unprepossessing documentary style. James Earl Jones, who plays Robeson, was bound to fail, but he has failed honorably. One senses in Mr. Jones, as one sensed in Robeson, a superb awareness of his own worth—an awareness that leads not to narcissistic vainglory but to a responsibility, cheerfully borne, for the moral and physical well-being of others. Little of the intellectual drama involved in accepting this responsibility, which carries with it risks ranging from mere personal priggishness to official tyranny, is embodied in Mr. Dean's so-called play. To make matters still more difficult, the play is preceded by a recording of Robeson, both speaking and singing. Since Mr. Jones doesn't speak like Robeson and is very far indeed from being able to sing like him, this prologue destroys much of his credibility before he has so much as uttered his opening lines.

Mr. Jones is accompanied at the piano and in a few unnerving recitatives by Burt Wallace. The Frank Campbell-like scenery is by H. R. Poindexter, the lighting is by Ian Calderon, and the direction is by Lloyd Richards.

—BRENDAN GILL

## OFF BROADWAY

### *Hustler*

THE Phoenix's production of “One Crack Out,” by David French, at Marymount through January 29th, is just one more reminder of the number of good actors around (and of how little the theatre offers to keep them busy). The play, a melodrama set in a pool hall in Toronto, is about the return of confidence to a pool hustler, Charlie Evans, who does a little bookmaking on the side. The prologue is a game played in total silence, which we see him lose to a pimp, and the ending is the start of another game—this one against a cruel and vengeful black collector of bets—but with another Charlie handling the cue, his strength restored, and with it, we assume, his skill. In between are the melodrama and one funny scene, of an actual hustle: the mark is a hick who has just arrived in town, and he is taken into camp by Charlie and Charlie's shill, disguised in a fur coat and rimless glasses.

For all its credibility of style and place, however, the play fails to generate much excitement, beyond the excitement of watching the actors at work. (For instance, it was a mistake for the playwright to equate Charlie's failure at the game with sexual impotence—far too glib.) As Charlie, at first desperate and nettled and out of control, then pulled together and in charge, Kenneth Welsh is just as good as he was in “Treats” earlier this season, which is very good indeed. As his antagonist the bet collector, Al Freeman, Jr.—his body tense with hatred and anger, and his every word drenched in acid—is fine, too. Whether that hatred is the hatred of a black man for a white man, or whether it is entirely a matter of a fling the collector had with Charlie's wife is never made clear. James Greene is delightful, in a Down East sort of way, as Charlie's shill (especially so in his hustler getup), and among the other commendable poolhall regulars are Jerry Zaks as a wary, amiable cabdriver, Norman Snow as the pimp, and Ed Cambridge as proprietor, bartender, and keeper of the peace. John Aquino is funny as the hick. The graphic setting, with walls covered by posters—of Jackie Gleason and Paul Newman, among others—is by James Tilton. Costumes by Julie Weiss, lighting by Paul H. Everett. Daniel Freudenberger directed. If there is any clue to the title in word or deed, I missed it.

“MY ASTONISHING SELF,” at the Astor Place, is, of course, Mr. Bernard Shaw, as impersonated by Donal Donnelly in “an entertainment devised by Michael Voysey from the writings of G.B.S.” The selections are from Shaw's letters and speeches, from interviews with him, and from articles about him, arranged in more or less chronological order. There is nothing—nothing I recognized, at any rate—from the plays or the prefaces to them, or from his drama or music criticism. By and large, Mr. Voysey has chosen and edited well, and because Mr. Donnelly talks directly to us, and never at us, the effect is of G.B.S. in intimate conversation with the audience. In the first half, Mr. Donnelly appears dressed as Shaw was dressed in hundreds of photographs, in a striped suit with a Norfolk jacket; in the second half, the red beard and hair have gone white and he is wearing a tweed suit. We meet Shaw at about the age of forty, reminiscing about his first job, in a real-estate office in Dublin; his arrival in London to live with his mother; his awkward, difficult beginnings as a political speaker for Socialism and as an unsuccessful novelist. We leave him a very old man hobbling around his garden shortly before his death. In between, there are anecdotes (some of them familiar, some new), any number of fiery quotations from his talks on Socialism and vegetarianism and anti-vivisection ("A taste for cruelty can be developed just as a taste for food. . . . Has any ape ever taken the glands from a living man?"), and funny lines about almost every matter under the sun, including Joan of Arc, the "queerest fish" in the Middle Ages. He speaks of his loving admiration for Ellen Terry, of his falling head over heels for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, of his sexless and enduring marriage with Charlotte Payne-Townshend, and of a few of his friendships (one with Frank Harris, whose outlandish biography of him he edited and defended after Harris died). And, in a radio address delivered at the start of the Second World War, he appeals to the English to become conscientious objectors, telling them that the only war that can destroy England is a civil war between the classes.

At the end of this oral autobiography, we are left, of course, with only a partial Shaw, but with enough clues to complete a portrait for ourselves of this man of passionate ideas and sympathies, who never descended into solemnity or low spirits, and who always expressed his deepest convictions with humor or irony, or even playfulness. Shaw was a blazing star, but he is dimmed here in performance: Donal Donnelly is a good actor but not an inspired impersonator, as Hal Holbrook was as Mark Twain, or as Roy Dotrice was as John Aubrey. There are moments that are too bland or too soft or too "twinkling." Nevertheless, Mr. Donnelly seldom misses or blurs a point, and he maintains the mood of intimacy throughout.

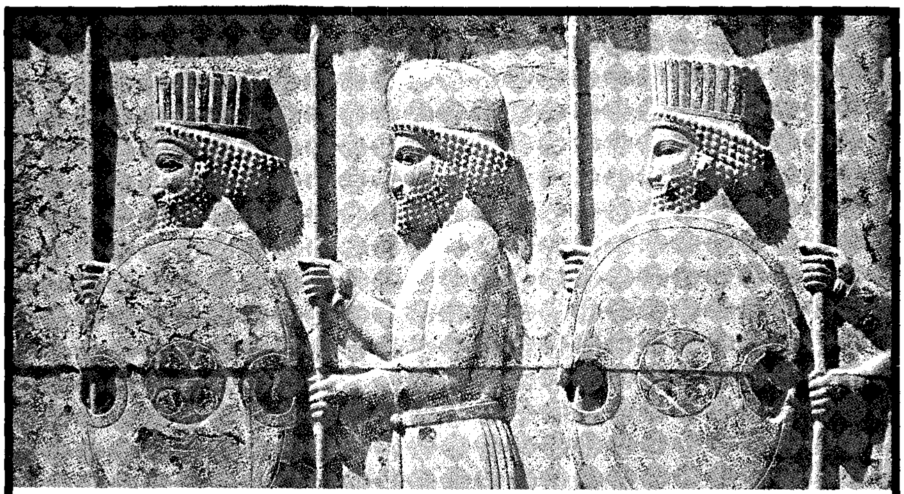
—EDITH OLIVER

●

### LOVE IS A WONDERFUL (AND NOISY) THING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Prince George's County (Md.) Journal*]

She said noise is so bad in her apartment she can "hear every step" her neighbors take. Talking, laughing, music, even squeezing come through loud and clear, she said.



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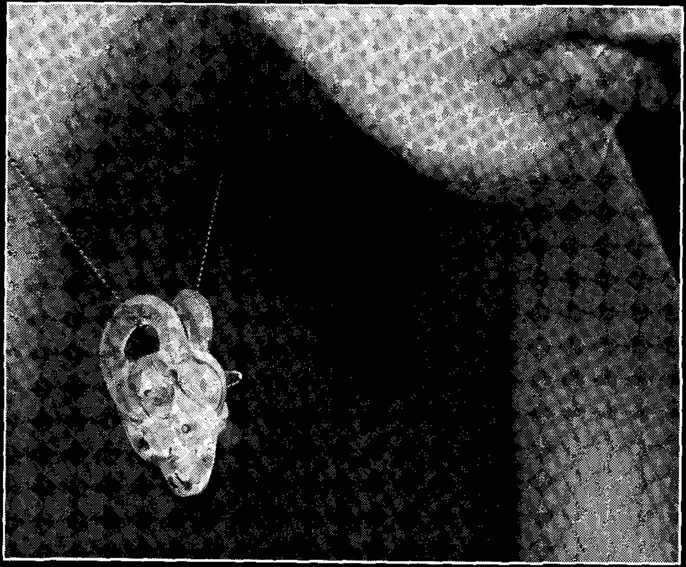

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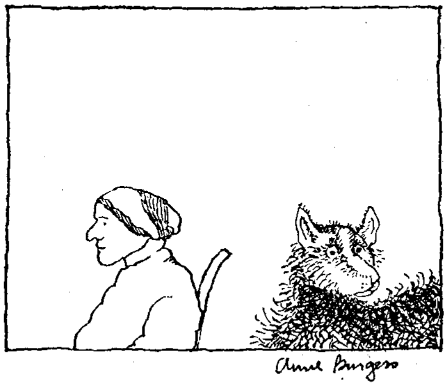
# ANNALS OF CRIME

## THE LOCKHEED INCIDENT—II

UNLIKE Richard Nixon, who as a result of Watergate resigned as President of the United States in August, 1974, retired in disgrace to his home in San Clemente, California, and received a pardon a month later that spared him any further shame in the form of possible indictment and trial, Kakuei Tanaka, who resigned as Prime Minister of Japan as a result of the same sort of investigative journalistic exposure that brought about Nixon's downfall, continued for two years to be a powerful force in Japanese politics. And had it not been for revelations made during hearings of the United States Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in February, 1976, about bribes paid overseas by the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Tanaka, who controlled the largest faction of Japan's ruling Liberal Democratic Party, would have retained his political power indefinitely, and might even have made a comeback—if not again as Prime Minister, then surely as a kingmaker capable of exerting influence in the important party maneuvering that traditionally determines who will win the Japanese Prime Ministership. Moreover, although he is on trial today in Tokyo District Court, charged with having accepted a bribe of about a million six hundred thousand dollars from Lockheed to help sell its planes in Japan—a sale that Nixon is said to have approved of—Tanaka was reëlected to the Japanese Diet in December, 1976, a month and a half before his trial began, and he still has many friends and associates both in the Diet and in government ministries. But the Japanese have a strong sense of honor, and what happened to Tanaka, despite his lingering political shadow, has had an impact on them which is both more subtle and more significant than the impact Nixon's fall from grace had on most Americans. Since Japanese loyalties, political and otherwise, are singularly strong, the Lockheed scandal—or, as the Japanese call it, "*Rokkiedo Jiken*," which means the Lockheed Incident—has shaken the country more deeply than any comparable event since 1945, when the American Occupation began and Japan set out on the path toward democracy. The tight links between big money (mostly corporate money) and power politics—epitomized by Tanaka's rise from simple farm boy in northern Honshu island to the highest post in the land as a result of business success, which he afterward capitalized on as a politician—have not been broken. But they have lately been weakened, partly by a law passed prior to the Lockheed case limiting the amount of money that corporations can donate to political campaigns. The relationship between business and politics remains an extremely close one, however, and the Lockheed scandal has dramatically illuminated it by exposing what the Japanese call "black mist"—that is, corrupt practices. As a consequence, the shape and form of Japanese politics, though they remain basically conservative, are changing measurably, and there is a sense, particularly among Japanese youth, of apathy about politics and an air of uncertainty about the future in general.

This is not Tanaka's first brush with the law. In 1948, at thirty, he became parliamentary Vice-Minister of Justice, but a short time later he was convicted of accepting a bribe of a million yen from the owner of a coal mine in the southern island of Kyushu to persuade the short-lived Socialist government of Prime Minister Tetsu Katayama not to nationalize the coal-mining industry. In 1951, Tanaka won the case on appeal when the High Court ruled that he had not been in a position to influence the decision on nationalization and that, therefore, there was no clear-cut case of bribery. But Tanaka did spend a short time in jail, from which he dramatically campaigned for and overwhelmingly won reëlection to the Diet. In 1976, when he ran again from his native Niigata Prefecture, where he has remained a hero, with a godfather image, he was already free on six hundred and ninety thousand dollars bail, and was able to campaign openly, professing his innocence in the new and much bigger bribery case. He won another overwhelming majority. Many Japanese lawyers and academic experts believe that the same thing could happen in the Lockheed case that happened in Tanaka's case thirty years ago and has happened in other important bribery cases through the years. Petty bribery is easy to prove in Japan, but bribery in political-corruption cases is not, and there are predictions that even if Tanaka is found guilty by the three judges of the District Court, he may well be acquitted by the High Court or by the Supreme Court. The prosecutors, on the other hand, armed with a vast amount of evidence obtained from the United States as well as evidence that has come to light in Japan, are confident that they can conclusively demonstrate the guilt of Tanaka and four co-defendants—his former private secretary, Toshio Enomoto, and three former officers of the Marubeni Corporation, a large trading company that represented Lockheed in Japan—and also, in a companion trial, the guilt of two politicians and six officials of All Nippon Airways, the country's largest domestic carrier, from which Lockheed, in October, 1972, won a commitment for the first six of an ultimate total of twenty-one TriStar planes, at a price of more than seventeen million dollars each. The District Court trials are expected to last another year, and appeals will probably take at least two or three years more.



TANAKA was arrested on the morning of July 27, 1976, when two public prosecutors from the Tokyo District prosecutor's office drove up in a black sedan to his sumptuous two-acre estate in the Mejiro section of the city. The investigation of the scandal had been going on for several months, and while fourteen persons had already been arrested for questioning, and more arrests—specifically, of politicians close to Tanaka—were anticipated, practically no one except a handful of advisers to Prime Minister Takeo Miki, who had been pressing the case all along, knew that Tanaka himself was about to be picked up. Tanaka had suspected it, however, and had told a few of his close associates several days before that "they're out to get me," meaning by "they" mostly his arch-rival, Miki. A compromise choice for Prime Minister when, following Tanaka's resignation in November, 1974, the two chief candidates had become deadlocked, Miki had bolstered his popularity by his persistent efforts to get to the bottom of the Lockheed case, and he had personally given the signal to arrest Tanaka the day before—a move that, as it turned out, helped keep Miki in office five months longer. At two o'clock on the morning of the twenty-seventh, Tanaka, who usually rises at 4 A.M., had awakened with a premonition that something bad was going to happen to him that day, or so he subsequently told the head of the prosecutor's office, Reiji Takase. It was his practice to receive a stream of visitors at his home, starting at seven o'clock. This morning, however, the two prosecutors, who were well aware of his habits, arrived at six-thirty, ahead of any other visitors, and identified themselves to the manservant who answered the door. Half an hour later, impeccably dressed in a navy-blue suit with a blue-dotted white shirt and a light-blue necktie, but not carrying a small fan, as he customarily did, Tanaka appeared, and, at a polite request from the two men, accompanied them in the car to the prosecutor's office downtown for questioning.

When he emerged from the car, he was confronted by a crowd of reporters and photographers, who were astonished to see him instead of the lesser political figures they had been expecting. Tanaka, ordinarily an ebullient man, famous for his smile and a flippant wave of the hand, managed only a weak rendition of each as he entered the building. In an investigation room on the fifth floor, Takase said to him, "We are very sorry to have to investigate a person who was once Prime Minister of Japan, but we must ask you to tell the truth in order to find out the truth of this incident."

Tanaka murmured that he understood, and the questioning began. At one point, Tanaka asked for two sheets of paper, on which he wrote out his resignation from the Liberal Democratic Party and from his own party faction. He did not resign from the Diet. At eight-fifty, he was formally placed under arrest, and at nine-thirty he was driven to the Tokyo House of Detention, where, after being given a routine physical checkup and having his tie and belt confiscated—a normal precaution against an attempt at suicide—he was placed in one of the small cells of the jail, which has a capacity of two thousand. The cell, which had a tiny barred window, contained nothing but a Western-style toilet, a table and chair, and a thin mattress. The only accusation against Tanaka at the time was violation of the foreign-exchange law, and he spent the next twenty days in prison—the maximum allowed in such a case before formal charges are preferred—after which he was released upon payment of the six hundred and ninety thousand dollars bail, said to be the second-largest ever set in Japan. Perhaps more than a thousand people were on hand to watch him emerge from prison, and a number of them shouted angrily, "*Bakayaro!*"—"Son of a bitch!" Expressionless, Tanaka got into a car with his lawyers and went directly to his home, where a hundred reporters and cameramen were waiting, some of them circling overhead in helicopters. He said nothing, and went inside. He is known to have then telephoned his mother in Niigata and to have called several of his personal and political friends. The day before, August 16th, his arrest for violating the foreign-exchange law culminated in a two-count indictment for bribery and for the foreign-exchange law violation.

*"Well, right now, Larry, I'm in the process of not doing anything."*

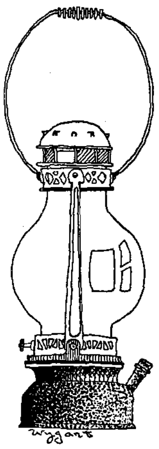
• •

ON July 27th, the day of Tanaka's arrest, A. Carl Kotchian, who had resigned five months before as vice-chairman and chief operating officer of Lockheed (he had earlier been president), was in Montreal, where he was attending the Olympic Games in an effort to "restore" his spirits after the investigative ordeal that Kotchian himself had been through. He had been the principal witness at the February hearings of the Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations, which was headed by Senator Frank Church, an Idaho Democrat, and he had told in detail the story of Lockheed's foreign bribery, reluctantly disclosing the names of several officials of the Marubeni Corporation who are among those now on trial for conspiracy, perjury, and foreign-exchange-law violations. The perjury charges are based on the alleged giving of false testimony to a Diet committee, where the Marubeni men had denied any connection between receiving money from Lockheed and promoting the sale of TriStars to All Nippon Airways. In his Senate testimony, Kotchian had not named Tanaka or any other politicians, nor had he been asked to do so, though he had been asked in a general way about payments to "government officials." But prior to the hearings he had consulted his attorneys in Washington, Rogers & Wells, about a list of six high Japanese officials which he had originally jotted down in his hotel room in Tokyo during a telephone conversation, late in October, 1972, with Toshiharu Okubo, who was then a Marubeni managing director and is now one of those on trial. Okubo had told him that the deal with All Nippon Airways could be clinched in twenty-four hours if Lockheed would provide a final hundred thousand dollars as payoffs for those six men, plus three hundred thousand dollars for A.N.A. as a rebate on the first half-dozen planes to be bought. The lawyers agreed with Kotchian that the six names should be kept from the public, because disclosing them "might produce grave international repercussions," as Kotchian put it, and they decided to solicit the help of the State Department, which was eager both to maintain American-Japanese relations on an even keel and to keep the lid on exposure of international scandals involving American companies. Whether Tanaka's name was mentioned privately at that time to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger or to anyone else in the State Department—or whether, for that matter, Kotchian told even his own lawyers that Tanaka had been among those allegedly bribed—is not known. In any event, on November 28, 1975, Kissinger wrote a letter to Attorney General Edward Levi in which, while in no way condoning—and, in fact, condemning—payments by American corporations abroad, he said that the disclosure of any names "can have grave consequences for significant foreign-relations interests of the United States." Without impeding any ongoing investigations, Kissinger requested "a protective order" that would "prevent premature disclosure to third parties of the names and nationalities of certain foreign officials" and that certain documents "which contain uncollaborated, sensational, and potentially damaging information not be made public as long as that is not necessary for purposes of effective law enforcement."

The United States District Court in Washington, at the request of the Attorney General, soon issued such an order, and Kotchian thought that this would be enough to prevent any further investigation by the Senate. The receipt of a subpoena to testify before the Church subcommittee proved him wrong. In a book he later wrote, called "Lockheed Sales Mission: Seventy Days in Tokyo," which has been published in Japan in a translation by Yoshio Murakami, a correspondent in America for the Asahi newspapers, Kotchian said, "I still believe today that there must have been some reason in the United States for reopening the Lockheed investigation." He and other former Lockheed officials have maintained that the company, one of more than three hundred American corporations that have confessed to making payments to officials and private individuals in foreign countries to obtain contracts, was serving as a "scapegoat," and, along with executives of some other corporations, Kotchian has defended such payments as being "necessary" in order to do business abroad. (On February 4, 1977, exactly a year after the Senate hearings, Robert Haack, who was the temporary chairman of the board of Lockheed, and under whom the company was recovering financially, said, in a speech at the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, that the company had nearly completed a long examination covering almost all worldwide phases of its activity which was conducted under conditions laid down by the government. He said that Lockheed had adopted policies that called for the elimination of all forms of illegal or improper payment. But Haack added that it is sometimes hard to distinguish between bribery and extortion, especially in countries where "there are different standards," and that there was no "quick solution" to the problem of how to do business abroad, since it involves "competitive imbalances that could result in loss of orders, loss of jobs," and could "also conceivably have an adverse effect on balance of payments." Despite Lockheed's resolve to play the game straight, he said, "the problem is not black and white." Since then, as part of a special report that Lockheed made last May to the Securities and Exchange Commission, which followed its signing of a consent decree to forswear any future payments or practices that violated the Securities Exchange Act, the corporation has issued a new "Principles of Business Conduct," and, under the chairmanship of Roy A. Anderson, the former vice-chairman and chief financial officer, who took over from Haack last September, the financial recovery has continued.)

DURING June and early July of 1976, when there were almost daily arrests of top officials of Marubeni and A.N.A. in Tokyo, Kotchian had been "terribly upset," and he had become further distraught and exhausted as a result of four days of additional testimony he had been ordered to give in United States District Court in Los Angeles, during the second week of July, before a joint group of American and Japanese law-enforcement officers. Kotchian and two other Lockheed executives had fought to avoid giving such testimony, whose purpose was to enable the Japanese to use the depositions in their ongoing investigation of the Lockheed scandal, but the Court of Appeals had ruled that the procedure was legal, and the United States Supreme Court had refused to intervene in the case. The Japanese Supreme Court had granted the three Lockheed men immunity from prosecution in Japan, but it is unlikely that they will testify there in person and the admissibility of the depositions as evidence at the trials is being contested by the defense, on the ground that it contravenes Japanese law. In March, 1976, following an exchange of letters between Prime Minister Miki and President Ford, the President had agreed to turn over the documents and data collected by several government agencies, including the Securities and Exchange Commission, with the proviso that no names and no information be made public until the investigations in Japan were completed—a condition that pleased most members of the L.D.P. but not the opposition parties. The Justice Department in Washington thereupon made arrangements with the Ministry of Justice in Tokyo to send the material, which included information from several Senate committees that had looked into corporate practices. As soon as it reached Japan, it was turned over to the prosecutors. As the arrests began mounting, with most of the important names now out in the open, and with his testimony in Los Angeles completed, Kotchian—although he had been told to stay in the area, in case the Japanese wanted more information—was eager to get away for a rest, and he obtained the permission of the federal court to take a few days off to attend the Olympics. When he read the newspaper story about Tanaka's arrest in the coffee shop of a Montreal hotel that morning of July 27th, Kotchian was "shocked," and his first thought was that he was glad that he was among strangers and "anonymous"—that no one in Montreal, especially journalists, would recognize him. Later, somewhat cryptically, he wrote in his book, "I had been halfway anticipating that the investigation by the Japanese law-enforcement agencies would reach former Premier Tanaka," though "I was hoping that it would not happen." He added that he felt "sorry" for Tanaka, whom he had first met in January, 1972, when Tanaka was Minister of International Trade and Industry.

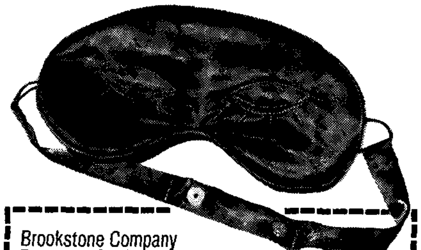
IN July, 1972, Tanaka had become Prime Minister, and six weeks later, on August 23rd, when Kotchian was in Tokyo on one of many trips he made there, Okubo, of Marubeni, and Hiro Hiyama, the president and later board chairman of the company, had visited Tanaka at his home, at Kotchian's suggestion. According to the prosecutors at the trial, Hiyama—who is accused of perjury before a Diet committee on this very matter—had asked Okubo to leave the room and then had requested Tanaka's help in persuading A.N.A. to buy Lockheed TriStars instead of planes made by McDonnell Douglas or Boeing. Selling airplanes always involves cutthroat competition, and in this instance the competition was even fiercer than usual. Tanaka, the prosecutors maintain, indicated his support of Lockheed's cause by replying "*Yossha, yossha*"—a friendly expression he regularly used in responding favorably to requests, and which means, roughly, "O.K., O.K." According to the charges, Hiyama had said a moment before that Tanaka would be given five hundred million yen, or about a million six hundred thousand dollars, for his help, and this is the basis of the bribery indictment against Tanaka. A week after Hiyama paid his visit to Tanaka, Tanaka went to Hawaii for a summit meeting with Nixon, where, in order to ameliorate a large trade imbalance between the United States and Japan, Tanaka agreed to buy, among other things, three hundred and twenty million dollars' worth of commercial aircraft. Upon his return, Tanaka told several of his friends, most notably a wealthy wheeler-dealer named Kenji Osano, that Nixon had said he would like Lockheed to obtain the contract with A.N.A. Tanaka not only asked Osano to convey this message to A.N.A. but, the prosecutors say, subsequently conveyed it himself. The competition among Lockheed, the McDonnell Douglas Corporation, and the Boeing Company continued until the end of October, when A.N.A. decided that it would buy Lockheed's planes under circumstances—including a last-minute demand for four hundred thousand dollars—that led to the arrest and indictment of six A.N.A. officials, including Tokuji Wakasa, the airline's president, who is among those now on trial.



Okubo of Marubeni, it is alleged, had told Kotchian to be ready to deliver the million six hundred thousand dollars when "we give you the signal." The signal didn't come until the end of June, 1973, when Kotchian, in Burbank, California—Lockheed's headquarters—received a phone call from Okubo, in Tokyo, who told him, "Now is the time for you to honor that pledge." Kotchian later wrote, "For one second, I wondered what he was talking about, but soon I realized that by the word 'pledge' he was talking about the pledge of five hundred million yen that we made to the office of Prime Minister Tanaka in August of the previous year. . . . Nevertheless, since August there had been a ten-month lapse. It was almost half a year since Lockheed and A.N.A. officially signed the formal contract last January. I certainly wondered why he was asking this now when the sales campaign of the TriStar to A.N.A. had long ago been completed." According to the prosecutors, Okubo's call to Kotchian had been prompted by one from Enomoto, Tanaka's secretary, to Hiroshi Ito, another Marubeni executive. Enomoto, back in August, 1972, had been assigned by Tanaka to handle the receipt of the money when it was ultimately paid, while Ito had been told by his Marubeni superiors to stay in touch with Enomoto about delivering the cash when the time came.

After Kotchian, in his telephone conversation with Okubo, had expressed reluctance to honor a pledge for a payment that no longer seemed necessary, Okubo said he would check into the matter further. Three days later, Kotchian says in his book, Okubo called back and said that the situation was indeed "very serious" and that "you must carry out that pledge." Moreover, Kotchian maintains, Hiyama, the Marubeni president, had asked Okubo "to tell me that if Lockheed did not stand by its pledge, we would never be able to sell anything in Japan from now on." Kotchian was persuaded, and he discussed the matter with Daniel J. Haughton, the Lockheed board chairman, and John Clutter, Lockheed's chief representative in Japan. Although Lockheed had obtained a quarter-billion-dollar government loan guarantee two years earlier at Nixon's recommendation, its finances were still in bad shape, and Kotchian told Clutter to inform Okubo that it would take some time to raise the money. But he himself called Okubo and assured him that the money would be paid and that Clutter would be in touch with him. "Throughout these three international telephone calls on this matter, Mr. Okubo never once mentioned the name of the person for whom the money was intended, nor the amount," Kotchian says in his book. "Perhaps we were both mindful of the fact that the conversation was going through the telephone exchange and we did not want to be overheard by somebody; but more than anything else, we both were aware that this five hundred million yen was going to the office of the Prime Minister.

THE exact method whereby Lockheed obtained, and delivered in Japan, a total of about two million dollars, allegedly to pay off Tanaka and other Japanese politicians and government officials, has so far not been completely clarified, but the Tokyo trials and the final reports of various American investigative agencies may eventually provide an explanation. The Senate hearings revealed only part of the story, including the fact that most of the funds for bribery and, most notably, for regular payments over fifteen years to Lockheed's secret agent in Japan—a notorious right-wing *kuromaku*, or fixer, named Yoshio Kodama—were funnelled out of Lockheed Aircraft International A.G., a subsidiary company in Switzerland, through the Crédit



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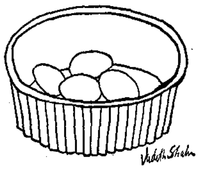
Suisse bank there. The money reached Japan in various ways. In all, Lockheed, over the years 1969 to 1975, paid out twelve million six hundred thousand dollars in Japan in commissions, bribes, and other payments to its agents, politicians, corporate officials, and power brokers. Of this total, Kodama received about seven million. Kodama has been indicted six times for income-tax evasion and foreign-exchange-law violations. In March, 1976, a young man who regarded Kodama as having betrayed the right-wing cause piloted a plane, in kamikaze fashion, into Kodama's house. The young man was killed, and Kodama, who had suffered a cerebral thrombosis in 1975 and had been confined to his home ever since, narrowly escaped death. After being questioned at his home seventy times by the prosecutors, who confiscated a vast number of his files—Kodama had burned others—and who also seized a valuable collection of Orientalia he had amassed, Kodama, in June, 1977, appeared in court in Tokyo for the first and, so far, the only time. He admitted receiving a million two hundred thousand dollars from Lockheed between 1969 and 1976 in consultant's fees—only about a third of what the prosecution claims that he received between May, 1973, and July, 1975, alone. His trial, and that of one co-defendant, his private secretary, is being conducted separately from the others and is progressing very slowly. (The trial of Kenji Osano, Tanaka's close associate, who is accused of perjury for having given false testimony to the Japanese Diet about the case, is also being conducted separately.)

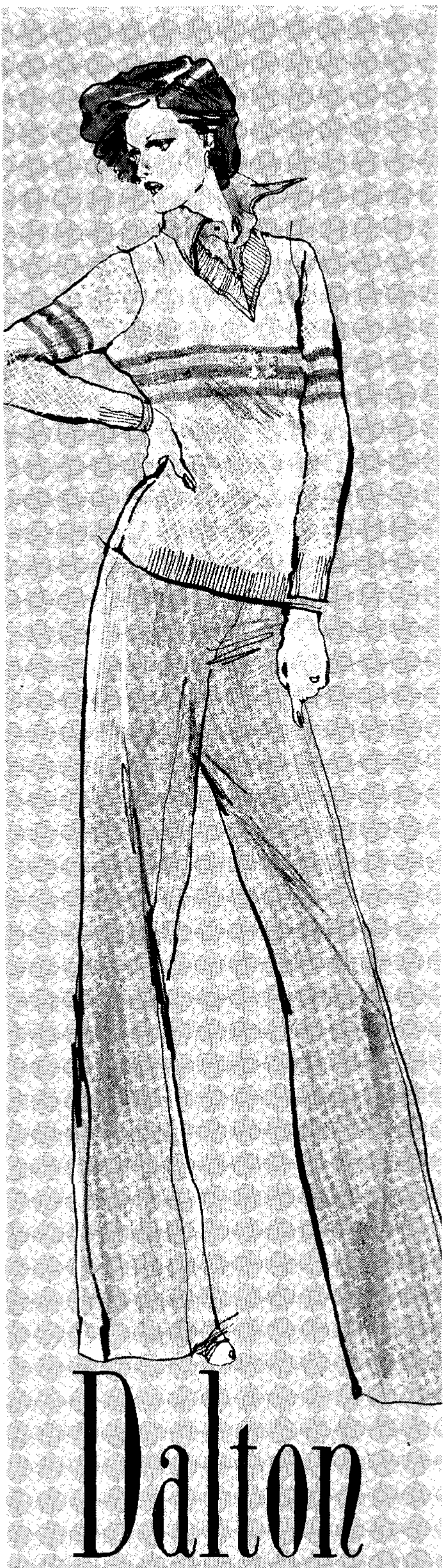


It is now known that the bulk of the twelve million six hundred thousand dollars that Lockheed spent in Japan was transferred by Lockheed from Switzerland to Japan through Deak & Company, a large international firm dealing in currency. The firm was founded before the Second World War by Nicholas Deak. A Hungarian who emigrated to New York, Deak became a member of the Office of Strategic Services during the war and, among other things, accepted the sword of surrender from the Japanese commanding general in Burma. In 1946, Deak returned to New York and resumed his currency dealings. Deak & Company now has fifty-nine offices around the world, and is known for its discreet handling of funds for individuals or firms that wish to avoid using ordinary commercial banks, since bank records are subject to periodic inspection by regulatory authorities. The company has a large office in Hong Kong, headed by Dirk Brink, a blunt-spoken man, born in Indonesia of Dutch parents, who looks more like a soldier of fortune than a banker—and, indeed, the company has been called the French Foreign Legion of the banking business. Hong Kong is a free-currency market, and Deak's office there handles millions of dollars every week in various currencies—including Japanese yen, which in the past could often be bought at a discount in Hong Kong. For many years, Deak's Hong Kong office was used by the C.I.A. for currency transactions that reached from Tokyo to Beirut, and during the Vietnam war the agency regularly exchanged dollars in Hong Kong for piastres to be used in Saigon for clandestine operations. Although the C.I.A. has denied any involvement with the Lockheed case, or with Kodama (he is known to have had some connections with American intelligence agents following his release from prison in 1948, where he had been held for three years as a Class A war-crimes suspect), there is reason to believe that the agency was aware of Lockheed's use of the Deak channel to pay Kodama's secret fees, and, according to what Kotchian has been quoted as saying in private interviews, the agency knew what he was doing in Japan during his many sales-promotion trips there.

From Hong Kong, over a ten-year period, Deak provided Lockheed with a courier service for carrying money to Tokyo that had been transferred from Switzerland or from Deak's Los Angeles office and turned into Japanese yen on the Hong Kong market. Ten million dollars in Lockheed money passed through the Deak office between August, 1968, and January, 1976, and most of it came from Switzerland. Deak's couriers were furnished with specially made air-travel bags in which millions in yen could be neatly stacked. Many of the couriers were known to Japanese customs agents at Haneda Airport, in Tokyo, but they were seldom bothered; if a courier was asked what was in his bags, he simply said "Money," which he was taking to "the bank." On a number of occasions, Brink himself acted as a courier. Upon arriving in Japan, the courier, never identifying himself by name, would telephone Clutter or A. H. Elliott, the Lockheed executive who was in charge of the sales program for the TriStar in the Far East, and deliver the money to one of them, or would give it for temporary safekeeping to a designated resident who had a bank account. Similarly, in the underground bank operation that Deak conducted for Lockheed, the bearer checks that couriers brought in were disposed of by clearance through a private bank account of a resident, who thus acted as a conduit in return for a commission of at most one per cent.

From May, 1972, until October, 1974, a Spanish-born former Catholic missionary named Jose Gardeano, who had adopted the name Shingu Hoze when he became a naturalized Japanese citizen, was Deak's main financial conduit for Lockheed in Japan. Hoze had met Brink twenty-two years earlier in Los Angeles, when he was engaged in converting South American currencies into dollars for missionary purposes. When Hoze moved to Japan, and Brink to Hong Kong, the former priest was given a part-time job as an escort in Deak's sideline travel business in Tokyo. During one of Brink's visits to Japan, he asked if Hoze would like to earn some extra money by helping Deak's couriers distribute yen. Hoze agreed to allow the use of his private bank account for the deposit of bearer checks, and then, when the checks had cleared, the distribution of the cash was directed by Deak. In a talk I had with Hoze, who is now working as a translator, he told me that the funds he handled for Deak were at first relatively small amounts, sometimes in cash, but that they kept getting larger and larger, particularly the checks, which sometimes were written for as much as twenty or thirty million yen. In all, according to the police, Hoze handled at least a million and a half dollars for Lockheed through Deak, and the figure may have been as high as three or four million dollars, all in yen or yen checks. Usually, Hoze would get a telephone call from Hong Kong informing him that a courier was arriving at such and such a time, and, after meeting the man or woman, who was sometimes just a tourist, he would take the checks home or directly to the bank for deposit, depending on the time of day. After the checks had cleared—it usually took a week or so—he would withdraw the cash from his account and deliver it to the same courier. One customary meeting place was the lobby of the Hilton Hotel. On a few occasions, Hoze accompanied a courier to Clutter's apartment, in the Roppongi area of town, but he never got to know Clutter personally. Sometimes he drove a courier, carrying the cash in the special travel bag, to the Asahi Tokai Building, in the Otemachi area, and waited in the lobby while the courier went to the twenty-first floor, which was occupied by the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company. There, in the vestibule, the money would be turned over to Clutter, who would give his name card as a receipt, or simply scribble his signature on a cash slip to signify that he had received so many "pieces," "data," or "items." When Elliott received the money, he sometimes wrote a number on the corner of a newspaper in which it was wrapped. Deak maintained an account of its own at the bank and, according to the police, eight billion yen passed through the account between September, 1972, and January, 1975, almost all of which was converted into dollars and transferred back to Deak's Los Angeles office. None of this, according to Deak, was Lockheed money, however. Lockheed officials have vehemently denied that any money was transferred back from Japan to America for use as contributions in political campaigns, and the directors' report to the S.E.C. sustains the denial, but the suspicion has remained that, through the complicated underground banking operation, some funds may have been brought back to California and used, if only indirectly, to support Nixon, since Nixon had presumably been instrumental in helping Lockheed sell its TriStars in Japan. Hoze ceased to act as a conduit in October of 1974, because he became uneasy about the large amounts then being funnelled through his account. He was aware that the police were following him, but for some reason they never tracked down Clutter—if they had, the Japanese might have broken the Lockheed scandal before it came out in the Senate hearings. In January, 1975, a year before the Senate hearings began, Hoze was arrested and charged with violating the foreign-exchange law. He was given a fourteen-month suspended sentence and was ordered to return the one-tenth-of-one-per-cent commissions he had been paid by Deak. Hoze told me that the police, with whom he maintained a friendly cat-and-mouse game, chatting with them sometimes in restaurants, said to him at one point that some of the money he had handled for Lockheed had indeed "gone back out of Japan."

The money that Lockheed sent to Japan in this way, and that was used



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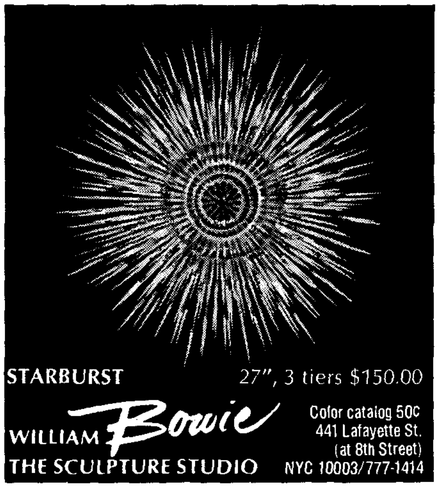

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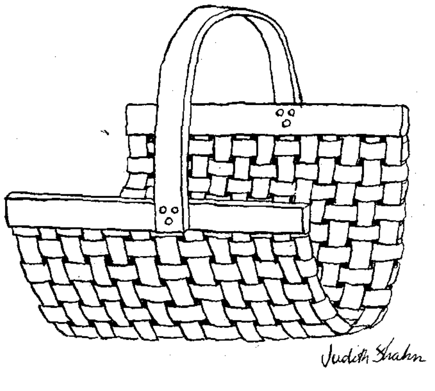
to pay Kodama and Marubeni and the politicians who were alleged to have been bribed, was normally listed as "prepaid commissions" or "marketing services" for tax purposes in Lockheed's account books. Or, as Kotchian said in his Senate testimony, it was "deferred on the books of account, until deliveries [were] made and amortized over deliveries." However, according to the report made by the Special Review Committee of the board of directors to the S.E.C., there were also a number of bank accounts and safe-deposit boxes kept in Switzerland, with varying amounts of money moved in and out of them. From June, 1969, until March, 1975, the report said, yen costing about six million four hundred thousand dollars were purchased by Lockheed Aircraft International, Inc., or by Lockheed Aircraft International A.G., the Swiss subsidiary, "and billed to Lockheed California as 'L-1011 [TriStar] marketing services.' " The report added, "It should be noted that there was no other accounting for the yen purchases in the Company's regular books and records, nor was there any record in the Company's books of the yen 'inventory' in Clutter's possession," in Tokyo. The Lockheed directors' report went on to say that "the Committee's accountants also became aware of instances in which funds were wire-transferred into foreign subsidiaries' bank accounts and then wire-transferred out of the subsidiaries' bank into outsiders' numbered Swiss accounts, without being recorded on the books and records of the subsidiaries." An earlier section of the report noted that "an informal organization developed, reporting to the Company's president, Kotchian, which generated funds for questionable payments and made the payments," and that "employees learned not to question deviations from standard operating procedures and practices." Moreover, "the Committee was told by several witnesses that employees who questioned foreign marketing practices damaged their chances for career advancement." The report then said, "The senior management of the Company, in particular Haughton [the board chairman] and Kotchian, appear to the Committee to have been willing to distort such a primary principle as integrity for short-term expediency, in order to aid, in their mind, the Company's financial survival. It is obvious to the Committee that they were responsible for the questionable payments and practices. While Kotchian was the architect of the strategy that fostered and allowed the things that have been enumerated herein to take place, at least to the expansive extent that they prevailed from the beginning of the nineteen-seventies, Haughton fully supported the program and must share equally the responsibility."

According to the Japanese prosecutors, when Clutter received the million six hundred thousand dollars from the Deak couriers that Kotchian had arranged for in response to the "signal" from Okubo, he delivered it to Marubeni in four separate parcels, on four separate occasions, and this money was then passed on to Enomoto, Tanaka's secretary, also on four separate occasions—twice in 1973 and twice in 1974—by Ito, the Marubeni managing director assigned to that task. The first delivery by Clutter, of a hundred million yen, took place on the morning of August 9, 1973. Clutter telephoned Okubo and told him that the money was ready. Okubo informed Ito, who ordered a secretary to type out a simple receipt with the date and the sentence "I received One Hundred Peanuts." Ito signed his name below. One "peanut" signified one million yen. Ito then instructed a member of his staff to take the receipt to the Lockheed office in Tokyo and give it to Clutter, in return for which the staff member would "receive something," to be placed in the trunk of the car. The "something" was a cardboard box stacked with yen notes in large denominations. After Ito received it, he telephoned Enomoto, and they agreed to meet at 2:30 P.M. the next day behind the British Embassy, in the Chiyoda ward. Enomoto arrived in one of Tanaka's private chauffeured cars, and the money was transferred from Ito's car to his. The prosecutors claim that when Enomoto returned to the Prime Minister's residence, Tanaka told him to put the money in a rear room, where he had a safe. The three subsequent payments, it is charged, were made in a similar manner, except that the code word used was "pieces" instead of "peanuts." The second delivery occurred on October



12, 1973, when a cardboard box containing a hundred and fifty million yen was handed over to Enomoto at a public telephone booth near Ito's home, in the Chiyoda ward. The third delivery, of a hundred and twenty-five million yen, took place on January 21, 1974; this time, Clutter himself handed the money to Ito in Marubeni's underground parking lot, and Ito then gave it to Enomoto in the parking lot of the Hotel Okura. The final delivery, of a hundred and twenty-five million yen, came on March 1, 1974, when Enomoto picked it up from Ito in the hallway of Ito's house. Copies of the receipts that Ito signed are included in the published record of the Senate hearings, and the originals will presumably be submitted as evidence at the trial, in preparation for which the prosecutors questioned four hundred and sixty persons, searched ninety-eight homes, and seized about thirty-seven thousand pieces of evidence.

ON trial with Tanaka, who is accused specifically of receiving a bribe "in response to an entreaty," are Enomoto, charged with conspiracy in connection with the receipt of the bribe money, and the three Marubeni officers—Hiyama, the former president, and the former managing directors Okubo and Ito—who are charged with conspiracy to commit a bribe, violations of the foreign-exchange law, and perjury, for having given false testimony to a committee of the Japanese Diet shortly after the Senate hearings in Washington. The trial is being held in a small seventh-floor courtroom of the drab gray Tokyo District Court building, facing Hibiya Park, not far from the Imperial Palace. Because the court calendar is extremely full, only a few sessions are held each month, and that is why the proceedings are expected to take so long. There is no jury system in Japan today. There are three judges, who sit on an elevated bench in the front of the courtroom; below them, on their right, the five defendants sit on a narrow bench, with their lawyers—sixteen of them—in three rows behind them. The smaller group of prosecutors sits on benches on the other side of the courtroom. The rear of the room has space for only about ninety spectators; half the seats are assigned to the press and the rest are for the public, who on trial days line up an hour or two in advance, waiting for permission to get in. During most of the trial sessions, Tanaka and the other defendants sit with their eyes closed, seeming to doze most of the

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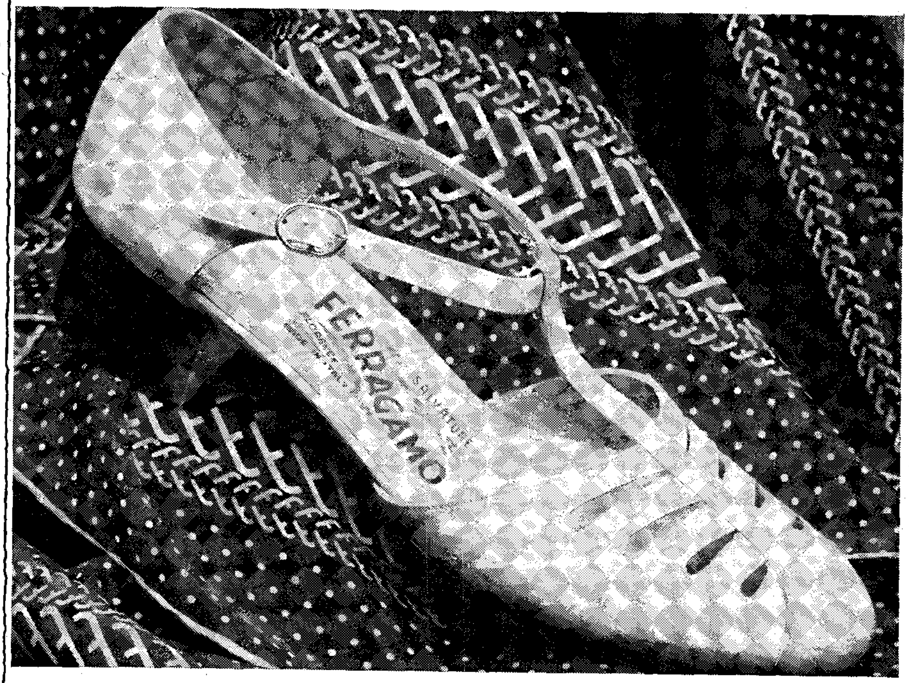

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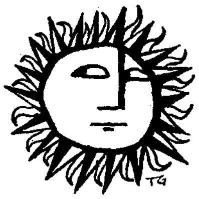
time, although Tanaka every now and then leans forward and makes a few notes while listening to the testimony of the prosecution witnesses. By contrast, in the course of a ten-thousand-word opening statement he made when the trial started last January (in the Japanese system the defendant may reply to the indictment before the prosecutors have spelled out the charges in detail), he offered a dramatic denial of the charges against him, and spent the last ten minutes alternately weeping, drying his eyes, and choking up.



He based much of his denial on a description of his routine each morning at his estate, pointing out that he sees dozens within an hour or so, and that they are shuttled in and out so quickly that he couldn't possibly have had time, when Hiyama of Marubeni saw him on August 23, 1972, to receive congratulations on becoming Prime Minister, listen to Hiyama explain Marubeni's problems with A.N.A. as Lockheed's agent, hear about the excellence of the TriStar, receive an "entreaty" for his help to facilitate the plane's sale, and then agree to an offer of five hundred million yen for his help. Ordinarily, he said, he saw people for only a few minutes, then punched a bell on his desk to summon the next visitor or visitors. He maintained that this procedure was akin to "a busy clinic" or "a conveyor system," and was the only possible method of "disposing of the numerous petitions in a rational way." Consequently, he professed to have no recollection of the visit from Hiyama. "I cannot recall anything about the conversation . . . nor can any of my secretaries or members of my staff recall anything about it," he said. (It is apparent that only Hiyama, in talking to the prosecutors before the trial, could have told them of this conversation, so his testimony, versus Tanaka's, will be of crucial importance.) Tanaka lost control of his emotions when he denied that he and former President Nixon had engaged in any collusion at the Hawaii summit at the end of August, 1972, to get A.N.A. to buy Lockheed's planes, even though the charges specify that upon his return he told his rich business friend Kenji Osano that Nixon had said he would be "most pleased" if Lockheed got the A.N.A. contract. "For the honor of both the United States and Japan, I hereby state that nothing of the sort happened," Tanaka said. At that point, he pulled out a large white handkerchief, and when he added that "my terrible misfortune has damaged the reputation of Japan" he began to sob and could hardly continue. With tears in his eyes, he choked up again as he said, "I am suffering even more than if I were exposed to fire. I want to prove my innocence as quickly as possible. But I offer my profound apology to the people for the fact that the national administration has been thrown into confusion as a result of the indictment of a former Prime Minister."

Tanaka seemed sincere in his denials, and his self-defense made a good impression, but this lasted only until four prosecutors, taking turns, delivered a devastating forty-thousand-word opening statement. One of the most convincing parts of it was the description of how Tanaka tried to cover up his involvement in the case after the disclosures at the Senate hearings in Washington. On February 5th, according to the prosecutors, Marubeni's Ito heard the news on the radio and called Enomoto, who rushed over to Tanaka's house and, following a talk with Tanaka, called Ito back and asked him to "please make it look as though Tanaka has not received five hundred million yen." Enomoto was also alleged to have said to Ito that Tanaka was prepared to return the money, but Ito, the prosecutors said, politely refused the offer, after which Enomoto commented, "I want Marubeni to work hard so as not to get Tanaka into trouble." Five days later, the prosecutors said, Tanaka himself called Ito and complimented the Marubeni people on their public disclaimers. And he spoke to Ito again just before the Diet hearings on February 17th, in an effort to pep up all three Marubeni men—Okubo and Hiyama as well as Ito. According to the prosecutors, the three had already decided that, while Ito and Okubo would admit signing the "peanuts" and "pieces" receipts, they would all deny any knowledge of the flow and passage of money. It was thus that they laid themselves open to the perjury charges they are now facing.

In order to prove the charge that Tanaka accepted a bribe "in response to an entreaty"—a crime that is punishable by a maximum of five years in jail—the prosecutors will have to provide firm evidence that the bribe was accepted "in connection with his duties," as the law has it. Even with the mass of evidence they have collected, this will not be easy, for this is the first time in Japan's judicial history that the broad "duties" of a man who was Prime Minister at the time of an alleged bribe have been the substance of the accusation. In the closest precedent case, thirty years ago, the defendant was Hitoshi Ashida, who was charged with having accepted a million-yen bribe when he was Foreign Minister (he later became Prime Minister), and Ashida was acquitted after a ten-year court fight. Tanaka, for reasons that puzzle a great many people—including his own lawyers, whose advice he didn't take—has insisted on denying that he received *any* money from Marubeni, though the prosecution professes to have absolute evidence on the matter. But the larger issue will still be whether his duties and his role as Prime Minister entitled him to use the money as he saw fit—that is, for political purposes rather than as a reward for acting in Lockheed's behalf.

A Japanese Prime Minister under the postwar constitution is an extremely powerful figure, who appoints and dismisses all Cabinet ministers and appoints other top officials as well, including justices of the Supreme Court and the Prosecutor General. Moreover, as the ex-officio head of a dozen or more supra-ministerial bodies, such as the National Defense Agency, he "exercises control and supervision" over them as well as over the ministries. Since the Ministry of Transport approves the purchase of planes, and the Prime Minister supervises the Ministry, Tanaka would legitimately, as part of his official duties, have been involved in the A.N.A. decision. As an activist Prime Minister who liked to cut through red tape and use his authority in intervening in all sorts of matters, Tanaka can conceivably be shown to have done that matter-of-factly in the Lockheed case. There are thus a number of peculiar subjective elements in the case, and lawyers agree that it will establish precedents as it winds its way through the courts. Many Japanese feel that Tanaka is being tried in the court of public opinion, and the fact that so much evidence was obtained from a foreign nation could be a factor contributing to the ultimate decisions of the High Court and the Supreme Court. Under the law, a Japanese prosecutor must state clearly at the outset what he intends to prove, and he is not supposed to go beyond that to "make any statement based upon materials inadmissible or not intended [to be offered] as evidence, which may tend to cause the court to hold prejudice or to frame a prejudication." After the lengthy opening statement of the prosecution, compounded of the vast wealth of detail gathered in America and from the pretrial examinations of the accused, including some alleged corroborations of what happened from the Marubeni men, the defense attorneys made a strong objection, on the ground that much of the material went beyond the rules of what was legally admissible as evidence. The judges, however, overruled the objection, and this was regarded as a strong point in favor of the prosecutors, who had been daring in going as far as they had in presenting so many important details before calling any witnesses or placing any evidence formally on the record.

THE cases on trial will disclose the inflow and outflow of Lockheed money through what the prosecutors describe as the Marubeni route and the A.N.A. route. Unless Kodama at some point becomes healthy enough to testify at length in court, it is doubtful whether the bulk of the twelve and a half million dollars that Lockheed used for commissions, bribes, and payoffs will ever be traced completely. Kodama's longtime roles as a right-wing leader in Japan, both prewar and postwar, and as a *kuromaku* for Lockheed were brought up during the Senate hearings, in which it was revealed that he was first hired by Lockheed in 1958. Not long afterward, he successfully engineered a lucrative contract for the sale to the Japanese government of the company's F-104 fighters, actually getting the government to change its mind about buying Grumman fighters. During the questioning of William G. Findley, of Arthur Young & Company, the independent auditors for Lockheed, Senator Church asked, "Would you agree that this was a man of questionable character? Why would Lockheed pay this man millions of dollars? You must have asked. What were you told?"

FINDLEY: Yes, sir. Well, the man is a very influential figure in Japan, and has access to important people. He was characterized in one conversation as a very powerful lobbyist. The competition in Japan for business was an intense one. The corporation has told us that the competition was quite formidable, and that it was essential that the order be obtained [for TriStars] and their best available aid in obtaining that order would be Mr. Kodama. . . .

CHURCH: And how was he paid, openly or secretly?

FINDLEY: Well, he was paid in a variety of ways.

CHURCH: Tell us how you determined that he was paid.

FINDLEY: Our examination indicated that he was paid substantial sums in cur-

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rency and also substantial sums in the form of bearer checks.

CHURCH: All right, the currency. When you say substantial sums, can you tell us how this money was actually transferred to him?

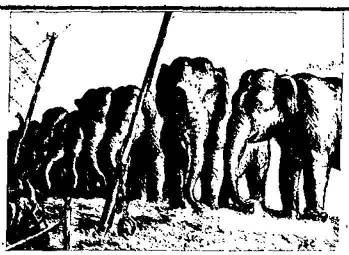
FINDLEY: My recollection is that the corporation would purchase in Japan from a foreign-exchange broker sums of yen, and these sums of yen currency would be physically delivered to Mr. Kodama.

CHURCH: In Bekins boxes?

FINDLEY: Well, the expression was once used, that the sums of money required packing cases.

Since Lockheed had never told Arthur Young & Company much about the relationship with Kodama, Findley was in no position to know that most, if not all, of the money came into Japan by the Deak route from Hong Kong. But the auditors pressed hard to get more information from Kotchian and other Lockheed officers about the often untraceable commissions and other irregular payments, though they invariably ran up against Kotchian's stubborn insistence that secrecy was necessary for what had been done. Findley did become aware of one particularly mysterious transaction, though, which involved fourteen bearer checks totalling a million six hundred sixty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-seven dollars—the only time that Kodama, who ordinarily demanded cash and signed receipts for it with his chop, or seal, as well as his personal signature, was given bearer checks. Findley testified that although his firm was "insisting upon receipts . . . for yen transactions," he really was "not sure why the bearer check was used in lieu of yen." In his testimony before the Senate subcommittee, Findley confirmed that these checks were personally carried to Japan from Switzerland by L. T. Barrow, Lockheed's vice-president for international finance, after being withdrawn from the company's Swiss subsidiary through Crédit Suisse on October 31, 1972—the day after Lockheed had been told by A.N.A. that the airline had decided to buy the TriStars. Four additional bearer checks in Swiss francs equivalent to three hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars were issued the same day, but Barrow brought only the United States dollar checks to Japan and gave them either to Clutter or directly to Kodama on November 2nd. These checks were reported to have been "lost" that same day—they were later said to have been "stolen" from Kodama's home, where he had put them in an attaché case in the outer hall. Surprisingly, it was not until January 6, 1973—two months and six days later—that Lockheed asked the Swiss bank to stop payment on them. The fact that Barrow made an unprecedented personal trip to Japan for the sole purpose of delivering the checks to Kodama, that they then strangely disappeared almost at once, and that payment wasn't stopped until so much time had elapsed has raised questions about what actually happened to the money. Despite Lockheed's disclaimers, the suspicion remains that in some way it could have been returned to America and used for other purposes. In May, 1973, the total represented in the fourteen checks was apparently replaced by Lockheed and sent to Japan through Deak; a receipt signed by Dirk Brink, the Hong Kong head of Deak, was entered in the Senate records. But the fact remains that before payment was stopped, the checks could have been used as collateral for something else—conceivably a loan, if not an outright contribution, to help out Nixon in his political campaign.

There is no indication that any new checks to replace the belatedly stopped ones were issued in Switzerland. The mystery of those that were supposedly lost and later replaced from a different source is deepened by the role played by another of the shadowy figures in the Lockheed scandal—a nisei, or Japanese-American, named Shig Katayama, who headed a company called the International Development, or I-D, Corporation, which had its headquarters in Hong Kong, though it was incorporated in the Cayman islands, in the Caribbean, a well-known tax haven. Katayama, who also heads the United Steel Company, in Tokyo, and profited from the scrap-metal business in Vietnam, has had an on-and-off relationship as a consultant and adviser to Lockheed since the early nineteen-sixties, and among other things, according to Kotchian's testimony, helped the company in a number of business transactions in the Far East. According to an affidavit filed in Los Angeles, A. H. Elliott asked Katayama in 1974 "to prepare receipts for Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, for internal accounting purposes only, to cover disbursements Lockheed Aircraft Corporation had made in Japan." In October, 1977, Katayama testified at the A.N.A. trial that he had signed ten or twelve such receipts at Elliott's request after meeting with Elliott at the Mandarin Hotel, in Hong Kong—a favor for which, he said, he was paid a commission of seventy-two thousand dollars. In his Senate subcommittee testimony, Kotchian described the I-D Corporation as an



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"arm's length" firm, with which Lockheed had a special relationship. What is interesting is that Lockheed signed a special contract with Katayama for his "services" on November 2, 1972—the same day that the "loss" of a million six hundred sixty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-seven dollars' worth of bearer checks was reported—and that even though he didn't sign some of the receipts as requested by Elliott until almost two years later, the fourteen checks, plus the four additional ones in Swiss francs that had been issued the same day in Switzerland, totalled precisely the sum that Kotchian has said was used to bribe Japanese officials; namely, six hundred and twenty million yen, or roughly two million dollars. This also matches the amount of the "peanuts" and "pieces" receipts that Lockheed obtained from Marubeni, and receipts for "units" that were used in the so-called A.N.A. route. Katayama has privately speculated that he was asked to sign the phony receipts simply for bookkeeping purposes, because Lockheed's accountants wouldn't accept the other receipts as valid and the Marubeni executives wouldn't sign anything more incriminating. But another, more fascinating theory is that Lockheed could have used the missing checks as collateral to borrow the money from Katayama, who conceivably had that much, or from another source, and that the total may then have been laundered in the Cayman islands or elsewhere and used for political or other purposes in the United States. Lockheed could then, according to this theory, have replaced the equivalent of the missing checks, representing money owed to Kodama, with whom the company was in arrears at the time, by utilizing the Deak channel from Hong Kong.

In his affidavit, Elliott said, "At no time did I or, to the best of my knowledge, did anyone representing Lockheed Aircraft Corporation request I-D Corporation or Mr. Shig Katayama to channel, transfer, or turn over funds from Lockheed Aircraft Corporation to anyone in Japan, Hong Kong, or anyplace else." That, however, would not rule out Lockheed's having used Katayama's services for handling borrowed funds in any way it saw fit. The Senate subcommittee was curious about the role of the I-D Corporation but never probed into its true function or its true relationship with Lockheed, though Kotchian was visibly nervous and evasive in answering the few questions asked about it. At one point, when Senators Church and Percy were questioning him, the following exchange took place:

PERCY: Was I-D ever used to launder funds for political contributions or political payments?

KOTCHIAN: No, I guess I don't—

PERCY: To Indonesia, to Japan?

KOTCHIAN: Well, they provided—they provided receipts for some of the payments made in Japan.

CHURCH: Those receipts were false, falsifications, weren't they, to cover what the payments really were all about?

KOTCHIAN: Yes, I guess, yes.

CHURCH: Yes, the answer is yes to that.

KOTCHIAN: Yes, sir.

Kodama would undoubtedly be able to throw light not only on the mystery of the missing checks and what happened to them but also on a great many other matters that arose during his nearly two decades of acting as Lockheed's secret agent in Japan. For years, it was virtually taboo to write anything about Kodama in the press, which was—and, to a lesser extent, still is—part of the Japanese establishment. Anyone who probed too deeply into his background and his current activities, it was rumored, would be murdered by one of his underworld associates or by his private army, said to number twenty-thousand men, which regularly trains on an island near South Korea. One prominent former Cabinet minister has said, "Kodama never worried about the police, the tax agency, or the prosecutor's office. He was confident no one could touch him, and considered himself above the law." Kodama's network of contacts reaches into every ministry and into every branch of the police, who kept his whereabouts a secret for a week after the scandal broke—until public opinion forced them to reveal that he was not hiding out under their protection but was at home. Since then, the prosecutors, who have shown a far greater zeal and sense of independence in attacking the Lockheed case than they have ever demonstrated in the past, have treated him like any other suspected criminal, and they claim that, despite his reluctance to talk, they have slowly been able to put together a fairly clear picture of Kodama's activities in Lockheed's behalf.

Now that Kodama is on trial, his contract with Lockheed has been cancelled, as of August, 1976. A revision of it in mid-1973 had called for him to receive about eight million dollars more if he succeeded in selling not less than fifty of Lockheed's Orion anti-submarine planes to Japan's Defense Agency. Ironically, even without Kodama's help Lockheed is about to consummate a deal to sell Orions to the

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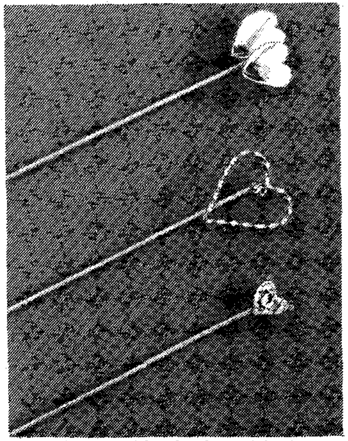

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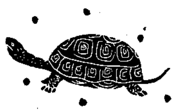
Japanese. The Cabinet and the National Defense Council have approved the purchase over the next eleven years of forty-five of the planes, three of them to be bought outright from Lockheed, six of them to be bought in the United States and assembled in Japan, and the thirty-six others to be manufactured in Japan under licensing agreements. The whole deal will mean hundreds of millions of dollars in new business for Lockheed and will help immeasurably in the company's financial recovery, which has already enabled it to repay to its bankers all of the two hundred forty million dollars it had borrowed against the quarter-billion-dollar loan guarantee it obtained from the government in 1971. (The company's credit worthiness has so far recovered that last October it obtained a new one-hundred-million-dollar line of credit from its bankers without having to draw upon the loan guarantee.) In the early nineteen-seventies, under Prime Minister Eisaku Sato, the Japanese began the development of their own anti-submarine planes, but under Tanaka the development was discontinued. Although Kodama may have had something to do with this decision, working through Osano, the fact that Lockheed has now been able to conclude the deal on its own is an indication of what a number of observers have said all along—that there was no need to pay such exorbitant fees to Kodama and others in the first place, and that the Lockheed people acted "like babes in the wood" in Japan, and in other countries, too. In fact, even as far back as 1958 and 1959, when Kodama helped bring about the sale of Lockheed's F-104 fighters to the Defense Agency, the company had its own man in Tokyo—John Kenneth Hull, who was well known as a lobbyist and lavish entertainer in his own right, and who also played a key role in that transaction. Kodama's refusal to say what he did with the vast amount of money he obtained from Lockheed makes it difficult to determine just how much help he was in consummating the F-104 and TriStar sales, but even granted that he was of some help, it seems doubtful whether he was as valuable as Kotchian has maintained. Certainly the Defense Agency today is less subject to political pressure than it was before—in large part as a result of the Lockheed case, although the fact that the Pentagon was also trying to push the sale has led to charges in the Diet by the opposition parties that the Defense Agency is tied up with the American "military-industrial complex," and these charges have added a new moral dimension to the scandal. Various Diet committees—most notably, the budget committee—are likely to air some of the charges during hearings beginning this month, and this move could snag the Orion purchase program, but this is considered unlikely.

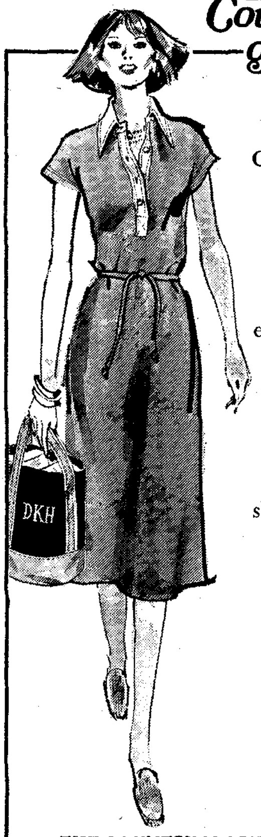
THERE is a saying in Japan that no scandal or sensation of any kind lasts more than seventy-five days. The Lockheed case has proved otherwise, and while public interest in it has slackened since it first broke, its effects are still seen and felt in many ways—culturally and psychologically as well as politically. As the trials drag on, there will be fresh high points—for example, when Tanaka takes the witness stand in his own defense, as he is expected to do—but, beyond that, there is a subterranean sense, in this earthquake-prone country, that the foundations of this establishment-oriented society have been permanently shaken. In an era of all sorts of additional challenges, among them economic ones involving serious differences with the United States and European nations over Japan's huge trade and foreign-currency surpluses, the country is felt to be undergoing a substantial transformation, which Lockheed has accelerated by serving both as a catalyst and as a conscience-stirring phenomenon. Though Japan remains conservative and democratic, the symbiotic relationship between big business and big-party politics—notably, those of the Liberal Democratic Party, whose unilateral hold on the government is no longer certain—has been thoroughly scrutinized and questioned, and the issue of what Japanese scholars and commentators refer to as "structural corruption" is being widely examined. A recent analysis by the 1984 Group, consisting of a wide range of specialists in various disciplines, noted, "The people have begun to tire of the postwar structure of 'quick money and corruption,' and have even begun to feel a self-revulsion for the amoral age of covetousness and conceit run rampant. This awakening and maturation of the popular awareness have got way out in front of the politicians, and the political parties, of whatever stripe, have been left behind. Indeed, it is this gap which accounts for the recent sudden increase in the number of people who consider themselves independents. The people are delicately receptive to this discrepancy between politics and the popular mood, and they seek in scandals such as these, symbolic of the darker side of our postwar history, a psychological accounting of some sort." The analysis added, "We must understand this case as symbolic of the end of the postwar era," and "We must analyze what corruption means and why and how it occurs," and "determine the directions for the social physiology of catharsis and the reconstruction of morality."

The Japanese capacity for self-examination, though it often results in more talk than action, is almost endless, and since the Lockheed scandal broke there have been scores of articles and analyses dealing with all its aspects, including the role of Kodama and the significance of the old right-wing elements he represents, and the position of trading companies. (Marubeni, incidentally, has continued to prosper.) Considerable criticism has been directed inward, too—at the Diet, for example, for the weakness of its investigative role, compared with that of the United States Congress—and there is increasing talk among opposition leaders, and some Liberal Democrats as well, about beefing up the committees with investigative staffs and lawyers. One commentator, a professor of politics named Rei Shiratori, having watched with what he called in *Ushio*, a monthly magazine, "a sense of utter helplessness" as the executives of Marubeni and other witnesses, like Osano, stonewalled at the Diet hearings—either committing perjury or withholding the truth by repeatedly citing strange losses of memory—concluded, "The reduction of the system of testimony under oath to an empty formality without substance is a part of the process of rendering the Diet powerless," and he attributed the growing powerlessness to the fact that "the administration has virtually all decision-making rights with respect to policy in its hands," leaving the Diet "completely dependent for all policy decisions on a bureaucratic organization that has been rendered a part of the Liberal Democratic Party's semi-political, private substructure." The result, he added, has been not only the neutralization of the Diet's investigative powers but "the collapse of the premise on which Japanese democracy is based—the separation of administration, legislation, and judicature."



Shiratori and others have also made the point that if the Diet had investigated the affairs of former Prime Minister Tanaka when he was forced to resign in 1974, the Lockheed connection would have been exposed much earlier, independently of the Americans. This raises the question of investigative journalism in Japan, which the Lockheed case has served to encourage, but which received its greatest postwar impetus from an earlier article about Tanaka that appeared in the monthly magazine *Bungei Shunju* in the fall of 1974. This article was directly responsible for Tanaka's downfall by revealing in great detail his financial activities over the years, especially in land grabbing and land speculation, and his failure to pay taxes that were anywhere near commensurate with his income. Though there had long been rumors of scandal in Tanaka's past, nothing was revealed until Takashi Tachibana, a then thirty-four-year-old former French-literature student turned reporter and writer, spent two months, with the help of a twenty-man magazine task force, unearthing from government files and other sources every scrap of available information about Tanaka's wheeling and dealing and about his private life as well. It is sometimes said that Tachibana has his own Deep Throat—possibly someone close to Takeo Fukuda, who is Prime Minister today—but, whether that is true or not, Tachibana and his aides dug up most of their facts on their own, by, as he modestly says, "simply going to tax offices, census-registration offices, and other government bureaus, bowing to officials, paying modest copying fees, and returning with a treasure house of information." *Bungei Shunju* is unusual in that, unlike Japan's big-circulation newspapers and most of its other magazines, it is a completely independent publication, without ties to any political party or to any part of the Japanese establishment. Its editor, a soft-spoken man named Kengo Tanaka, describes it as "a magazine for the intellectual middle class—the class that built up today's Japan, enjoys relative prosperity, and doesn't seek dramatic change or revolution." After it published Tachibana's article, the rest of the Japanese press, typically, paid no attention until the foreign press picked the story up. Then, shortly before Tanaka resigned as Prime Minister, he stormed out of a luncheon meeting at the Foreign Correspondents Club when he was probed about his finances, and that really alerted the press.

ONCE the Lockheed case had broken, following the Senate hearings, the press had a field day, and for



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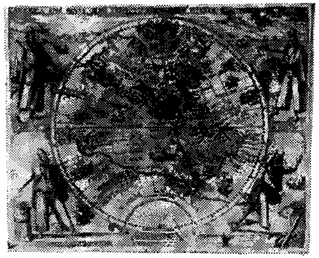

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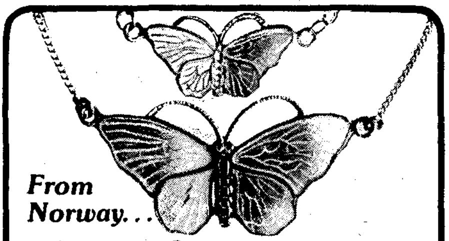

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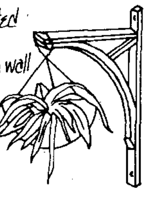

most of 1976 the story dominated the front pages. At the outset, television gave it even more dramatic treatment, and the videotapes of the Washington hearings and the live telecasts of the Diet hearings, unproductive as most of these were, were viewed by audiences of millions; crowds often gathered on the streets in front of store windows or stopped working in company offices to watch them. Hisanori Isomura, who has been called the Walter Cronkite of Japan, told me that the nightly audience for his news program over NHK, the government-owned TV network, jumped from fifteen million to forty-two million during the Diet hearings and Tanaka's arrest, and climbed again when he was released from jail and when he successfully ran for reëlection to the Diet. "It was like a witch-hunt for a while," Isomura said. "Tanaka became the scapegoat for everything that was dirty in politics and wrong about the Liberal Democratic Party." The NHK switchboard received hundreds of calls from angry viewers about Tanaka and the recalcitrant Diet witnesses. A sense of national guilt and shame evolved, and with it what Takeo Doi, a well-known psychiatrist, described as *Schadenfreude*—the German word that means enjoyment of someone else's shame or misfortune. The sense of shame remains, but there has also arisen a sense of pride in the fact that, despite efforts that were made to cover up the scandal, the prosecutors were undaunted and pushed ahead with their investigations. "Watergate impressed us all tremendously, as did the resiliency of American democracy," Masao Kunihiro, a cultural anthropologist who is also active in politics as an adviser to former Prime Minister Miki, told me. "The fact that our own law-enforcement agencies have proved themselves dynamic and persistent shows that our democracy can be resilient, too, even though there is an awareness of the need for forces to deal with those political institutions which created the unwholesome atmosphere that gave rise to the Lockheed affair."

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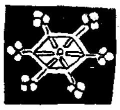
Judith Shahn

Kunihiro and others with whom I spoke, including members of the Diet, academic leaders, bureaucrats, writers, and lawyers, also believe that unless the reformist campaign, led by the opposition parties and by some of the more forward-looking members of the Liberal Democratic Party, maintains its momentum the "black mist" caused by Lockheed, and perhaps other scandals that are still in the process of being uncovered, will continue to hang over Japan. Miki, who became known as Mr. Clean for his efforts to get to the bottom of the Lockheed case, was pushed out of office by Fukuda and other Party leaders following the L.D.P.'s loss of votes in the December, 1976, lower-house election of the Diet, and thereafter the drive for reform within the L.D.P. began to slacken, though last March Fukuda claimed that he was paving the way for the disbanding of Party factions—the subdivisions among the L.D.P. members of the Diet who owe allegiance to a particular politician who is or hopes to become Prime Minister—by abolishing his own and by calling for a more grass-roots approach to fund-raising and Party organization. Many of the old politicians, who seek to maintain the establishment, are quite content to let it survive at the expense of Tanaka, who had been regarded as a maverick anyhow, since he rose to power in his own way. On the other hand, once the wheels of justice began to roll and Tanaka was arrested, indicted, and placed on trial, he became something of a tragic figure in the eyes of some, and there are those who now express pity for him and suggest that he has been punished enough by having been disgraced and brought to trial. This fits in with the Japanese concept of avoiding pain whenever possible—a concept that runs deep and makes the application of justice less ruthless than it often is in the West.

AT the moment, the Japanese, ever ardent faddists, have made something of a fad out of the Lockheed case. Book publishers have profited by bringing out a spate of new books on some of the leading figures in the scandal—about fifty have been published on Kodama alone, and many have become best-sellers. Semi-documentary novels on subjects like the competition between trading companies to sell fighter planes have hit the fiction best-seller lists. A film called "Barren Zone," about the sale of F-104 fighters, with the social message that big business equals big politics equals big war, has received critical acclaim and drawn large audiences. Even the traditional Kabuki theatre has come up with a modernized version of an early Showa-era play about a group of samurai involved with bribery. The villain is a samurai named Rokkiedo, and he has two accomplices named Kochan and Krata. At the end, Rokkiedo is brought before a high lord named Miki, to whose questions about the bribery he replies, "I don't remember." Here the play reverts to the original plot, for when the truth is forced from him he is killed by two sisters seeking revenge for the death of their father, whom Rokkiedo had earlier murdered. Another play I went to see was directly based on the Lockheed scandal and was written by Japan's leading stage satirist, Tadasu Iizawa. The protagonist, Kakubei Tanaoka, not only was blatantly named after Tanaka but looked and acted as much like him as possible, down to the flashing smile and the abrupt wave of the hand; another character, Sayo Kitamura, was obviously based on a woman who has been close to Tanaka for years, personally and also professionally, as a handler of money for him. The play, a four-act comedy, concerns Tanaoka's desperate efforts to obtain large amounts of money for his political campaign to win the Party presidency; he succeeds in getting three hundred million yen just in time, when he receives the proceeds of a bank robbery smuggled to him in an icebox ostensibly full of canned tomato juice. The night I was there, the audience included many men wearing their company badges, along with both older and younger people, and everyone laughed loudly and frequently at the capers of Tanaoka and at the behavior of the other characters, who all bore a close resemblance to the men and women involved in Tanaka's private and public life. In addition to all the books and plays and films, merchandisers have made money peddling a variety of cheap goods, such as a "commuter pass" enabling subway passengers to move from "Peanuts Station to High Government Officials Station via Coverup Station," and white handkerchiefs bearing the inscription "I Received One Hundred Peanuts." For a time, a group of young people published a paper called *The Weekly Peanuts*, and there has been a series of popular Lockheed songs, with titles like "I Also Would Like to Get Peanuts" and "Playing Innocence."



Another, more serious form of what the social psychologists call faddism is political apathy. It has become fashionable, especially on the part of younger people, to pretend to have no interest in politics—an attitude that has been abetted by the Lockheed case. In fact, surveys show that as much as forty per cent of the voting population favors no one party over another, and this is something that particularly worries the Liberal Democratic Party. Partly as a result of this diminishing interest, a fresh sense of hedonism has developed, again among members of the younger generation in particular, who search constantly for new pleasure and forms of escapism, some of which denote a healthy desire to rediscover their native outlets and older rural roots—what the Japanese call "localism." One of the latest fads is jogging, and in Tokyo and other cities, as well as in towns all over the country, in the morning, at lunchtime, and at dusk, there are thousands of joggers, both men and women, many of them dressed in neatly tailored, colorful sweatsuits. "This is just another way of letting off steam," the psychiatrist Takeo Doi says, "but it's indicative of the national mood." In many ways, the national mood in the wake of Lockheed remains ambivalent. Concerned people, such as a group of political figures and academics who have formed the Forum to Consider a New Japan, are seriously searching for new formulas to modify some of the old institutions—notably, the money-power alliance—and to counteract the attitudes of apathy and drift. Other people, such as Wataru Hiraizumi, a Liberal Democrat who is a member of the lower house, are equally in favor of reform but warn against "overpruning the tree." As Hiraizumi puts it, "Lockheed came along at a particularly unfortunate moment, because people had begun to worry about getting enough income in the new period of more limited economic growth we're facing, and their worry and annoyance were exacerbated by the revelation that big business and politicians were getting too large a share of the pie. Politics isn't perfect, but neither is the public, and we have to make sure that Lockheed is deprived of its sensational elements, because, if they get out of hand, they could lead to the destruction of the democratic structure itself."

Hiraizumi's worry is that if the process of reform is not carefully guided to avoid emotional and extremist reactions, Japan, still a volatile nation, could again swing to the right. Kunihiro, the cultural anthropologist, describes this danger as "going Fascist in a democratic way," and believes that it will become more imminent if the country feels itself hemmed in economically by protectionist policies of other

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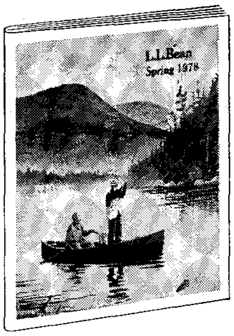

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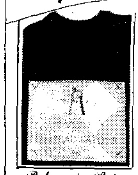

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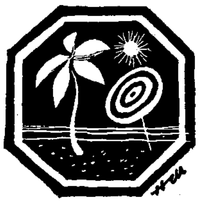
nations and by such measures as the new two-hundred-mile fishing limits being announced by a growing number of nations, including the Soviet Union, which have sizably cut the annual catch of Japanese fishermen in a fish-consuming country. A natural effect of being made to feel more isolated than they already are, of being driven further inward, would be a move by the Japanese to rearm more strenuously, and even to go nuclear—something that they already have the capacity to do, though pacifism is still dominant. Extremism is in some ways in the air, as was demonstrated dramatically last March when four armed ultra-rightists of the Youth League for the Overthrow of the Yalta-Potsdam System invaded the downtown offices of the Keidanren, or Japan Federation of Economic Organizations, which is akin to the National Association of Manufacturers in America, and held the managing director and three other staff members hostage for eleven hours—until the widow of the late rightist author Yukio Mishima persuaded them to surrender. In a manifesto, the four rightists, who represent those who wish to rewrite the constitution and restore the old imperial system, charged that "Japan has been spoiled and its society confused to a decadent extent by the profit-first policy." It went on, "The political confusion set off by the Lockheed scandal has rocked the nation's free-society system to its roots, driving the general public to deep distrust of Japan's political machinery."



A FEW days after this event, I had a talk with Toshiwo Doko, the octogenarian head of the Keidanren, who had been the main target of the attackers but had been out of town on the day of the raid. Doko pointed out—as others have done—that the ultra-rightists in Japan today are an aberrational minority with little public support, but he acknowledged that their protests represent a common criticism of the links between big business and politics, which the Lockheed case catalyzed. "Lockheed did hurt us," he said. "The scandal was the result of the moral transgressions that took place when political factions in the L.D.P. became too personal, especially under Tanaka. Business contributed too much money, and Lockheed was part of that. This must now stop, and we're trying to stop it. We still want the L.D.P. to be the stable base of government, but it must cease depending on enormous sums of money and hold power by cleansing itself and supporting sound economic measures." Like many others I spoke with, Doko felt that the Lockheed case had ultimately had a salutary effect, because "it shook us up." Several businessmen, bureaucrats, and politicians said, among other things, that the case had focussed fresh attention on the role of multinationals in Japan and on the need for a code of conduct to control their operations, including bribery. Because the scandal took place at a time when the L.D.P. was losing strength under its old-guard leadership, it has also served to emphasize the need for new leaders in the Party, from the young and the middle-aged. There are now stirrings both within the Party and outside it; for example, the New Liberal Club, headed by Yohei Kono, broke away from the L.D.P. in June of 1976, and has become the most attractive new political force in the country. Kiichi Miyazawa, the director of the Economic Planning Agency—a longtime bureaucrat politician who has held several Cabinet posts and now, in his late fifties, is regarded as a possible choice for the Prime Ministership in the next few years—said, "Lockheed accelerated the generational change that is taking place in Japan. In time, a more vocal society will emerge." Prime Minister Fukuda, in an interview I had with him, described the case as "unfortunate, but a blessing in disguise," because "it will trigger a revival in the L.D.P., which has been too comfortable, too lax, causing a murkiness in the general climate."

It cannot yet be determined how much of a real cleansing effect on politics the Lockheed case will actually have. As a rule, the Japanese have short memories when it comes to scandals, but Lockheed may be remembered longer just because it has coincided with so many other changes in the wind. The Japanese tend to reject change; they like things as they are, for the most part, and their national character is bourgeois and middle-class. But events have now forced them to confront the challenge of change in an adversary manner they are not accustomed to, and they are responding to the challenge in their own way. Facing an annual growth rate of five or six per cent, instead of ten or twelve per cent, as in the past, they are in the process of reappraising not only their basic institutions but their basic value systems, including their attitudes toward leisure and their ways of dealing with other nations and other people. Their relationships with each other, while still traditionally harmonious in most respects, are also changing, and this is due chiefly to the fact that today not everything is geared to growth and more growth. The trend away from climbing the metropolitan big-business ladder to success, and toward localism, is one manifestation of the new spirit. The highly praised consensus system, solidly based on Confucian precepts, in which the bureaucrats have played the key role of mediators between the politicians and the businessmen, has itself been challenged by the Lockheed scandal—and by other things as well, including the oil crisis and the recession—but most observers believe that it will survive, because, as the head of a large research organization put it, "the more danger we confront, and the more problems, the more we need it." Already an open society—one of the few in Asia—but a society that stresses liberty over equality, Japan is likely to become a more pluralistic society, too, in the years ahead, and perhaps a more relaxed one as well, though it will inevitably remain an industrial power. Its innate ability to adapt itself to the many changes taking place internally and its less certain ability to play a more productive and creative role in the world will determine whether the worst or the best scenario for the future will be the one that is acted out. Compared to Watergate, which had a violent purging effect on the American political and social scene, the Lockheed case in Japan has provoked, and proved part of, a broader and, at the same time, slower catharsis. The initial shock waves it caused are over now, but the aftermath is still unfolding, and the case has passed beyond scandal into self-exploration and a search for new answers and motivations. If these can be found, the Lockheed Incident could prove as important to the maturation of Japanese democracy at this crucial point in the country's postwar history as the imposition of democracy by the American Occupation was to a defeated and bewildered nation more than three decades ago.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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"It looks as if Seymour learned his Polish from a grandfather or somebody who must have emigrated from some backwoods of eastern Poland decades ago," said one Polish journalist. "He used antiquated words and strange grammar, just like uneducated Polish peasants still do."—*The Times.*

And some Polish journalists.

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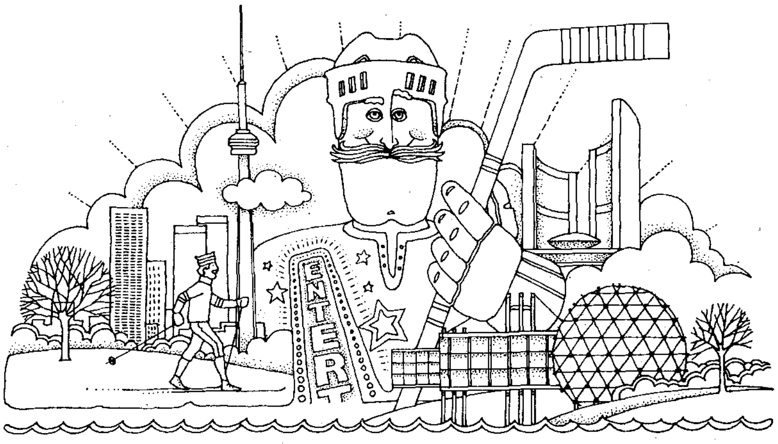

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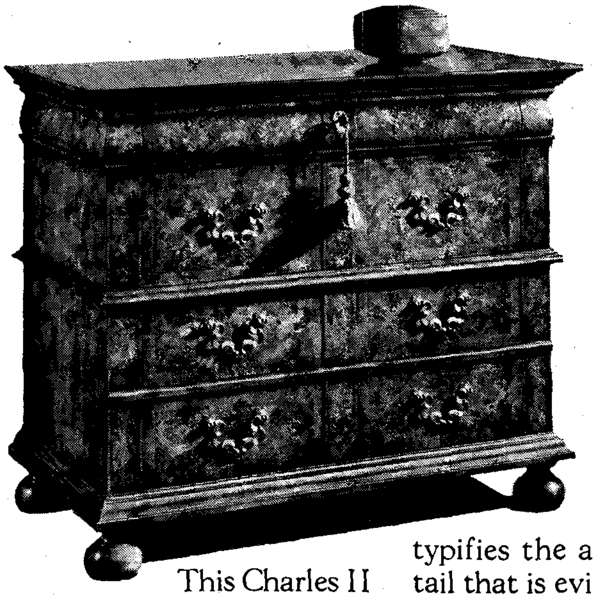

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *More Torment, or When They Broke the Silence*

IN Ingmar Bergman's "The Serpent's Egg," set in Berlin between November 3rd and November 11th in 1923, young Storm Troopers march into a cabaret, and the Jewish owner gets his head bashed against a table twelve (count 'em) times. The central character—Abel Rosenberg (David Carradine), an American trapeze artist—returns to his boarding house and goes upstairs to his room, and there is his circus-partner brother, a figure by Schiele, sitting on the bed, propped up against the wall; he has shot himself in the mouth, and the shattered top of his head is like a dozen red roses. Other people who live or work near Abel are turning up dead, and the grizzled old police inspector (Gert Fröbe) shows him a succession of cadavers with bruises and bloody heads. Abel bangs the head of a petty bureaucrat against the iron bars of a gate, and when he's assaulted by a guard, his assailant's head is squashed under an elevator, and the blood sprays Abel in the face. Abel keeps clutching his head in misery, and Manuela (Liv Ullmann), his dead brother's ex-wife, keeps holding it to comfort him. At "The Serpent's Egg," it doesn't take long for us to get the idea: Ingmar Bergman's head hurts.

The actors are doing all this not for any reason that's apparent but because Bergman told them to. Because he's Bergman, they believed in him. Because he's Bergman, we want to believe, too. But we can't. Usually when we go to Bergman movies, we assume that he's "working out" something personal, and we respect that and accept the loose ends and the confusion. An artist can draw a lot of energy from obsessive material; we can practically feel Bergman climbing the walls. (Over the years, we've grown accustomed to giving him a leg up.) Here, though the material is almost explicitly obsessive, we don't feel the urgency or the pain that would enable us to identify with what Abel and Manuela are going through. Liv Ullmann's devoted Manuela, a simple, religious whore who tries to save Abel, is out of Dostoevski; her passive suffering-animal quality is pure Sonia. Without his brother, Abel has no trapeze act, and he takes a job in a hospital archive that's out of Kafka. This archive is so mazelike that he has to be led through the corridors to the cranny where he works shifting files from gray folders to yellow ones; his superior describes these files as "full of reports of inconceivable human suffering." Everything in the movie seems out of somewhere (Pabst's "Joyless Street," Bob Fosse's "Cabaret," Bergman's own "The Silence," etc.); everything is strained, insufficient, underfelt. There has never been another director who yielded to despair in his movies as often as Bergman does, but generally he has had enough theatricality to pull the audience along. When his inspiration flagged, he could swindle his way through, as in "The Hour of the Wolf," and people in the audience might think the fault was in them. He stooped to a severed hand and a grisly eye in an inkwell in "The Magician," but he did it with metaphysical flash. This time, his theatricality fails him, and his misery sits on the screen like a dull, dark ache.

"The Serpent's Egg" was made in English at the Bavaria Studios, in Munich, and though it was shot by Bergman's longtime cinematographer-collaborator, Sven Nykvist, it doesn't look like a Bergman film. The visual style isn't pared down to register the characters' emotions with maximum clarity, and Liv Ullmann's face doesn't have that radiant, supernal naturalness that one associates with Bergman. The cinematography is erratic: unusual, dreamy shots of the night city, interrupted by fitful camera movements and jarring zooms. Bergman's twenties Berlin is constructed on the basis of film memories, like the New York of "New York, New York;" this is a dilapidated, poisoned Berlin. The decadence here is of a special, liberal-moralist's variety: for De Mille, decadence was people boozing and dancing and watching drag shows; for Bergman, decadence is people doing all that and not enjoying it. Bergman and Nykvist use color in an anti-color manner, draining the light away. The rooms and buildings are muggy gray-green, and the streets feel enclosed. There's nothing beyond or above. No doubt much of this is intentional, but the heavy atmosphere tightens one's chest, and the brutality is literal and without suggestiveness—its only power is to offend.

In most of Bergman's films, what we experience as the intellectual, spiritual, and emotional background comes to us in terms of a very specific frame of reference. If he has his Scandinavians suffering from rootlessness, they suffer as rootless people within a deeply rooted society. We can feel that they are lost within a recognizable, traditional box. But Abel and Manuela are in an imprecise environment; they're rattling around in a set, waiting for their cues. Their vacancy of spirit—Manuela says that "people have no future, people have lost the future"—is intended to affect us, and if this were one of Bergman's Swedish films it would. Here Abel and Manuela seem to have come to Berlin just to experience the universal anguish and go vacant.

In plot terms, Bergman is back with his man of instinct (Abel) versus the icy, sadistic scientific intelligence, and once again—for unexplained reasons—the enemy is a pedantic Dr. Vergerus, played by Heinz Bennent. (Gunnar Björnstrand was Dr. Vergerus in "The Magician;" Erland Josephson was the architect Vergerus in "The Passion of Anna;" Max von Sydow was Dr. Vergerus in "The Touch.") This new Vergerus, whom Abel knew when they were children, was a cat torturer then, and now conducts lethal torture experiments on human beings. He's the head of the hospital where Abel works in the archive and Manuela works in the laundry, and he provides them with an apartment attached to the hospital, which places them under his control. Vergerus is a variant of the bespectacled mad doctors in horror films, and is also the blond, blue-eyed Nazi prophet who in this November of 1923, when Hitler's first, abortive, putsch is taking place in Munich, dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. He says of his own period, "It's like a serpent's egg. Through the thin membranes you can clearly discern the already perfect reptile." Bergman has 20-20 hindsight. This movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy.

With Bergman's last movie, "Face to Face," even if you gave up on the closed, orthodox Freudian script that was yet so blurry and unrealized, Liv Ullmann bailed Bergman out. Though one was held by the performance, afterward one couldn't remember the picture; its suspense had been in whether she could sustain her feat. And there's a penalty for this kind of solemn tour de force. Having acted out so much Bergman agony and depression and having redeemed so much banality in

TELEPHONES

“Face to Face,” Liv Ullmann, with her transcendent sincerity, has begun to seem too clear in our minds. (That TV perennial “Scenes from a Marriage” has given her the aura of an evangelist with a nightly message.) She has been in a position that other screen actresses envy: who else has huge starring roles written for her by a great movie director, as stage actresses in the past had roles written for them by the leading dramatists? But the price of this advantage has been that in Bergman’s pictures she is limited by his view of her. (On the screen, she is controlled far more than those stage actresses were.) And in recent years the roles he has written for her have brought out a shallowness, an over-eagerness, a moo-cow anxiety. Do people look forward to a Liv Ullmann performance the way one looks forward to, say, a Jane Fonda or a Genevieve Bujold performance? It’s doubtful; there’s a never-resting luminous self-seriousness about her. She’s a great boring actress. And, betrayed by her role in “The Serpent’s Egg,” she’s not great at all. She’s always rushing about, walking in a nervous, crouched position—like Groucho as a slavey—and she does so much staring and throat-quivering that she pushes naked vulnerability close to caricature. The tarty makeup—a smeary red mouth and thick false eyelashes—works against her, and her suffering is so bovine that, for the first time, Nykvist’s camera seems embarrassed by her. Nykvist swings over to Carradine with almost audible gratitude.

As Abel, David Carradine is more of an object than a character, but he’s also the only thing in the movie one wants to look at. Bergman seems to have conceived Abel Rosenberg out of abstractions: the Jewish outsider, the loner, the displaced person (like Bergman himself). All of Abel’s scenes are fundamentally elliptical; the conception is so opaque we can’t even tell what it is that’s missing. (It may be that Bergman needs his usual artist-genius hero—or Liv Ullmann as a powerfully disturbed heroine—if the cosmic suffering that is his basic theme is to have any depth.) At times, Carradine is like an actor in an Antonioni film, looking over his shoulder for help. The tiny gold earring that he wears might be an emblem of his character: visual but inexplicable. Abel Rosenberg has only David Carradine’s qualities: an elusive, slowed-down intensity; palsied, broken-sentence rhythms; a finely modelled worn, wary face with sunken cheeks and baggy eyes; a lithe, cat-burglar’s grace. He says he’s been drunk every night since he left the circus; we don’t know why—except that the times are harsh.

The film is strewn with half-symbolic elements. No doubt something is intended by having an Abel involved with his brother’s wife. The name Rosenberg (which was also the name of the married couple in “Shame”) is linked with Abel’s ambivalence about being Jewish; at one point, when he sees the name on a shopwindow he smashes the glass with a cobblestone, and when the old shopkeeper and his wife come out to fight with him he kisses the old woman before shoving her away. In a tawdry, shrilly extended sequence, Abel pays a black American (Glynn Turman) to copulate with a whore—so he can watch. No doubt we’re expected to feel that Abel is being sadomasochistic in goading someone from another minority to abase himself, but Bergman seems to have another idea going here, too, and it’s an even worse bummer. The black man struggles humiliatingly, unable to perform. It’s as crude as if Bergman had said, “Things were really bad in Berlin in ’23,” and, asked “How bad?,” he had replied, “They were so bad even a black man couldn’t get it up.”

“The Serpent’s Egg” has characters (such as Manuela’s skulking landlady with a rancid-syrup voice) and passages of dialogue (“Can you guess what kind of experiments are

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performed under Vergerus? Very strange." "Strange?") that seem parodies of horror movies. Other bits—such as Abel's brother's indecipherable suicide note—seem parodies of Bergman, or a reworking (when Manuela goes to church to talk to a priest because God hasn't been paying attention lately, and "the fear is too much for me," the priest, a visiting American, played by James Whitmore, compounds her problems by explaining to her as gently as possible that there is no God). There are also oddities, such as the police inspector's mentioning another inspector, Lohmann, who's working on a case "that's insane"—an apparent allusion to Fritz Lang's 1931 film, "M," in which Inspector Lohmann was trying to track down a compulsive murderer of little girls. Bergman doesn't seem fussy about time period; in 1923 Vergerus is a movie-camera hound who makes *talking* pictures of his victims breaking down.

We hear Bergman's cry of despair: the soul of man is an abyss. Now that he's got rid of God, he's pinning the Holocaust on the absence of God and laying the blame for everything bad that happens on the bottomless iniquity of man. How can the artist who made a film of "The Magic Flute" descend to this schlocky cry of hopelessness? He deals with major emotions only, and in failing to balance them with minor ones he tips the scale and everything falls off. This may be the only Bergman movie that one feels utterly dead to. He seems to have lost all sense of proportion in this fantasy, which he himself acknowledges to be related to his recent difficulties with the Swedish tax authorities. (What movies would he dream up for us if he experienced some real troubles?) He has split himself between the victim, Abel, unable to work without his old partners, and the sadistic moviemaker, Vergerus, who manipulates helpless people's lives. When we're told, at the close, that Abel "was never seen again," this might be Bergman's maudlin way of saying that as an exile he has lost his future. Vergerus, holding up a mirror to watch himself die in agony, is a film director's view of his own end which would be more seemly if played for comedy.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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—*Headline in the Wall Street Journal.*

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Winter Woes*

AQUEDUCT has been having a tough time with its winter racing program. The track was dark again last weekend (except for three races on Sunday), in the aftermath of the storm of snow and ice that swept the East Coast. There is little doubt that the New York Racing Association has lost a nice dollar over Aqueduct's misfortunes. The snow and a strike of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers have, between them, caused cancellation of no fewer than six full days of racing. Last Wednesday, and Sunday as well, the going was so bad that jockeys protested that the track was too dangerous to ride on, with the result that the stewards cancelled the last six races on each card. It is the only winter I can remember races' being called off because of mud. The N.Y.R.A. will probably recoup part of its losses by rescheduling the cancelled stakes races later in the meeting.

THERE was an opening last week, however, as Hialeah Park ushered in its winter season. That, too, was something of a letdown. The weather was cloudy and chilly, and a crowd of 14,976 in the stand bet a mere $1,787,612 on the ten races. What's more, there was much disappointment that Seattle Slew, winner of the Triple Crown, and 1977 Horse of the Year, did not lead the parade to the post in the Tallahassee Handicap, which was the main event of the afternoon. All the talk in the paddock before the race was of Slew's latest ailment. As you know, four days earlier he went off his feed and ran a temperature of 102.1°. (Normal for a healthy horse is from 99° to 100°.) Immediately, the question came up as to his status in the $100,000 Challenge Cup Invitational, in which he was due to run on January 28th. There was speculation by horsemen that Slew might be syndicated in the millions and retired from racing to the stud. But Dr. Jim Hill, the veterinarian who picked Slew out at the 1975 Fasig-Tipton yearling sales in Kentucky for Karen and Mickey Taylor to buy, and who, incidentally, owns a piece of the colt and looks after his well-being, has reported that Slew's temperature is back to normal, and that he is all right. Mickey Taylor said later that although offers had been received, he had made no commitments to any big racing stables. So far, there have been no reports of horsemen trampled in the rush to buy shares in the syndicate.

The racing at Hialeah was lively, as usual. J. C. H. Bryant's White Rammer, who led from start to finish of the seven-furlong Tallahassee, won by a length from Intercontinent, with Man's Man third. The time was 1:21⅕, and the winner paid $8.80.

MEANWHILE, Santa Anita was rolling along merrily, despite the rain they've been having in California. On Saturday, Taisez Vous won the $50,000 El Encino Stakes, at a mile and a sixteenth, for four-year-old fillies, and on Sunday, Vigors took the San Marcos Handicap, at nine furlongs, also a $50,000 race. Angeleno horseplayers are waiting for the announcement of the weights for the Santa Anita Handicap and for the beginning of the future betting at Caliente.

—AUDAX MINOR

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## LEAVES

Running through the streets
you feel them fall behind you
they have been falling
as long as you can remember
the way day drifts
into night
slowly but
at a certain moment
it is no longer day
you listen to them disappear
they fall as you lie
half asleep you
hear them shake
all over the world
from trees full of snow
from branches still hot
at the edge of an autumn wood
along the shores of the Mediterranean
where you sat eating
or swam in the sun
thinking how they fell
across the beachhead among the troops
gasping they fall
one by one or several or
countless they turn down
you almost see them
change color
as you watch them
shifting until
you're in darkness
they fall from your eyes
like years
falling in the shape of
nothing at all

—DAVID POSNER

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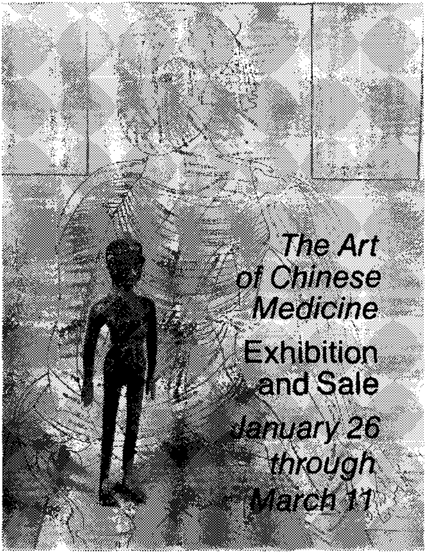

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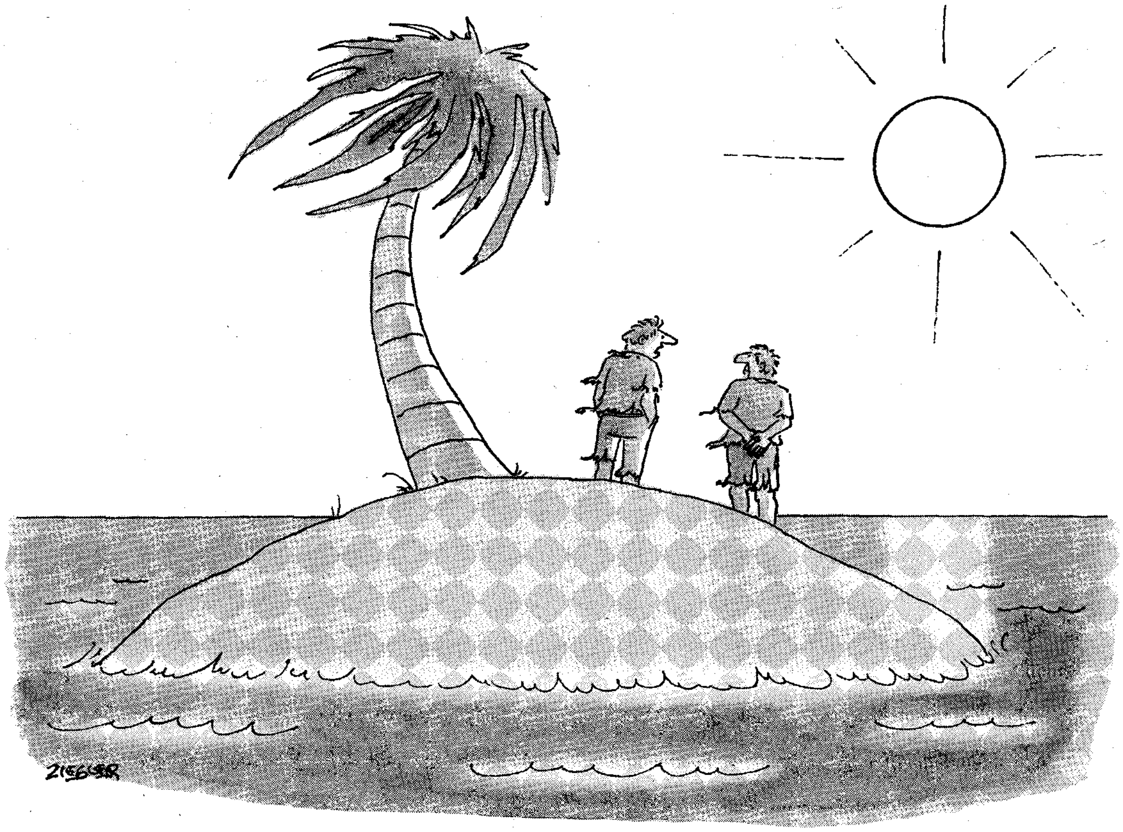
# DANCING

## *Adagio and Allegro*

THE Balanchine-Mozart "Divertimento No. 15" is one of those ballets—"Les Sylphides" and "Jardin aux Lilas" are others—that are famous for never being done well. Even in the dimmest performances, "Les Sylphides" and "Jardin" are recognizable masterpieces that never fail to go over with the public, but "Divertimento" has remained a succès d'estime for years. Only in the past year has it begun to win a little public acclaim, in the form of an extra round or two of applause. It is the ballet that, more than any other, defines the idealism of the classical style as Balanchine sees it. Of course, we know that perfection is impossible—that no cast will ever completely realize the vision Balanchine holds before us—but it is important to feel this as the tension of idealism, and not as the strain of inadequacy. Balanchine has not made an intractable or an inhuman piece. Indeed, he has drawn an allegorical irony out of the limitations of classical style, as if to say that whatever touches both our idealism and our humanity must be ironic. The ballet has this dual pressure: it voluntarily confesses its limitations even as it promises us a paradise of beauty and gaiety and sensuality and romance. We perceive the vanity of attempting so much with so little, and then the vanity turns to poignance and we know the ballet is going to tear us in half.

It has five ballerina roles. At the première by the New York City Ballet, in 1956, the lineup consisted of Diana Adams, Melissa Hayden, Allegra Kent, Tanaquil LeClercq, and Patricia Wilde. Seldom since then has the company spread before us a comparable array of talent. In fact, the performance history of this most sublime Balanchine ballet has been fairly indifferent: in and out of repertory; once in, never lingering long; frequently announced only to be cancelled; inadequately rehearsed even when adequately cast. There are three cavalier roles, the central one on a par with those of the ballerinas. Six starring roles must be filled at every performance by six soloists who are well matched. The answer to why certain dancers who might be marvellous in "Divertimento" parts haven't appeared in them is that for one reason or another they don't fit into an ensemble. It's a mark of the company's current strength that the ballet is at last coming back into its own. Balanchine is able to cast it two different ways: "tall" and "short." Though he actually doesn't have two completely different first-rate casts, that day may not be far off. The "tall" cast is, dancer for dancer, the more impressive, with Kyra Nichols, Maria Calegari, Stephanie Saland, Susan Hendl or Colleen Neary, Peter Martins, and Merrill Ashley dancing the six variations in outstanding style, and with Sean Lavery and Gerard Ebitz in the two secondary male roles. The five women's roles are more or less equal in size and richness, but two are especially well favored. The climactic whirlwind variation calls for the high-powered allegro technique that at the moment only Ashley possesses—and, in fact, the central role in the ballet belongs to the allegro ballerina. But the plum role may really be the one performed by the third soloist, who has the centerpiece pas de deux in the great supported adagio of the Andante. Nowadays, it is being done by Saland in a broadly conscientious way, which suggests she's trying hard not to rely on her elegant presence. This was the role that first brought Ashley to wide attention, and she may be the only dancer who has done it and the lead, too. But she really wasn't well suited to the adagio role. With her bold attack and straitened dynamics, Ashley excels in surging, full-throttle adagios, like the one in "The Nutcracker." In legato, and especially in the melting transitions that characterize the Mozart adagio, she's clean but unexpressive. "Theme and Variations" (from "Suite No. 3") has what might be called a supported allegro; Ashley triumphs in it. "Cortège Hongrois" has one, too—a shapeless, evasively constructed pas de deux, which Ashley's aggressive sweep makes remarkably coherent. She hasn't much feeling for the celebrated adagio variation, but adagio is not her first nature. Ashley is allegro through and through; she's uncomplicatedly a specialist and probably the main reason for the success of the "Divertimento" revival.

"Divertimento No. 15" is a revision of a 1952 ballet to the same music—the Divertimento No. 15, K. 287, for strings and two



*"This is a lot harder on me. I'm a corporate person."*

horns. To many people, ever since the loss of that earlier version, called "Caracole," the ballet has seemed better in memory than it looks on the stage. There are aspects of "Divertimento," too, that live on only in memory. The ballet was made for a smaller stage than the one at the State Theatre. In the adagio, as one pas de deux succeeded another each seemed to spring in a cantilevered arc from the previous one. Entrances were achieved without the walks to place that are now necessary (the third couple entered with the girl already lifted and beating), and in exits a lift-off would vanish at its crest. The ballet needs a set. David Hays' ivy-hung walls and trellises, which have now been abandoned, didn't succeed in making the stage any smaller, but they did provide some sort of frame, and the arcade at the back of the stage through which the soloists would enter for their variations—a feature of Hays' setting that conformed to James Stewart Morcom's at the City Center—seems indispensable if the variations are to follow upon one another without distraction or pause.

Changes have also taken place in the choreography. Some of the solos have been revised here and there, with no great loss of effect as far as I can see. But a major difference was introduced when Balanchine modified the promenade that climaxes one section of the third pas de deux, making it into the tame, ineffective thing it is now. Originally, as I recall, the girl circled in arabesque, her leg passing over the man's head just as he knelt and stopped her momentum. It was a dangerous move, and, after Allegra Kent and Erik Bruhn fell down trying to execute it, it disappeared. A less explicable change occurred when a new and longer cadenza was inserted at the end of the Andante. To this extended duet for two violins, Balanchine arranged an elaborate set of supported poses and promenades and walks through tunnels for the eight principals which to my mind not only detracts from the heaven-sent image that has just occurred—of the five ballerinas and their three partners interlocked in supported penchées—but also undermines a similar set of maneuvers which will occur in the finale. What used to happen in the cadenza was that the eight dancers would simply walk all around the stage in separate paths—an event unlike any other in the ballet—before taking up their positions in two facing lines and executing their révérences. After so much dense, formal dancing, after so many intimate contacts, that aimless

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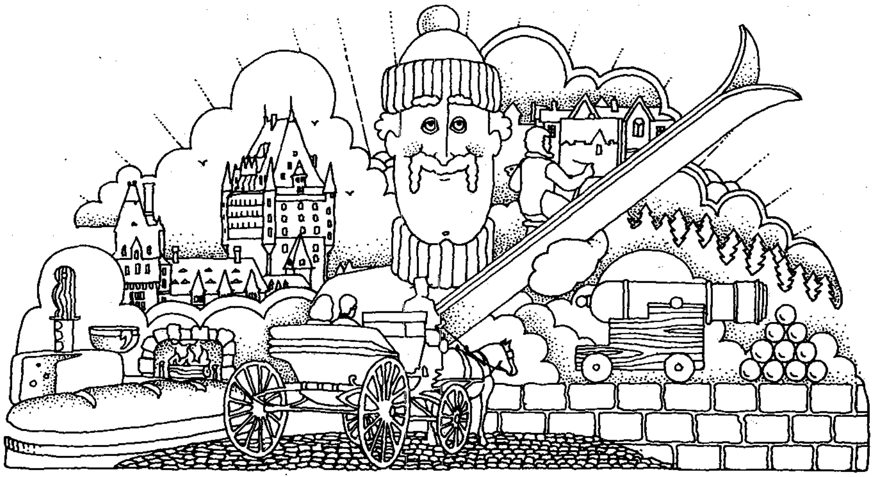

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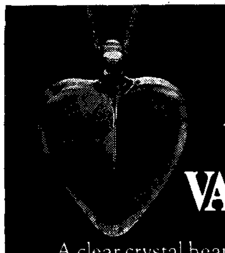

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walk was exactly the touch of unconscious grace the piece needed, a "fall from the heights" that expressed with daring precision Balanchine's sense of irony in relation to Mozart's. No doubt Balanchine thought the effect too casual.

IN "Ballo della Regina," the new ballet that Balanchine has made for Ashley, she carries bravura allegro dancing to a peak it may never have reached before. The adagio, partnered by Robert Weiss, requires the singing line that Ashley doesn't have and is dispatched with typical efficiency, but her polka variation, whirling to a close with emboîté hops on point, cuts like flying glass. Balanchine seems to have taken Ashley's role in last year's "Bournonville Divertissements" as a sketch for the brilliant new material he has given her, and he has orchestrated the Ashley "theme"—her strangely characteristic ability to move her tall, straight body through rapid and complete changes of shape. Ashley doesn't combine different shapes in the same movement, but she can achieve counterpoint through juxtaposition, and she's so fast she can even appear to be in two places at once. The dances for an all-girl corps (four demisoloists and an ensemble of twelve) are as spontaneous and fresh as the dances for Ashley. Balanchine has designed them for contrast—her fleet footwork against their wide striding and turning, their plasticity against her square-cut, erect style. All this is allegro in range, although as Balanchine allegro it is unfamiliar. Those high, sailing jumps, for example—where did they come from? The ballet makes the audience very happy, especially at the end, when, to slamming final chords, Ashley takes three or four flash poses on the way down from a supported position in écarté to a kneel: it sums up her phenomenal high-speed accuracy.

In spite of the show put on by Ashley, Bonita Borne, Sheryl Ware, Debra Austin, Saland, and the ensemble, "Ballo della Regina" doesn't add up to much. It lacks conviction as a ballet. Weiss's role is trumped up; musically there doesn't seem to be a real place for him, and he gets wedged into corners. (Flat and stiff as he looks, it's still unfair treatment.) The music is the seldom performed ballet from Verdi's "Don Carlos," written to a libretto that Balanchine has disregarded. Echoes of that libretto remain, nevertheless, in pantomime passages (*azione mimica*) that don't easily support the straight dancing that Balanchine has choreographed to them. When the orchestra blares out a hymn, the dancers make up a procession to nowhere. In the opera ballet, this was the moment when Princess Eboli, disguised as Elizabeth of Valois, was revealed as "La Peregrina," the pearl beyond price. For Balanchine, Ben Benson has designed filmy costumes and Ronald Bates has lit the stage in soft marine colors, reflecting the undersea grotto where Verdi's pearl fisher sought his treasure. In another ballet to music by an opera composer, "Donizetti Variations," Balanchine has drawn a sharp, and sharply satirical, picture of Donizetti. But he doesn't appear to have had Verdi's qualities much in mind, perhaps because the music has no particular Verdian savor. (It was one of the composer's attempts to satisfy Parisian taste.) Balanchine's "Ballo della Regina" is a quarter-hour discourse about the qualities of Merrill Ashley.

WHEN Suzanne Farrell dances an allegro role and brings to it an adagio color, as she did this season in "Allegro Brillante," she creates a complex and interesting event. Farrell wouldn't be interesting in "Ballo della Regina," since for the most part the role completely blocks out any adagio quality. The prima role in "Divertimento No. 15" doesn't need her, either, as one none too successful fling with it last year showed. For Farrell to captivate in allegro, the role has to be porous. For Ashley, it has to be airtight. "Allegro Brillante" isn't, and she probably wouldn't be terribly exciting in it. It took the enormous range of Farrell to show me that "Allegro Brillante" could be danced, with no loss of allegro values, as an adagio part. (I mean all the way through, not just in sections.) But the big Farrell occasion of the season so far has been her dancing in "Chaconne" the night of the "Ballo" première. To watch Farrell stretching a Farrell part is a front-line experience; dancing just does not go further. On this night, there were quantitative embellishments of all sorts: quadruple pirouettes, sixes instead of quatres in the entrechats, even triple soutenu turns. But quantity is not the end of virtuosity. What Farrell achieved was a heightening of all those fluid transactions between extreme ends of her range—between allegro and adagio—which Balanchine wrote into her role. And though she advanced to the very limit of the ballet's style, she never toppled into distortion. Farrell's choreography in "Chaconne" is already a study in rococo excess. To exceed excess and still not distort: quite a feat.

—ARLENE CROCE

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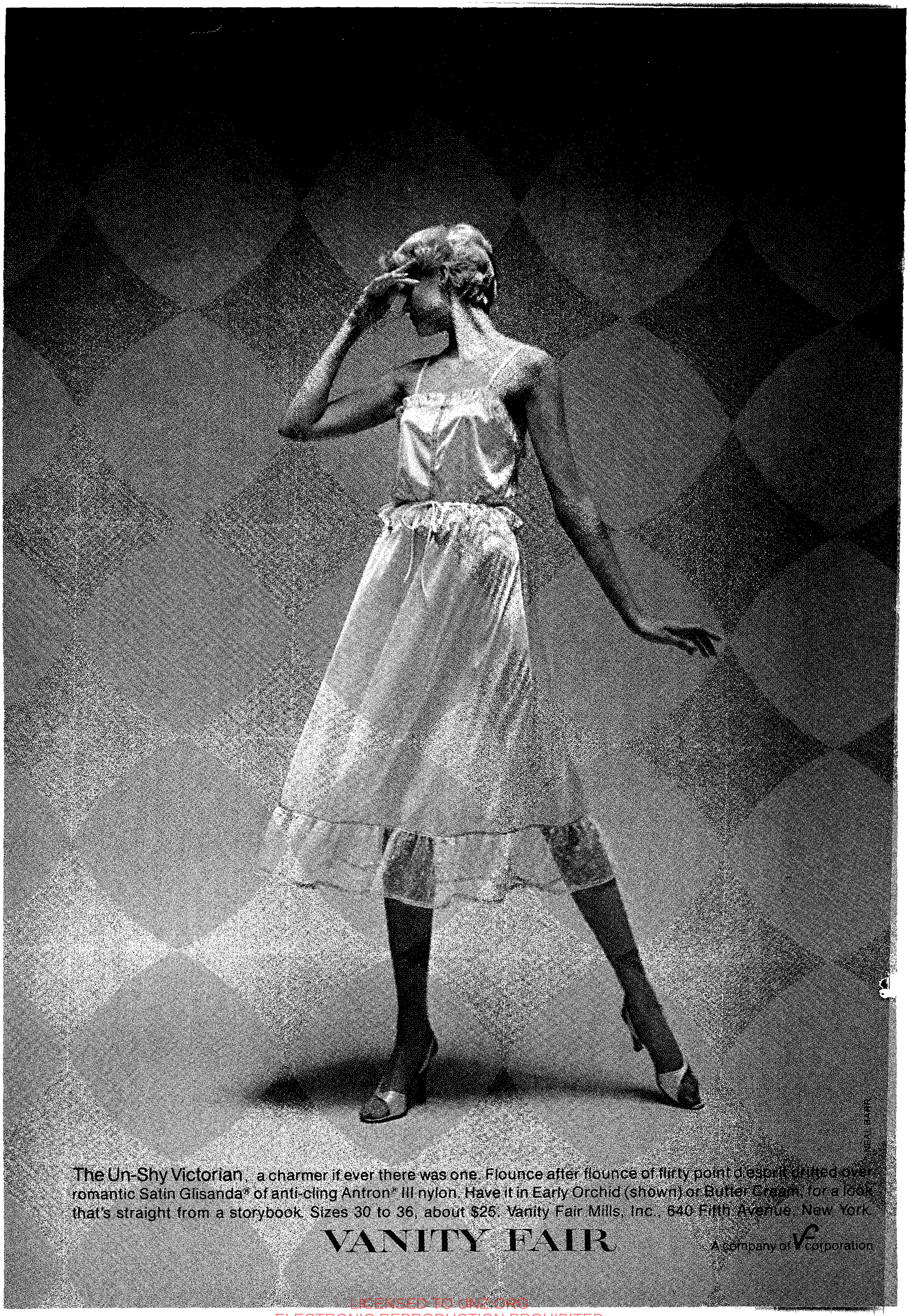

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Juilliard Enterprise*

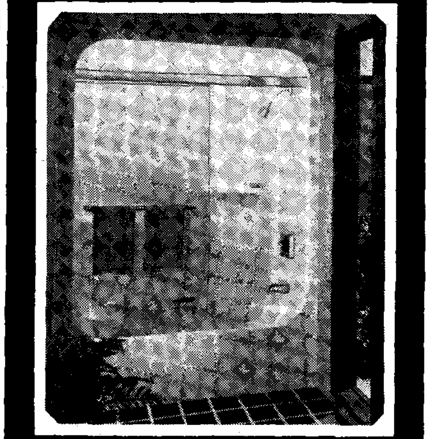
PETER HEYWORTH, the music critic of the London *Observer*, was remarking earlier this season that, while indigenous contemporary music figures on programs here as plentifully as it does in most places, New Yorkers seem to show regrettably little interest in discovering what the rest of the world is up to. I am inclined to agree with him. The bill has just reached me of a concert in which the London Sinfonietta this week celebrates its tenth anniversary. It includes five works, from three countries: Harrison Birtwistle's "Carmen Arcadiae Mechanicae Perpetuum," composed for the occasion, Tippett's "Songs for Dov" (one of more than a hundred pieces of which the Sinfonietta has played the première), two pieces by Luciano Berio, and one by Witold Lutosławski. Birtwistle, Berio, and Lutosławski conduct their own compositions. One seldom encounters a comparable event in New York; the nearest programs are probably those of the Twentieth Century Music Series at the Juilliard School, conducted by Richard Dufallo, which receive too little public attention. There, amid much new American music, I have been glad to catch up with compositions by, among others, Berio, Stockhausen, Ligeti, Xenakis, Maxwell Davies, and Barry Conyngham.

The latest concert in the series brought the American première of Gilbert Amy's "Seven Sites," composed in 1975, commissioned by the London Sinfonietta for the concert that Amy conducted with it that year. It is a twenty-minute piece for fourteen players. Amy (born in Paris in 1936), who in 1967 succeeded Boulez as director of the Domaine Musical, has in his compositions also shown himself a follower of Boulez. Everything I have heard of his has been delicate, intelligent, and exquisitely worked out—but not marked by the force of personality that makes Boulez a great composer. "Seven Sites" begins magically. The "sites" seem to be harmonic areas, claimed and successively occupied by different instruments or groups of instruments: celesta; pairs of violas and cellos, with harp; harp and celesta; solo horn in the distance; celesta and trumpet; flute, clarinet, and trumpet alternating with celesta and strings; strings with vibraphone and harp; strings alone; solo horn in the foreground; etc. The title may also carry a spatial meaning (there was no program note to explain things): the horn plays from four different stations and the clarinet from two, in combinations that give seven different platform dispositions. As I said, the piece begins magically, with captivating sounds stealing out—a clear, silvery trickle, a brief flurry of small, crystalline motifs, a long, bold, highly colored solo melody. I was transported back to the early days of the Royan festival, to a world of refined French sensibility, a landscape of timbres in which sounds from Debussy and Ravel had been filtered, ordered, and regulated by methods devised by the young Boulez of "Le Soleil des Eaux," "Le Marteau sans Maître," and the first "Improvisations sur Mallarmé." But as "Seven Sites" continued the magic started to fade. After a while, the piece began to seem merely decorative, a sequence of cunning allurements, not a connected discourse until in the final pages the clarinet embarked on a brilliant, vehement cadenza.

There was more sustenance in the three American works on the program. The Concerto for Horn, by Joel Hoffman (born in 1953), a three-movement piece lasting about seventeen minutes, was given its first performance. It is rich in ideas and rich in sound. Although his "orchestra" consists of but four instruments—clarinet, violin, cello, and piano—the sonorities Hoffman draws from the ensemble are full. The lines are living and active, the thematic arguments arresting, and the points of repose—especially an easygoing, romantic episode in the slow movement which reminded me of Carl Nielsen—well placed. The whole structure is firm. Kazimierz Machala was an eloquent soloist.

"Three Poems of Günter Grass," by Ronald C. Perera (born in 1941), given its New York première, struck me as somewhat overcomposed. Grass's verses, laconic and understated, achieve some of their considerable power to chill by

*"They named me Brockton, after one hell of a town in Massachusetts."*



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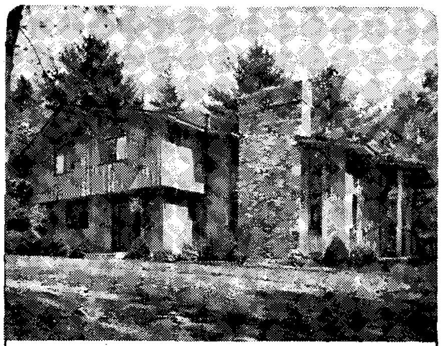
leaving things unsaid. Perera, setting them for a soprano accompanied by an apparatus of six players, who also chant from time to time, and stereo tape, amplifies every image and spells out every passing allusion. "Gleisdreieck," the first of the songs, begins with a recording of a train clattering across the hall and clanging to a halt; a reference to a spider spinning the web of steel tracks prompts two extended episodes of busy "spider music." "Klappstühle" is a bittersweet waltz fantasy based on Johann Strauss's "Künstlerleben." "Schlaflos" reaches its climax against a babel of Nazi marching songs and Hitler's voice addressing a rally. Perera's command of communicative harmony, carefully paced metres, and sharp-cut, evocative sounds is impressive. The work is ambitious and never dull. But the final effect is of underlining and self-defeating emphasis. The vocal writing is sometimes happy, sometimes Expressionist, with extravagant leaps that make the words inaudible. Jane Seaman, singing in German, pitched the lines securely but, eyes glued to the score, seemed to have no desire to convey their sense to the audience.

Richard Wernick (born in 1934) was known to me before only as the composer of "A Prayer for Jerusalem," a poignant, quietly passionate invocation for mezzo-soprano and bell sounds, recorded by Jan DeGaetani and Glen Steele on CRI. His "Introits and Canons," given its first performance at the Juilliard concert, is a substantial piece (three movements, lasting about twenty minutes in all) of close contrapuntal argument, each paragraph of which is devoted to a clearly stated musical "topic." Most of the topics—perhaps all of them—are related. A string quartet (violin, viola, cello, double-bass) sits on the conductor's left and a wind quartet (flute, clarinet, horn, bassoon) on his right; a row of percussion instruments, commanded by a single player, forms the backdrop. The structure is as schematic as that of Bach's "Goldberg" variations—and the music itself is varied in mood and manner. Logic and lyricism combine in a satisfying composition. More Wernick—his "Moonsongs from the Japanese" and "Haiku of Bashō"—is due on a forthcoming CRI disc, and his "Kaddish-Requiem" and "Songs of Remembrance" are recorded by Nonesuch.

It is rare to encounter four new pieces in a program and find merit in all of them; these four I would eagerly listen to again and would recommend to adventurous program planners. It is



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almost as rare to hear playing of such unfaltering accomplishment. The Juilliard concerts are free. The players are students there, but the execution is on a high professional level—higher than that heard at some concerts on the common contemporary round. The evening brought forward three horn players—Mr. Machala in the concerto, Paul Taylor with a prominent role in the Amy, and William Parker in the Wernick—of exceptional ability. Kenneth Lieberson played a high, cantabile bassoon solo in the Wernick with beautiful tone. Jean Kopperud shone in the clarinet cadenza of the Amy. Daniel Druckman, Leon Malloy, and Marc Sherman were three sensitive, virtuoso percussionists.

At the next concert in the series, on May 2nd, Mr. Dufallo plans to continue the international exploration by presenting the American premières of Giuseppe Sinopoli's "Souvenir à la Mémoire," Milko Kelemen's "Équilibres," and Betsy Jolas's "Onze Lieder." —ANDREW PORTER

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### SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Lincoln* (*Maine*) *News*]

A gala birthday party for Rachael Weatherbee Keller was held on Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Aylward.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Nightingale, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Osgood, Mr. and Mrs. Harry O'Niell, Mr. and Mrs. Herbie Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Delle, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Currir, Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn Glidden, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Sproul, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Crockett, Mr. Roger Cole . . .

Unable to attend were Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord Webster, Miss Mary Richard, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gagnon and Mrs. Beulah Hockridge.

Also, due to circumstances beyond her control, the guest of honor was unable to attend her party.

•

Sentiment and sentimentality are not the same thing. Sentiment implies deep feeling, sympathy and understanding. It is the very essence of love.

On the other hand, sentimentality is shedding alligator tears without giving a dime. It is compounded of exhibitionism and hypocrisy.

As we grow older, we become more sentimental about our childhood days. We forget the unpleasant events and crown those years with a halo of love and tenderness.

Chagall was born in the little town of Vitebsk, son of a pickle vendor.

—*Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.*

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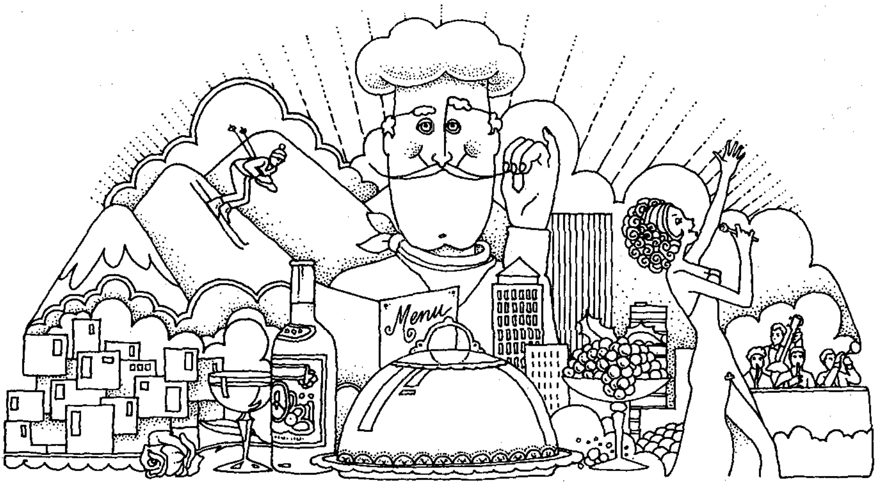

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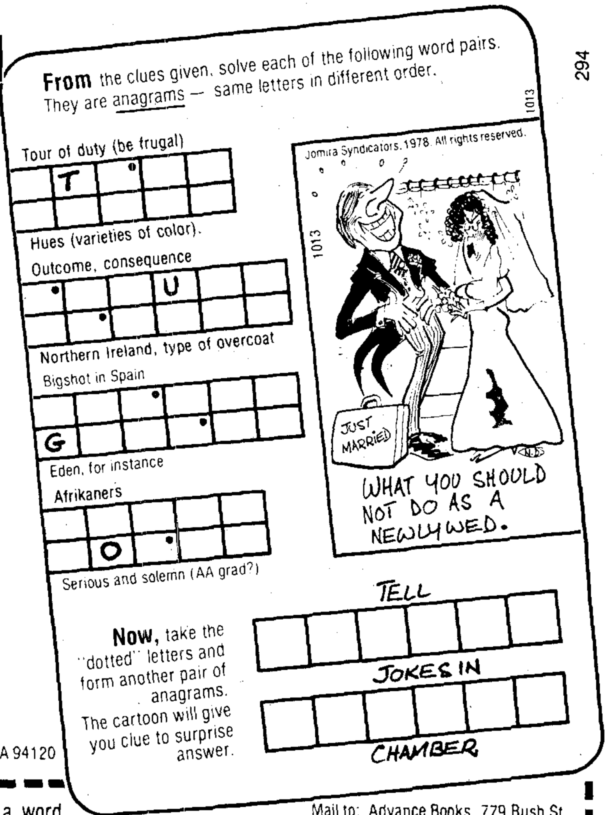

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Hues (varieties of color).
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Eden, for instance
Afrikaners
Serious and solemn (AA grad?)

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# BOOKS

## *Two Shy Writers*

“The Life and Times of Émile Zola,” by F. W. J. Hemmings (Scribners), shows the French novelist, who lived from 1840 to 1902, as a quintessential Victorian, with Victorian virtues (high seriousness), Victorian anxieties (sex), and Victorian beliefs (the beneficence of science). Zola was diligent, punctilious, and dutiful; he overcame the handicaps of poverty, obscurity, and his own neuroses to win wealth and fame. He was that Victorian personage the self-made man. Mr. Hemmings opens by reminding us that the scale of Zola's success was also a function of his era—that the spread of education in the nineteenth century had created a literate public large enough to offer a novelist riches, independence, celebrity, and influence. Though Zola impressed his time, he fell out of literary favor for a generation or two after his death, and Mr. Hemmings includes a brief summary of the vicissitudes of Zola's critical reputation, which has lately been again on the rise. Mr. Hemmings, a professor of French literature at the University of Leicester, was himself a pioneer in the critical revival of Zola: his earlier study, “Émile Zola,” appeared in 1953. In both books, he describes Zola as shy and ambitious, a combination that suggests to me that Zola, to allow himself to write, needed an intellectual scaffolding—his conviction, for instance, that his giant Rougon-Macquart novel series would demonstrate scientifically the interaction of heredity and environment, or his belief that his naturalism was somehow scientific and hence true. What he was too shy to do for himself he could do on behalf of progress, science, and humanity.

In his earlier study, Mr. Hemmings was apologetic about this scaffolding; now he writes of stripping away “theoretical accretions” to get a clearer view of Zola's artistic achievement. In 1953, he undertook to prove Zola an artist by that period's aesthetic standards: “The degree of ‘truth’ in the characters of Zola . . . is perhaps not a matter on which a modern critic would waste much breath. What is involved is craft or method, at the end of which is an aesthetic effect.” (With the passage of time, these sound like the standards of television commercials, which are involved less with truth than with craft or method.) In his new book, he is far less defensive about Zola's stature. Perhaps the reason is that we have become willing once more to consider art as a moral (not a moralizing) enterprise. The good and the beautiful appear more closely intertwined than, in our revulsion against the nice and the pretty, we used to think they were—and, besides, we have discovered that amorality has its own kind of sentimentality. What seems aesthetically impressive about Zola now is the courage, the compassion, and the honesty that are built into his imagination. No matter what we think of his ideas, his best work has not faded, because he embodied a host of durable truths in his characters. For example, the revolution in sexual attitudes has not made “Nana” a curiosity. Zola intended to show a courtesan who rose from the slums to ruin upper-class men as an unconscious instrument of vengeance upon the rich, who had left generations of the poor to rot. That moral may escape us, because it is hard for us to understand nineteenth-century men who spent their fortunes on courtesans. We know that such men existed, but they seem odder today than they must have in an era obsessed with extremes of sexual virtue and vice. “Nana” offers in 1978 a stunning portrait of a purposeless, self-defeating, unconcentrated personality; we see Nana's self-destructiveness more clearly than her destructiveness, and the courtesan whom Zola imagined is recognizably kin to rock stars or mass-entertainment sex symbols who have destroyed themselves.

The most striking change in Mr. Hemmings' attitudes is that in his view of the novelist's intervention in the Dreyfus affair. In the earlier volume, he wrote that the role Zola played demonstrated his retiring subject's “innate egoism.” In this book, he sees Zola fighting for “the principle that in a decent, democratic society, good ends cannot be used to excuse bad means,” and adds, “It may be that we owe the beginnings of this knowledge to the stand Zola took in 1898.” As an American, I find that the Dreyfus affair has looked entirely different to me since Watergate and the abuses revealed. I used to consider the affair an episode in French history which arose from the tensions of the Third Republic; now instead of merely knowing how others felt, I have my own distinct feelings about it, because our republic duplicated its vicious idiocies—the elaboration of coverup, the abracadabra of “national security,” the habit of seeing one's countrymen as one's enemies, the background of spying and spy mania, and the demented notion that one saves honor by telling lies. For the time being, Zola's indignation seems as pertinent as his imagination.

"AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY," by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead), is the work of a writer who depended upon a skeleton—the formal structure of the detective story—in order to allow herself to imagine in public. These memoirs are like nothing else she wrote: they are vivid, stylish, subtle, relaxed, and wholly uncarpentered. Mrs. Christie, who was born in 1891 and died in 1976, recalls a conventional middle-class English childhood and girlhood in the reigns of Victoria and Edward VII, and examines the assumptions on which she was brought up as if she were scrutinizing them for the first time. This tone provides a sense of freshness, of discovery, as if she were inviting us along as she finds out how she came to be who she was. She also demonstrates, by the way, how intense and complex emotions take shape in narrow little societies. Sometimes she justifies the past in ways we cannot accept. For instance, she thinks that late-Victorian parents, like her own, were "realistic" in labelling their children early, and tells us, with no apparent resentment, "I myself was always recognized, though quite kindly, as 'the slow one' of the family." This judgment was nonsense, and I think it harmed her, deepening her shyness, her sense of inadequacy, and her self-distrust, to which she repeatedly refers. Humiliating stagefright ended her aspiration for a career as a concert pianist, and throughout her life she seems to have feared attention, or even admiration. I see a parallel to her published work, which is always tearing along to divert us, as if she feared she might be a bore.

In her memoirs, by contrast, she is candid and ample. She does not conceal trouble (loss of money) or sorrow (loss of love), and she writes freely of her idiosyncrasies, her joys, her pleasures, her sources of pride. Her publishers note that she does not describe what they call her "celebrated disappearance"—an amnesiac flight during the breakup of her first marriage—but she is remarkably precise about the onset of her nervous breakdown, and evokes its peculiar frightfulness: her feelings of loneliness and confusion, of knowing she was somehow "off" but not knowing exactly how or why. And, for once allowing herself the freedom of space,

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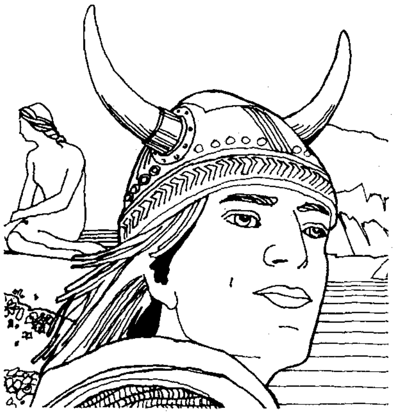

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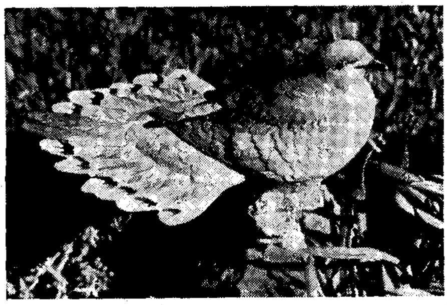

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she has room to let character develop. Though she seems to have gone on believing that she was partly to blame for the failure of that marriage, the reader will see, I think, what Mrs. Christie was too self-belittling to recognize: that she was a superior woman married to a mediocre man. The happiness of her second marriage, to a distinguished archeologist, shows her success with a husband who was her equal in brains, character, and taste.

Mrs. Christie's amplitude also offers a fascinating mass of detail about the past—about the shapes of Victorian trunks, say, and the way Edwardian women wore hairpieces. She has a sense of humor, a sense of fun, and a sense of the point of things. No matter how much she appears to digress, she is such a gifted narrator that her story never slackens. It unfolds with an effect of absolute naturalness, which, of course, is never achieved by nature but only by art. During her life, Agatha Christie was recognized as a first-rate entertainer; in this work she reveals the artist she did not believe she was, and was too shy to let herself be.

—Naomi Bliven

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

Natural Shocks, by Richard Stern (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $8.95). Like all Mr. Stern's earlier novels, this one is an intelligent, thoughtful book, full of surprises and wit. Like them, it is also exhaustingly overworked. No one in Mr. Stern's novels ever speaks in simple sentences. His characters lecture, pontificate, declaim, make wisecracks, pun, or participate in seminars. Rarely, if ever, do they merely talk to one another. The central character here is a famous journalist who, in the course of writing a magazine article on death, becomes deeply moved and disturbed by the suffering of a twenty-two-year-old girl who is dying of cancer. The plot involves a lot of skipping back and forth between cities and a lot of brief, sometimes vivid sketches of the people in the journalist's life—his ascetic ex-wife, whom he watches through binoculars from his apartment across the street from hers in Manhattan; his smashingly beautiful girlfriend; a young, witty geologist; his old father, a writer of doggerel; and several politicians and editors whom he has known for years. All these people are interesting and believably complex, but they get swept away in the storms of wordplay ("A crescent of Camembert oozed from its crust, a pile of gold and scarlet apples ate the candlelight of four silver sticks") that pours forth on every page.

### GENERAL

Every Child's Birthright: In Defense of Mothering, by Selma Fraiberg (Basic Books; $8.95). A lucid, impassioned plea for a reëxamination of our nation's attitudes and public policies toward the nurturing of children, particularly pre-school-age children. Mrs. Fraiberg's thesis is simple: in the absence of early and crucial love, intimacy, and daily contact with their mothers, more and more children (particularly, but not exclusively, the children of the poor) are growing up without the ability to trust or care for anyone or to develop properly in school, in society, or, later on, in just about every important area of their lives. Good substitute mothers, she says, are almost impossible to find, and her descriptions of a sampling of some run-of-the-mill day-care centers are chilling. (There are also some fairly mind-boggling examples of satellites of the child-care industry, such as a Kiddie Park—as in "car park"—where you can deposit your child for an hour for fifty cents.) Her book is full of unhappy ironies about working mothers, such as the fact that a large per cent of welfare mothers who are sent out to work, supposedly to diminish the public dole, actually end up costing the state more, because of the cost of day-care centers for their children. A sobering book, brimming over (as did her previous book on child development, "The Magic Years") with geniality and common sense.

Letters from the Field, 1925-75, by Margaret Mead (Harper & Row; $12.95). On her first field expedition—to Samoa, in 1925—the then very young (twenty-three-year-old) anthropologist began a practice she has continued down to the present—composing chatty, detailed letters home. In the beginning, she was mainly concerned with keeping her family in touch with her doings in remote, exotic places; later, she expanded the number of her correspondents. What Dr. Mead put into her letters were the everyday matters that scientific writing usually omits—what she was doing about mosquitoes, crocodiles, lamps, and food, and how she adjusted her own habits and customs to those of the strangers amid whom she was living. In effect, she is telling what being an anthropologist is like, and it is clear that for her it has been a pleasure.

THE THIN EDGE: COAST AND MAN IN CRISIS, by Anne W. Simon (Harper & Row; $10). As recently as 1950, the author tells us, the late Rachel Carson, whose scientific credentials were as good as anybody's, believed that man could not "control or change the ocean." Since that time, however, we have begun to do so (for the worse) and are only beginning to appreciate the damage we have been inflicting. We have, for example, been poisoning plant plankton, the basic food of marine life, with what ultimate results we do not yet know. The destruction of wetlands threatens human food, while the erosion of beaches endangers the land behind them. Anne Simon writes with passion; her plea is for a single national program designed to preserve our coasts, and her reason is not scenery but survival.

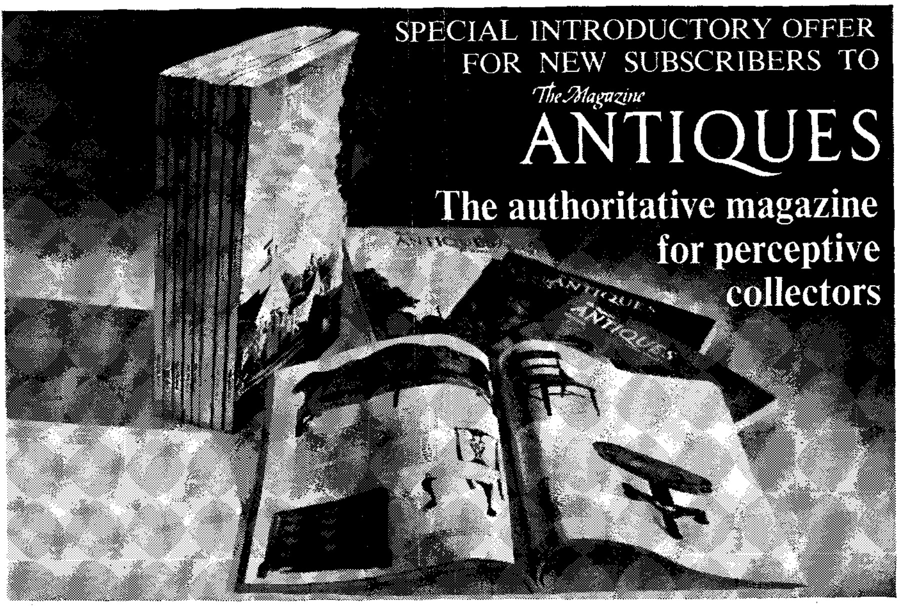
SPACE, TIME, AND GRAVITY, by Robert M. Wald (Chicago; $10.95). That space, time, and gravity have anything to do with one another was Einstein's great discovery in the general theory of relativity: the presence of matter fixes the geometry of space and time. These things and many others are clearly explained in this brief but very lucid, semi-popular work by Professor Wald, of the University of Chicago. Some of the most surprising things in the book have to do with the so-called "black holes"—regions of space-time in which gravitation is so strong that light is trapped inside them. Massive stars very likely end their careers by collapsing into black holes under the weight of their own gravity. The empirical evidence for this is suggestive but not absolutely convincing. However, Professor Wald's book should persuade the average reader that if there is any such thing as scientific justice then these strange objects, or non-objects, must exist.

•

Commercial fishermen seeking white fish find lake trout in their nets. Seasonally, the amount of trout could be 2,000 pounds to each 1,000 pounds of white fish, Daly said.

The trout must be tagged and turned into a warden.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

And the white fish into a prince.



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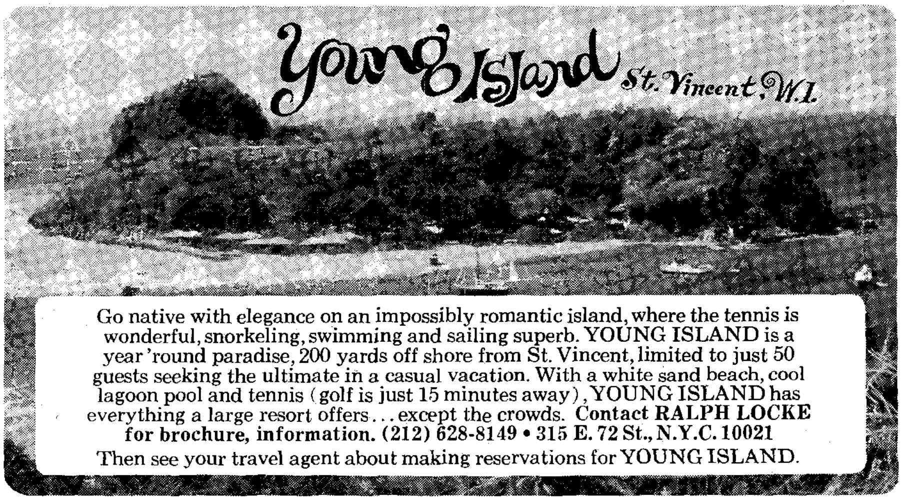

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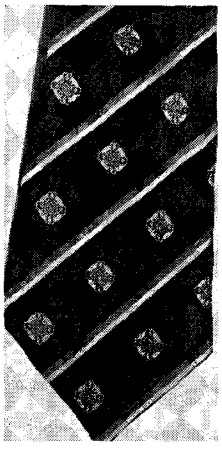

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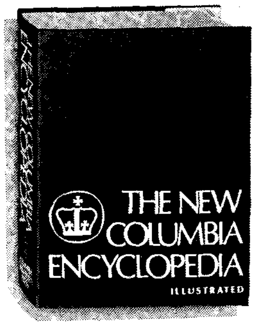

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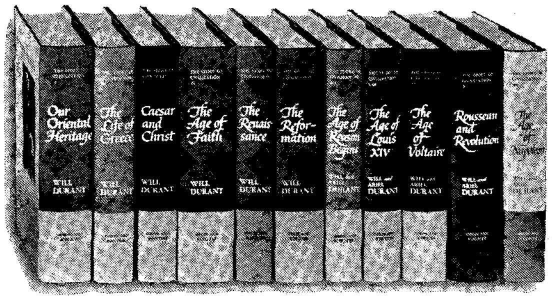

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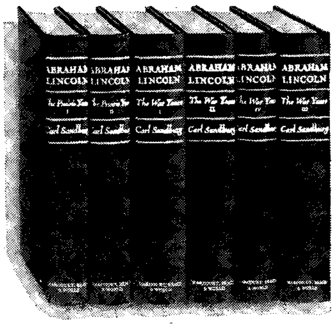

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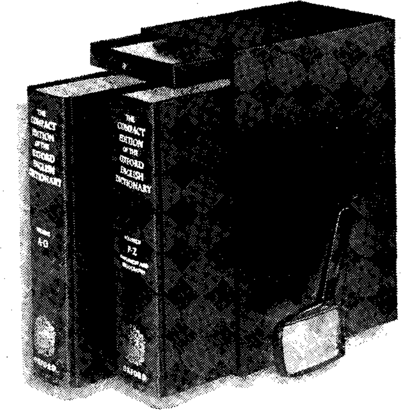

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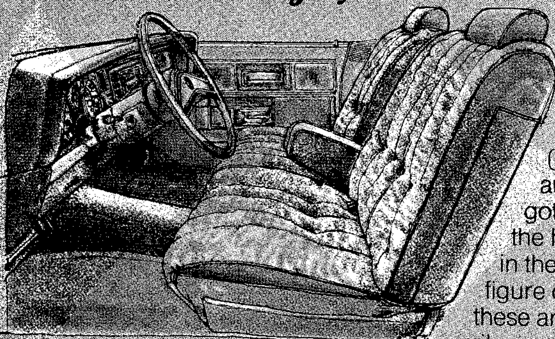

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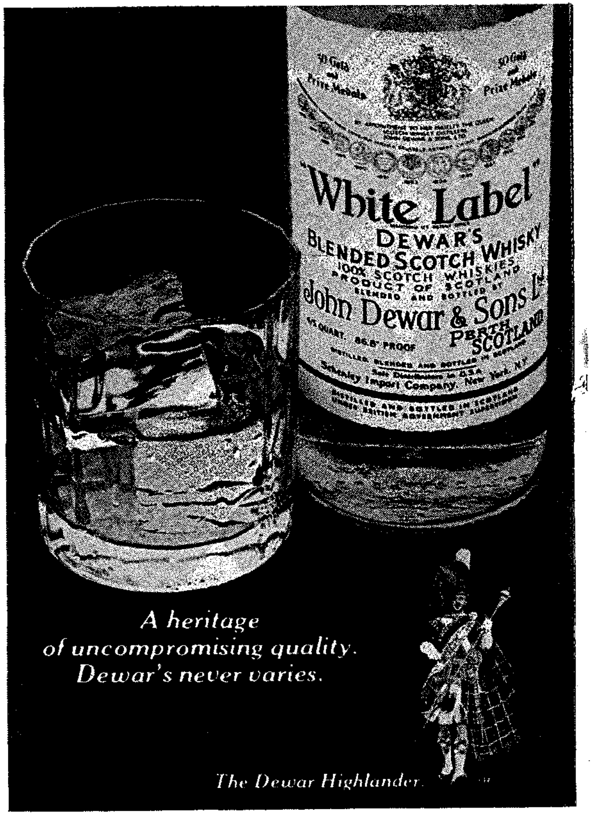
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